

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

JUNE 1922
20 CENTS

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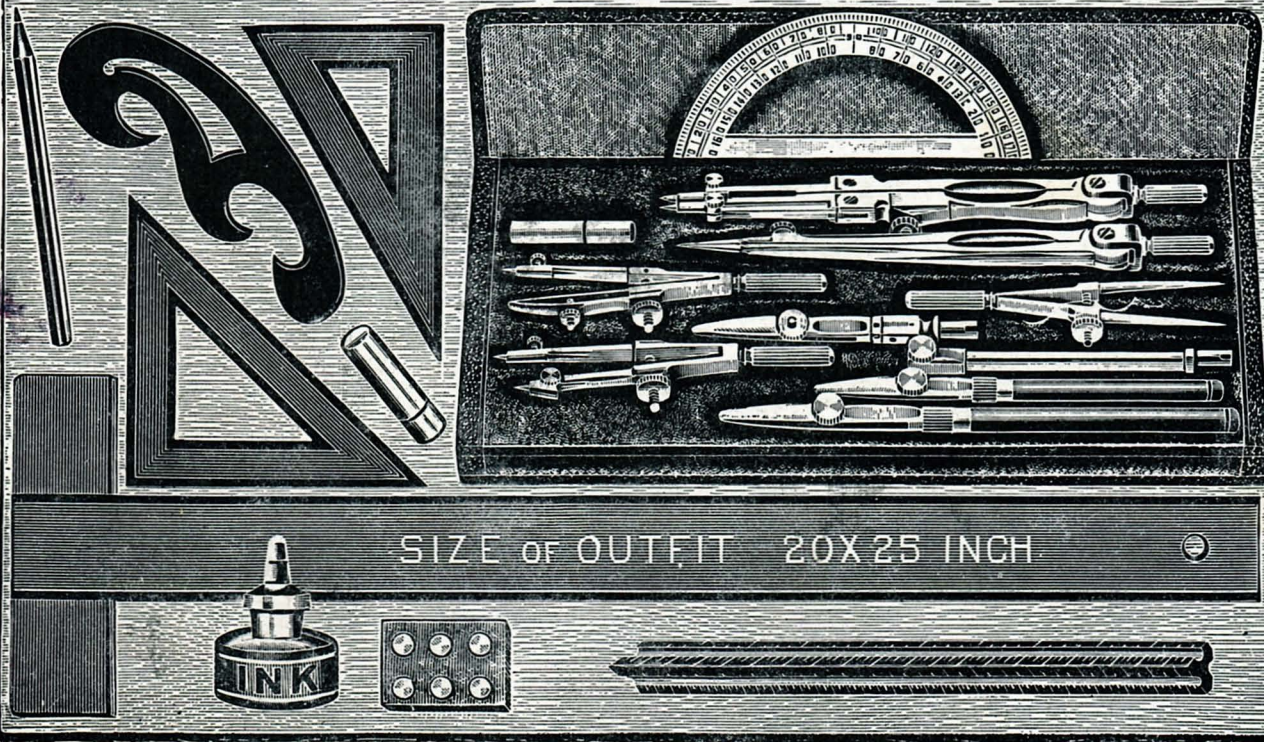
PATSY RUTH MILLER

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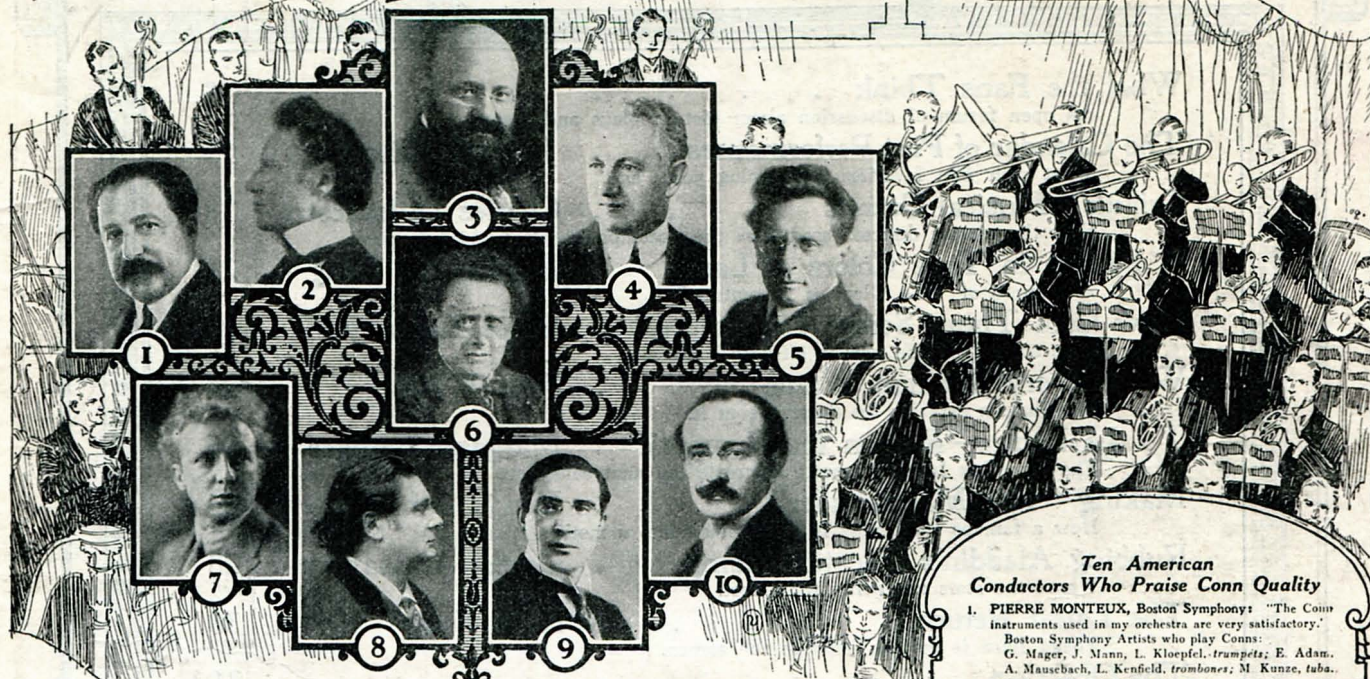
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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BETTY COMPSON
IN
"The Green Temptation"

See beautiful Betty Compson as the dance-idol of Paris! This picture is the real thing in Parisian night life.

From "The Noose," by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn and Julia Crawford Ivers. Directed by William D. Taylor.

**"The Woman
Who Walked Alone"**
with

Dorothy Dalton

A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

Dashing Dorothy Dalton as the mad-cap sportswoman of English social life! Lovers galore, and then—the terrible scandal, the trial, and "the woman who walked alone!"

From the story, "The Cat that Walked Alone," by John Colton. Scenario by Will M. Ritchey.

**THOMAS
MEIGHAN**

Tom Meighan playing Daddy to five children orphaned by a bandit's bullet!

From the novel by Edward Peple. Scenario by Olga Printzlau. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

in
**"The
Bachelor Daddy"**

**GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
PRODUCTION**

"THE MAN FROM HOME"

An Italian Prince makes passionate love to a pretty American girl, in an attempt to win her millions. "The Man from Home" arrives, and then the lightning begins to fork and play!

From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Scenario by Ouida Bergere.

**Take the little trouble
to telephone the theatre**

If you can get a good show simply by asking a question, ask—

"Is it a Paramount Picture today?"

Your theatre manager will appreciate your interest. He is always puzzling how to please most of the people most of the time.

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When are
these coming?
Use the phone!



**"Is Matrimony
a Failure?"**

with
**T. Roy Barnes
Lila Lee
Lois Wilson
Walter Hiers**

In a certain village a group of young couples suddenly find that their marriages are illegal. There they are sweethearting without regular license! Enough laughs in this tangle to make a mummy laugh!

From Leo Ditrichstein's adaptation of the play by Oscar Blumenthal and Gustav Kadelburg. Directed by James Cruze. Scenario by Walter Woods.

**William de Mille's
PRODUCTION
"Bought and Paid For"**
with
Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt

How do things work out when a young millionaire marries his pretty stenographer? This fascinating drama, which has thrilled thousands of audiences on the stage, shows you.

From the play by George Broadhurst. Scenario by Clara Beranger.

**WALLACE
REID
IN
"Across
the
Continent"**

Wallace Reid in a cracker-jack automobile picture! Gasoline, perfume, pretty faces, a mile every minute—that's the mixture in this great show!

By Byron Morgan. Directed by Philip E. Rosen.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

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WHO IS POLA NEGRI?

PEOPLE who were wise in the ways of motion pictures said there was nothing new on the screen. And then came Pola Negri.

Never in the history of motion pictures had there been any one quite like her. She came almost unheralded—and one picture, "Passion," established her in the front rank of screen artists. She created a sensation among critics, and made motion-picture fans of people who had never cared for them before.

But the regular fans did not idolize her the way they do American stars. She interested them; she didn't attract them, particularly.

But some of the men! That is another story. Pola won the impressionable ones with her mysterious charm.

Who is this foreigner who is so magnetic—and yet so different from our stars? Where does she come from? What is she like?

You might get a dozen answers to that question from as many interviewers, for Pola Negri impresses people so differently. The only way

really to see her as she is, is to get a composite impression of her from many people, see her many-sided personality through sympathetic and unsympathetic eyes.

PICTURE-PLAY will give you this great novelty next month—will show you Pola Negri as she impressed Charlie Chaplin, George Fitzmaurice, Anna Q. Nilsson, Rubye de Remer, and other prominent players. It will also show you how she impressed David Howells who first imported her pictures to this country—and Ralph Kohn, assistant secretary and treasurer of Famous Players-Lasky, who now have her under contract. It will tell you the striking story of her life, the story of a poor little girl who became one of the most sensational figures in Central Europe.

Just as Pola Negri brought a new sensation

to the screen, she now provides one of the most striking novelties in our magazine.

Her story is unlike any you have read before. She is unique, magnetic, enthralling. You will enjoy reading about this fascinating personality.



This is only one of many unusually interesting features in the July number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Don't miss it!

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WHAT THE FANS THINK



The Critics—Once More.

I WONDER if Maurice Castleton and Mrs. Scott would allow a third party in their friendly argument? I should hate to feel I was intruding, but I hope they will accept this the way it is meant.

I do not wholly agree with either of them, though I really think each has some good ideas.

I find that many of the pictures that really make a hit with the public are the very ones which the critics knock. Are you all too tired of hearing about "The Sheik," or may I mention that as an example? It would be impossible for any one to deny that that picture was a genuine hit. Strange to say, however, *not one* critic had a good word to say for it. Of course, they are supposed to be giving their honest opinions when they criticize, but are they in a class all by themselves, that they can't even enjoy what we fans like? In speaking of critics agreeing—well, in this matter they seemed to agree with each other all right, but, oh, my, *not* with the public!

And even here in our own PICTURE-PLAY last month the critic said that "The Lane That Had No Turning" was "fairly acted." *Fairly acted, indeed!* When it featured Agnes Ayres and Theodore Kosloff! I think it was acted *very well!*

But there—I'm turning critic myself, am I not? Criticizing the critics! A puzzling business, this.

Chicago, Illinois.

"JUST KATHRYN."

Some Observations by an Oxford University Man.

It may interest some of your readers to know how the undergraduates at Oxford University are impressed by the movies.

Recently I attended a program that included Frank Mayo's "Lasca" and Viola Dana's "Eliza Comes to Stay." "Lasca" was received in comparative silence, that is to say, no pungent comment was expended upon it. Cheering—pronounced with a dash of J in the initial—took place at its close. My companion and I, and, I think, the majority of the audience, enjoyed the settings and approved of the story. There was none of that infernal silly slush about it. That's what undergrads dislike—*slush*.

"Eliza," however, was thoroughly approved of. *Moi et mon ami* (note that it is "*mon*" *ami*) hugged ourselves—not each other—with delight over it. It is just the kind of picture that goes down well here. I overheard a man saying, as he went out, "That is the best picture I've seen."

Clean, straight comedy drama is the stuff to give Oxford.

HUNDREDS OF FANS

have written us, saying, "When I get my new copy of Picture-Play the first thing that I turn to is 'What the Fans Think.'"

On account of that we have decided to place this department first in the magazine and hereafter you will always find it beginning on this same page—the first one you turn to after glancing at the table of contents.

Concerning Viola Dana, and with all due respect to her, I do not think she is as pretty as her sister. She is like the stone which, when one falls on it, it is broken; her sister is like the stone which, when it falls upon you, crushes you.

Talking of crushes, she is mine, and may we, please, have an interview with her? I, personally, should love to, but don't misunderstand me: I mean, may we have an article about her, to renew pleasant memories? Being her faithful fido, her "*Cur de Leonie*," one feels these things. I always think of her as *the Shrimp* after seeing that picture "When Love Was Mad," in which she runs away with a car, and it runs away with her. Into a pond they went, and she had to jump for it, all ready, dressed in her bathing suit, looking like nothing but a shrimp. Incidentally, I wonder what would have happened had the car not run away with her. I seem to remember that she was trying to escape from somewhere. Suppose she had, still clad in her bath suit? Ooo! Heck! A little awkward!

However, to return to the dislikes of undergrads, I said that they dislike slush. It is the subtitles that offend for the most part. It must be awfully hard to suit everybody, and the majority of cinemaniacs this side just revel in that kind of thing. All the same I am sure it cannot be good for their subconscious selves, and I

think that something ought to be done about it. Still, we like the best and the worst. The best we enjoy; the worst we sharpen our wits upon by commenting freely. The nondescript picture with which we can do neither, excites our baser passions, and we do not like them *at all*.

E. F. NAPIER-JONES.

Keble College, Oxford, England.

Let's Be Up to Date.

This is another plea for modernity. A little while ago I saw Gareth Hughes in "Garments of Truth" and according to my ideas the picture was very poor. Now I may be wrong, but many of my friends were of the same opinion. Of course Gareth Hughes was wonderful. But why—oh, why do they insist on those awful town characters? They simply ruined the picture.

Sideburns and chin whiskers are ancient history. Town councils no longer consist of four or five Methuselahs. I live in a small town myself and know what I say is true, yet in every picture of small-town life there are the same sideburns, the same chin whiskers, the same baggy clothes of the style of fifteen or twenty years ago, and, above all, the same old-fashioned fogies. (Of course, in every town there are one or two of

Continued on page 10

Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and

ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know *how to behave*.

AT THE DANCE, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display—no more.

Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of *etiquette*.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.

In the ballroom, for instance, the man who knows the important little rules of etiquette knows how to ask a lady to dance, how many times it is permissible to dance with the same partner, how to take leave of a lady when the music ceases and he wishes to seek a new partner, how to thank the hostess when he is ready to

What would you do or say in this embarrassing situation?

Would You Know How

to create conversation if you were left alone with a noted celebrity?
to acknowledge an invitation to a formal dinner?
to arrange an informal home wedding?
to set the table for a formal luncheon?
to be an ideal guest if you were invited to a house party?

depart. The lady knows how to assume correct dancing positions, how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.



Do you know the correct behavior at public places?

and wedding receptions, dances and theatre parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people whom you come in contact with.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing

blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find



What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

chapters on dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual every-day courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain

puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

such characters, but not to the extent they are made out to be in books and moving pictures.) Speaking of books, "Main Street" is the only story of small-town life, either in prose or pictures, which is modern. Every word of it is true and up to date. That sounds so simple, and yet it is so hard to find.

ELIZABETH DAWSON.
Brooksville, Florida.

A Hint for Adolph Zukor.

There is a matter which is uppermost in my mind, and in the minds, I believe, of thousands of others of my sex. It concerns the preservation of "The King of Lovers," Rodolph Valentino.

He came into fame and into our hearts as the passionate, olive-skinned lover, and this is a petition "to whom it may concern" to allow him to reign as such.

Such popularity and good fortune as he has brought to the companies in whose pictures he appears is almost bound to unbalance the most level head, and cause one to lose his sense of direction, but there is always a good Samaritan on the way to put one right again.

Whoever has this "Incomparable" under contract, please, oh, please, remember that it was as *Julio* and *Ahmed Ben Hassan* that he came into distinction, and please don't make him anything else. Rather see him once a year and think him "Incomparable" than see him every month and watch him growing ordinary. The brightest coins lose their brilliancy if handled too often. May he shine on forever.

MARIA FUNEZ.
330 Mill Street, Poughkeepsie, New York, care of Otero.

This Fan Has a Crush.

I am in love!
A funny, one-sided affair, though. My sweetheart is the most wonderful member of my own sex—Agnes Ayres! I think she is absolutely charming. She has simply bewitched me.

You will probably say, "Because she is beautiful!" And, really, I half believe that is the reason, because she is so enchantingly pretty. However, there is something else about her that has fascinated me. I don't know what it is, I couldn't define it, but it is there. I think truly it is her personality, her adorable ways. Then, too, her expressive mouth, and her eyes—oh, I can't describe them; it is useless to try.

Some of the critics don't seem to like her acting. But little do the critics bother me! I love her—sincerely, earnestly love her, and I really wish there was some way in which I might let her know it. It is a relief to speak or write my thoughts, for my soul keeps crying out, *I love her!*

I am watching her carefully, and I treasure any information regarding her. I honestly hope, and—yes, believe—that she is good and true and affectionate. It seems to me *she must be!*

AN AGNES AYRES ADORER.
Chicago, Illinois.

This Fan Disapproves of "Crushes."

This is a complaint.
Why do most magazines make women out to be so silly? You know all girls and women don't write gushing love letters to the stars. In one of your late issues is an article referring to the mad case all girls have on Rodolph Valentino.

Mr. Valentino is fine, but I'm sure that

I'm not in love with him, nor are any of the other girls I know.

Girls of a certain type get crushes on him and feel they have to write to him to get it out of their system, I suppose, but what I contend is that the average girl of good common sense doesn't do it.

It's more than disgusting to read articles that tell how the women fight for favor of a certain star, and how madly in love with him they all are. I admire Barthelmess, Reid, Valentino, Meighan, and a host of others, but as yet I haven't lost a minute's sleep over any of them, and I'm not the only girl who feels this way about it. You know that, nowadays in particular, women are subject to ridicule of every kind, so why pick on them any more than is necessary?

J. A. C.
Hollywood Apartments, South Seventh and I Streets, Tacoma, Washington.

This Fan Defends Movie Crushes.

We are always hearing about the stars' new automobiles, homes, and hobbies, but very little about their wives—unless it is their divorced ones. It seems to me these faithful wives should come in for a word of appreciation once in a while. I mean wives like the adorable Mrs. Wallie Ried, Mrs. Tom Meighan, Mrs. Charles Ray, and dozens of others that have stood loyally by their popular husbands for years. Being a star's wife is not as easy as it looks, I am sure, and these wives, including Mrs. Jack Holt, Mrs. Bryant Washburn, Mrs. Conrad Nagel, and Mrs. Douglas McLean, have all held their husbands against countless other women, and they do keep them happy and contented, as their faces show every time we see them.

How much more their success means to them with these wonderful wives to share it than it would be alone! All our most popular men stars are married, except Rodolph Valentino, and he will be some time in the future when he finds the one woman. I am hoping he will get the right one next time, as I do not think another disappointment would be good for him. I am sure Tony Moreno and Gene O'Brien would be more popular today had they married instead of staying single.

We fans do like to have our favorites married, especially the parents of the younger set. At club last week we had a discussion of the present-day flapper that is causing so much newspaper talk. Nearly every woman present had a flapper daughter, so naturally every one was interested. *There was not one mother* that did not prefer to have her daughter in love with a movie star than one of the boys here at home. They all said it was much better and a lot safer to have their daughters sitting in a show, gazing moon-eyed at a Prince Charming on the screen than to be sitting with a real one on the parlor sofa or out joy riding in a car. More than one flapper has told me they get more enjoyment out of their screen crushes than they possibly could over one of the boys in their set. Personally I think it is a good thing if they keep their crush until they get in their twenties, and it would probably prevent so many young marriages, elopements, and divorces.

Two sweet little flappers stopped in this morning to tell me "The Sheikh" and "The Four Horsemen" were coming back next week, and asked me to go with them. They saw them both twice before, and I suppose they will see them as many more times. They were fine pictures, and I

Continued on page 12

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Five hundred to two thousand dollars—and more!

That is what producers are paying today for screen stories. Hundreds of scenarios are wanted; the revived industry faces its supreme crisis in the shortage of photoplay material. The little group of trained, capable photoplaywrights are hopelessly behind the demand. The very small percentage of fiction adaptable for the screen is virtually exhausted.

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The Kind of Ability Required

Everybody cannot write and sell photoplays. But actual test and experience have shown that adult men and women of *imagination* and fair education (not necessarily writers), who possess natural creative ability and the *feel* of the drama, can easily be trained in the technique of screen writing; and that persons so gifted, and adequately trained, can sell and are *selling* stories to producers.

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tively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its benefits are immediate. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

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It will cost you nothing to investigate yourself. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation invites you to give an evening to this interesting questionnaire. For your convenience the coupon is printed below. Clip it now before you forget.

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, Y-6
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AUTHORS' PRESS, Dept. 52, AUBURN, NEW YORK

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

never heard any one say "The Sheik" was weak, except one or two critics, and they will say anything about the best pictures, so I never read their stuff any more. I do not believe any one that read the book would expect the picture to follow it any more closely than it did, considering the bunch of brainless censors ready to cut it to pieces the minute it was finished. As long as we put up with the censors we should not kick about the pictures. The movie profession is the most pickled-on and mistreated profession in the United States—the public is constantly knocking them about one thing or another. Either the pictures they make, or what the stars do, or what they don't do, is being attacked, and it is a wonder to me how they put up with it as patiently as they do. JUST A MOVIE FRIEND.

901 West Main St., Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

"A Doll's House" a Disappointment.

Having read the interview of "Nazimova—Herself," by May Ridgway, in your March number, I naturally looked forward to seeing "A Doll's House." The picture came—I saw it—and my cry goes out for the real Nazimova! She is, as Miss Ridgway so aptly described, "one of the screen's most colorful personalities," yet she disappointed me a great deal in this picture. Somehow, she looked very old and plain in some of the scenes. Is it possible we are losing the Nazimova of "War Brides" and "Revelation" and the many other fine things she has done for the silver sheet? Judging from articles written by some of the critics of the drama, she is receding slowly but surely into the background; and if not that, it is surely a dreadful state of mediocrity. Unless she affects a "come back" in a story worthy of her rare ability and the ever-present "colorful personality"—who knows? Will "Salome," perhaps, be that vehicle? GLADYS WARD.

372 East Clay Street, Portland, Oregon.

That's What We Try to Do.

I have been wondering why PICTURE-PLAY is my favorite magazine of the screen, and have finally decided that it is the personal touch, the feeling of intimacy with the stars that I have gained by reading it which attracts me so strongly. No other magazine makes the players appear to be so human, so real, as yours. That is so much better than trying to make them out as exalted beings.

I consider Ethel Sands the luckiest human being in the world. If you ever have need of another young Alice for Film Wonderland, pick out E. R. D.

3214 Austin, Houston, Texas.

A Suggestion for the Players.

Having read Evelyn Bowen's letter in the March issue of your magazine, I feel that I wish to second her disgust at the narrow-mindedness of those who think movie people as a whole are "wild." But I am even more disgusted with the producers and actors who are responsible for this idea, which is rapidly spreading and taking firm root.

Bad plays and movie scandals have blackened screenland's eye in general, and what a pity!

Why is it that such pictures as "Sentimental Tommy" and others have, as the *Observer* puts it, gone begging for patronage? It is because the majority of persons who appreciate such plays have lost interest in pictures. So far as they

are concerned the movie world "has been given sufficient rope, and is hanging itself." Ministers denounce picture shows and reformers state that unless something is done picture shows will have to go out like saloons. And why all this prejudice? Because certain producers, for the sake of box-office receipts, have been sacrificing the respect and dignity of the greatest of all modern arts, through cheap, sensational, bad pictures. They have been catering to the appetites of the weak-charactered and the immoral, instead of leading and elevating their tastes.

With eight picture houses in our town, it is not uncommon for all of them to be running poor pictures at the same time, and I am often forced to go to a vaudeville for amusement instead, though I much prefer to see a good movie.

I noticed a recent newspaper article which stated that certain producers were going to provide a clause in their star contracts demanding that the stars in private life live up to the public's expectations. If this is true, and stars will be just as exacting about the class of plays they star in—for the really big stars owe their success largely to the high type of plays they have been identified with—then we will have better pictures, and movieland will regain the respect of that portion of the public which it has lost. And only by so doing can it really prosper.

Let it be understood that the writer is a real fan, and not, as this letter may suggest, a knocker. I am, indeed, deeply concerned in the welfare of the movie industry. For this reason I have presented my views as a fan, and I sincerely hope, for its own good, that the motion-picture world will create for itself a better reputation and regain its place of dignity and respect in the general public's eyes.

THOMAS JOHNSON.

Nashville, Tennessee.

Some Like the Old Faces Best.

Not long ago I read a magazine article concerning motion pictures and some of the popular stars, which aroused my indignation. It intimated that the public was tiring of certain stars; that their faces no longer satisfy; and that we are in great need of new, fresh, youthful faces.

I am a great lover of the movies, and I would like to say, not only for myself, but for others, that they do satisfy! We are not in such a hurry to have new ones thrust upon us.

Your March PICTURE-PLAY was a disappointment to me. I felt like a stranger in a strange land. I enjoyed the articles about Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson, but missed my other favorites—Mr. Meighan, Elliot Dexter, Gloria Swanson, the Talmadge sisters, Mae Murray, and others.

When I have an evening to spend at the movies I look for the names of those I know. A new name does not attract me, and I would prefer not to take a chance. MRS. BEATRICE LAW COPPING.

1359 Massachusetts Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

From a Canadian Fan.

Do you know what we like in Canada?

Mary Pickford is very much liked here by the girls and boys, though I will say if Marguerite Clarke had continued acting child parts she would have been a favorite.

Continued on page 14



My Wife Eh! *what have you got to say—*

UNJUSTLY accused of forcing unwelcome attention on the wife of the man you most admire and respect—

What would YOU do?

To tell the truth meant impeaching the honor of his superior's wife—hurting the girl he loved who believed in and loved his own brother, the real culprit—disgracing his brother whom he had sworn to protect and keep straight.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

Now, if the companies would produce plays such as “The Sheik,” “The Four Horsemen,” “The Old Nest,” “Over the Hill,” and “Just Around the Corner,” they would certainly draw crowds. A show just has to advertise Rodolph Valentino's name and you could no more think of getting near the show than getting in it. He certainly is the leading actor here.

What people want is something different, not, as Miss Cook said, the everyday things which occur. They do not want pictures to remind them of some work which is undone at home, or some worry. They want pictures that make them forget their worries, to carry them away from the world for a time, to give them a different view, a happy view of the world. I wish to say that I also think a show like “The Old Nest” has probably set a lot of people on to the right track again, and has changed the minds of those who were going to leave home.

When I went to see “The Four Horsemen” I did not like the ending, though if it was meant to bring tears it certainly did. Those crosses brought back vividly the picture of my brother who gave up his life to protect us, and the mothers around me were also crying.

VELMA ROGERS.

3114 Victoria Avenue, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

An English Fan's Favorites.

One of our favorites is Harrison Ford, of the comedy black-eyed face and jolly smile. He is a consistently tactful, intelligent, sympathetic actor, whom it is always a pleasure to see. I have watched him in a great range of parts, but have never seen him make a mistake; and, though never starred, more often than not he is the making of the play that he appears in.

Then there is William Scott, the brilliantly vivacious lad who appeared as Mary Pickford's humble suitor in “Amarilly of Clothesline Alley,” as the Apache in “The Devil's Wheel,” and as the boy who loved a siren in that hideously named play, “Flames of the Flesh.” There are few young players so vivid and sympathetic as William Scott.

It is excellent news that James Kirkwood and House Peters have come back to act. Their acting shows remarkable breadth and vigor; they are thoroughly romantic, yet thoroughly modern, without the least touch of staginess. Those who were lucky enough, like myself, to see House Peters in “The Great Divide,” and Kirkwood in “Eagle's Mate,” will be keen to greet them again.

Among the newest comers, Gareth Hughes is specially attractive and appealing. I hope he won't be wasted on farces or on ordinary love stories. He is just the sort of boy whom one could fancy as Peter Pan or The Little Minister, and he would be the only possible choice for the hero of Wells' “Wonderful Visit.”

If I have not been too boring already, I should like to write another time and say something about my favorite film actresses.

W. P.
11 St. Loo Mansions, Chelsea, London.



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To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE:

I only discovered What the Fans Think yesterday, much to my chagrin, but as you see I'm prompt in using the opportunity to say a few words myself.

As a starter I want to defend Katherine MacDonald. I saw what one ardent fan of Bert Lytell said: "Well, I've said all I want to, except that I think Katherine MacDonald is the most beautiful actress in pictures, and the least talented."

I had been wondering if she wasn't going to make such a remark, and it is exactly what I had been thinking—until I saw those words in black and white. That set me thinking. After all can we blame Miss MacDonald altogether? Allowing that she isn't a wonderful actress yet, she has done well to go through the story that is given to her and still look beautiful! Isn't it a fact that all the plays you have seen her in were minus a good plot, minus character, and, well—minus everything else that goes to make up a good picture? Can she ride, swim, golf, tennis, dance—anything that requires energy? Then, suffering grandma, give her a chance to do it, and please let's not be so hard on her just yet.

Yours sincerely,
Lawrenceville, Illinois.

MAIZIE.

Censure and Praise.

Some time ago I saw "The Affairs of Anatol," and I considered it an insult to the development of the mentality of the people of to-day. Are we to be entertained by magnificent sets, beautifully gowned women, and a matinee idol—with a semblance of a plot which may have been original when Adam inhabited Eden?

When Gloria Swanson is capable of a "Something to Think About," how can she consent to be a modiste's model?

The thread of the plot, which was weak to the point of breaking, hung about Wallace Reid, as *Anatol*. But who could have expected him to rescue this miserable story when he has discarded everything save looking adorably handsome, driving around in motor cars, and attracting the attention of women? Won't some one, in the name of art, beg him to forget the girls, forget the grand stand, and get to work; forget he's the ideal modern hero, and give us some real acting, such as he and Geraldine Farrar used to do?

Bebe Daniels and Elliott Dexter were the only two in the cast who acted. They both deserve big rôles. Bebe is too much of an actress, has just the right spark of wickedness, and she shouldn't waste herself on flapper rôles. Let players like Wanda Hawley take care of them.

Why can't we have more "Four Horsemen"? There are only three *big* essentials—a story, a director, and some actors.

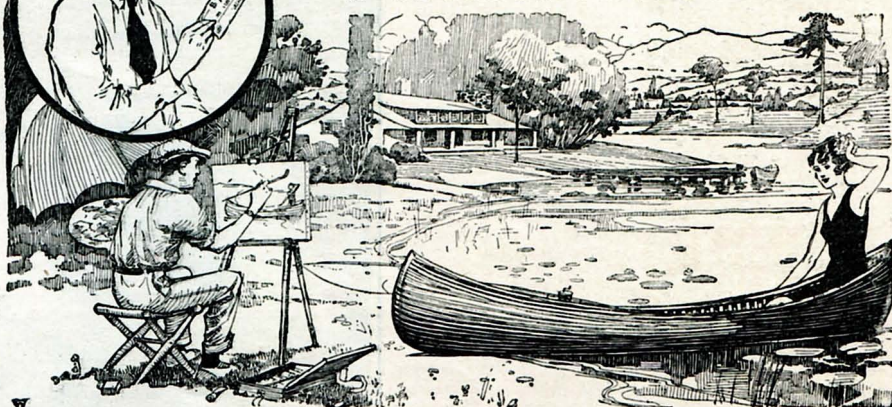
In closing I wish to lay my tribute at the feet of two men of the screen. They are both symbolic of the supreme thing—youth! They are Richard Barthelmess and Rodolph Valentino. Valentino is youth in its sophistication; he is romance personified; he shows us something of which we have dreamed, yet is never real.

Barthelmess is the opposite—he is real—we all know a boy like Richard Barthelmess—or wish we did; there is one in every girl's heart; what he does we have seen done time and again—what he feels we feel—he is youth, yet in the background is manhood in its weakness and—strength! Yours most sincerely,
Oak Harbor, Ohio.

L. M. F.



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Before finishing your course, I was able to dispose of some of my work. VERNON COLEMAN

touched a drawing pencil when they first started with us. Yet those who studied under this amazing method rank among the most successful Artists of today—men and women like Frank Godwin, who has drawn covers for *Ladies Home Journal*; Holcomb Wynn, who draws for *Shadowland*; Granville Reid, the *New York Illustrator*; Louise Rochon, the *Fashion Artist*; Burwell, the *Cartoonist*. And this wonderful method will train you in the same way.

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From an actual photograph.
Blouse now on file, with owner's statement, in the Procter & Gamble office.

How she washed this embroidered blouse (from her letter:)

"I placed it in salt water for about an hour before the first washing to set the colors.

"I put a teaspoonful of Ivory Soap Flakes in a wash bowl and poured hot water on them, whipping up a stiff lather and adding enough cold water until I had a half bowlful of lukewarm suds. I then immersed the blouse, shaking it up and down in the thick suds for a few minutes. No rubbing was necessary. After rinsing in clear water and squeezing out with my hands as much water as possible, I wrapped the blouse in a dry cloth for a short time, then ironed it while it was still damp."

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When the young owner offered it as an exhibit, it had been washed *twenty-six times* with Ivory Soap Flakes. Except for a slight sun-fading around the shoulders, every color is still as fresh as when new.

You know from your own experience that of all difficult colors to preserve, *cotton colors* give most trouble. Cotton fabrics do not absorb dyes like silk and wool—the dye simply *clings* to the *outside* of the cotton fibres. Anything but the purest, mildest soap suds, gently squeezed through the threads, would

have rubbed away, or bleached, the dye of this cotton blouse, and faded its silk embroidery.

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Ivory Flakes is simply Ivory Soap in the form of convenient thin flakes. It melts the instant it comes into contact with hot water. It foams into fluffy Ivory suds for quick, harmless washing of silks, woollens, laces and all other fabrics that require utmost care.

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The Calendar of Past Performances

As Revealed by Johnson Briscoe.



1—1903—FRIDAY.—Billie Burke, after having sung for several years in European music halls, was rejoicing in her first regular stage part in London, being *Mamie Rockefeller* in "The School Girl," and her singing of the song, "My Little Canoe," immediately captivated her audience.

2—1915—WEDNESDAY.—Marion Davies was among those present in the pulchritudinous chorus surrounding Fred Stone in "Chin Chin," then concluding an all-season's stay at the Globe Theater, New York, but no doubt within her ambitious breast there stirred the desire for bigger things.

3—1891—WEDNESDAY.—Tully Marshall entered into the spirit of a minor role in a play entitled, "Felix Porter, Gentleman," starring E. H. Sothern, which saw the light of day for the first time at the Hyperion Theater, New Haven, Connecticut—and was never heard of thereafter.

4—1903—THURSDAY.—Claire MacDowell, one of the best actresses upon the screen to-day, was grasping every opportunity to distinguish herself in a series of ingénue roles with the Grand Opera House Stock Company, Syracuse, New York, upon this special occasion appearing in "The Two Orphans."

5—1915—SATURDAY.—Enid Bennett might have been observed this day gayly climbing the gangplank of the *S. S. Ventura*, at Sydney, Australia, bound for our hospitable shores, and among the passengers upon the same steamer was Miss Bennett's subsequent-husband-to-be, Fred Niblo.

6—1906—WEDNESDAY.—Lew Cody was engaged in anything but the practice of smashing feminine hearts, for his features were all smeared with an Indian make-up, being *Switewing* in "The Goldfields of Nevada," then on view at the American Theater, New York.

7—1905—WEDNESDAY.—June Mathis, with no idea of the fame before her as a scenario writer, was hoping for the best as she struggled through the first performance of "Eighteen Miles from Home," of which William Hodge was the star, at the Lyceum Theater, Rochester, New York.

8—1914—MONDAY.—Franklyn Farnum was facing a strenuous summer as principal tenor of a stock opera company, at Rorick's Glen Theater, Elmira, New York, this date getting under way with "The Prince of Pilsen," in which our screen hero of to-day played the title role, no less.

9—1908—TUESDAY.—Jeanie Macpherson, who would probably have registered utter bewilderment had you suggested scenarios to her, was doing her best with the part of *Wilson* in that classic, "East Lynne," in which Mildred Holland was starring, at the Yorkville Theater, New York.

10—1902—TUESDAY.—Monroe Salisbury was disporting himself in the silks and satins of old English comedy, swaggering about as *Ned Harcourt* in "The Country Girl," and profound was the impression created upon those gathered beneath the roof of the Victory Theater, San Jose, California.

11—1908—THURSDAY.—Ethel Grey Terry brought just the right note of sweet ingenuousness to the role of *Violet Lansdowne* in "Girls"—little thinking then of her ultimate screen adventures—which was the dramatic bill of fare at the Chicago Opera House, Chicago, Illinois.

12—1905—MONDAY.—Will Rogers was his usual bland, unruffled self, though probably concealing a nervous interior, this date being the occasion of his New York debut in a leading vaudeville theater—accompanied by his faithful lariat, of course—this at Keith's Union Square Theater.

13—1896—SATURDAY.—James Neill gracefully accepted the tribute paid him by the theatergoers of Denver, Colorado, where he was to be seen at the Manhattan Beach Theater, in a new role each week, his energies at the moment being devoted to *Courtney Corliss* in "7-20-8."

14—1911—WEDNESDAY.—Marguerite Snow cannot have feared hard work in these days, for, as leading lady of the Vagabond Players, in Washington, D. C., she tackled a new role each week, having this date discarded *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian" for *Nora* in "Waterloo."

15—1908—MONDAY.—Mae Murray has undoubtedly written this date large in her life's history, as it marked her first appearance as the *Nell Brinkley Girl* in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1908," and that summer she was quite the toast of Broadway.

16—1914—TUESDAY.—Madlaine Traverse was making a bid for New York fame in the highly colored role of the adventures, *Myra Thornhill*, in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which was in its closing nights at the Gaiety Theater.

17—1906—SUNDAY.—Thomas H. Ince was reveling in the gayeties of musical comedy—yes, indeed, singing right up with the best of them—this as the *Marquis de Baccarat* in "The Rounders," with the Chester Park Opera Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

18—1907—TUESDAY.—Mack Sennett was no doubt praying that the future held something better for him than holding up the back of the stage as *A Servant* in "The Boys of Company B," then in the midst of a lengthy engagement, at the Lyceum Theater, New York.

19—1905—MONDAY.—Harry Myers believed that while Edwin Booth may have been an excellent actor, there were plenty of young men deserving of mention, a fact he endeavored to demonstrate as *William Lovell* in "The Man from Mexico," at the Summer Theater, Du Bois, Pennsylvania.

20—1900—WEDNESDAY.—Marguerite Clark just knew that she was cut out for great things and was trying her utmost to do justice to the part of *Monstique* in "Olivette," which pleasant old opera was the dramatic bill of fare at the Duquesne Garden Theater, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

21—1902—SATURDAY.—William Farnum was having a very strenuous summer of it as leading man of the Baldwin-Melville company, at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, New York, this day devoting himself to the part of the *Chevalier Maurice de Vaudray* in "The Two Orphans."

22—1915—TUESDAY.—Justine Johnstone, in all her blond gorgeousness, was a feast for the tired business man's eyes as she trailed majestically about in "The Follies of 1915," at the Amsterdam Theater, New York. And the picture she made as *Columbia* was indeed breath-taking.

23—1909—WEDNESDAY.—George Beban was causing the tears to flow sufficient to start a river, this with his portrayal of the Italian, *Pietro Massena*, in the vaudeville sketch, "The Sign of the Rose," and great was the emotional upheaval at the Alhambra Theater, New York.

24—1901—MONDAY.—Bert Lytell, with two years' experience as an actor behind him, upon this occasion opened a most pleasant summer's engagement, with Bartley McCullum's company, at Cape Elizabeth, Maine, his initial role being nothing more or less than *Lorenzo* in "The Merchant of Venice."

25—1907—TUESDAY.—Elsie Ferguson had every right to feel proud of herself in having obtained an engagement to act in London, and this night she made her debut before the British public, supporting Cyril Maude, as *Ella Seaford* in "The Earl of Pawtucket."

26—1913—THURSDAY.—Carter de Haven and his wife, Flora Parker, who had not then heard the call of the celluloid, were devoting their efforts to musical comedy, adding their quota to the joys of "All Aboard," the summer bait at a New York theater roof.

27—1914—MONDAY.—James Kirkwood was a fervid, impassioned *Edmond Dantes* in "Monte Cristo," exclaiming always at the proper cue, "The world is mine!" while the audience howled its enthusiastic approval, this at the Academy of Music, Washington, D. C.

28—1915—MONDAY.—Mahlon Hamilton was laboring in the dramatic vineyard, without a thought of pictures, except as a pastime, this night, for the first time on any stage, playing the role of *George Nelson* in "Kittie Comes Home," at the Teck Theater, Buffalo, New York.

29—1896—MONDAY.—Lumiere's Cinematograph was shown for the first time in New York this night at Keith's Union Square Theater. According to one enthusiastic scribe: "The best picture was 'The Arrival of the Train.' The train came into the station, passengers alighted, met their friends and walked about, and all the bustle incident to affairs of this kind was shown to perfection." And this was just six-and-twenty years ago!

30—1914—SATURDAY.—June Elvidge was a handsome, statuesque adornment to "The Passing Show of 1914," at the Winter Garden, New York, and also celebrated her twenty-first birthday.



Photo by Stagz Griffith goes over each picture with a high-grade technical musician, indicating how he wants each theme developed.

Griffith's Musical Secrets

A New York music critic analyzes Mr. Griffith's methods of building up his musical settings for such productions as his "Orphans of the Storm," now being widely shown.

By Charles D. Isaacson

Author of "Face to Face with Great Musicians," etc.

DID you ever realize to what extent music can be used to create additional illusion to that produced by a picture play?

You probably have if after having always seen pictures at some "Little Gem" or "Bijou" theater where they were ground out to the tiresome accompaniment of a thumpy player piano or an untrained piano player,

you have had your first opportunity to visit a picture palace with a splendid orchestra—or better still—a Griffith picture, properly presented in a large theater by one of Griffith's own companies.

For just as Griffith leads all other producers in sounding the farthest depths of human emotions through the screen, he is a master at placing his pictures in the kind

of musical setting best calculated to play upon the feelings of his spectators—and audience.

He was, you may remember, the pioneer producer to send out his own music with his pictures. He started the practice with "The Birth of a Nation," and it was the talk of the entertainment world—how the Ku-Klux Klan was ever accompanied by that weird cry in the orchestra. Even when the fighters didn't appear on the screen, the muffled repetition in the music told the frightened audience that they were close by—in hiding.

Recently I went to see Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm." I had been present in the studios during the making of part of that production, and now, if Mr. Griffith doesn't mind, I am going to tell some of his musical secrets, for I have talked with him about music, found him a great lover of it, and being utterly immersed in the subject myself I have come to look upon David Griffith as an important element in American music.

For the purpose of pointing out the growing possibilities of screen music, I want to attempt a brief analysis of the score of "Orphans of the Storm" and then to show by a reverse process how a similar picture would be "musicalized" by the David W. Griffith method.

Griffith's musical secrets are threefold.

1. He realizes that he can foretell the actual dramatic idea with an appropriate and familiar bit of melody.

2. He knows that there is a memory sense in his audience which permits him to further enhance the characterizations of his players by giving each a distinctive musical theme which always accompanies that person.

3. He has acquired the ability to give voice to the action, the mood, the idea which dominates each episode, and thus to intensify each mood.

Let us see what each of these secrets amounts to, what it points to, and how it can be used in other connections.

By means of the first idea Griffith places his audience in a certain state of mind in advance of the screen demonstration, and so makes it easier for the screen to create its atmosphere. In "Orphans of the Storm" the secret is used in several instances. At the opening of the show the orchestra plays an overture, composed of French popular airs familiar in the days of the drama. Then comes a dead pause; the house becomes pitch dark. We expect to see the title flash on the screen—but it doesn't come. A thunder roll by the drums and the entire orchestra predicts turmoil, excitement, plunder. This roll is used to show tyranny and selfishness. It puts the audience in the mood of watching a great masterpiece built around the French revolutionary period.

In Griffith's "Way Down East," at this juncture, you may recall that a plaintive violin solo played "Home, Sweet Home." It was so unexpected, so simple, so

familiar and tender, that the whole audience felt like crying, remembering the olden days of home, sweet home. The device could not have been bettered. Its very simplicity proved the genius of the creator. Consider the situation. The audience, excited, eager to see this great masterpiece which it has heard so much about, ready to criticize, to find fault, and to underestimate, is suddenly grabbed by the heartstrings, and told by the subtlest of processes: "This is a simple, home story." And so, when the screen lights up after about two minutes of this sort of music, and there is disclosed a little country street, a small house, and the parlor of an old-fashioned home, the atmosphere is already established.

The scene becomes idealized, intensified, made heroic in its way.

Griffith's secret there was in finding the keynote to his story—the "Home, Sweet Home" idea—the idyllic character of the drama, and, in advance, setting his audience in the frame of mind to understand. What was coming thought the audience? Is it war and revenge as in "The Birth of a Nation?" Is it a quivering tragedy as in "Broken Blossoms?" What is it? "Well, here it is," says Griffith, and everybody settles back, in the proper frame of mind.

In this newer and grander picture, "It is war, hate, turmoil!" announces the orchestra, and the audience settles back, ready for it.

This in a certain sense is equivalent to the prologue before the big feature appears on the screen, which is so rapidly coming into wide use. Of course, "Orphans of the Storm," being an evening's full entertainment, is sufficient unto itself; but in the varied program, the prologue seeks to establish a state of mind in advance of the picture. (At least, it is supposed to do—

though it seems to me that only the good saints above can figure out what most of the prologues are accomplishing in this direction.)

This "channelizing" of the minds of the audience is not confined to the beginning of the picture. Griffith also uses it at the beginning of each important episode throughout the drama. In the "Orphans" there is pompous music for the ravishing lawn fête when the members of royalty are exhibited in their lasciviousness and lust and the introduction of the Beethoven Minuet when they dance the minuet, is one of the fascinating moments of the picture and adds distinct charm and quaintness so necessary to make the particular atmosphere.

There is sad, mournful, soulful, and longing music when the beggars cringe and moan and lol about in their hunger and filth.

There is the beautiful Schubert "Serenade" ever present when *Chevalier de Vaudrey* touchingly and tenderly makes love to *Henriette Girard*, which fairly makes the onlookers feel every atom of his intensity of affection for her.

In "Way Down East" Griffith foretells in prophetic



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Not only is Lillian Gish remembered for her face, not only is she the character she represents, but she is also that sweet melody which always is played during her most poignant moments on the screen.

manner the disaster of *Anna Moore's* mock marriage—he foretells the tragedy when first *Anna* talks with *Lennox Sanderson*—it is in the music which mysteriously gives a feeling of foreboding. Always a little in advance of the dramatic action and yet not interfering with the continuity of the story as it progresses, Griffith precedes the actual episode with the musical prophecy.

The second and perhaps the more noticeable secret is Griffith's use of the character theme. He labels each important character with what is known as a *motif*. Griffith has learned that his audience has a memory sense of hearing. Not only is Lillian Gish remembered for her face, not only is she the character she represents, but she is also that sweet melody which always is played during her most poignant moments on the screen, and which seems to exhale the simplicity and beauty of her unsuspecting character. Not only is Sidney Herbert recognized for his sneaking effrontery, by his costumes, by his walk, by his name, *Robespierre*, but by his musical theme, which blaringly and blastingly announces his presence in the trumpets of the orchestra. Just as in "Way Down East" not only is Vivian Ogden the old maid, *Martha Perkins*, but she is that musical theme which chatteringly and remorselessly scandalizes with its tongue-rolling accents in the violin. And so on through the cast of all Griffith productions.

This is not new to music. It is somewhat new to pictures, however. In grand opera, especially those of Richard Wagner, every character has his *leit-motif* which is woven into the musical design. As the opera unfolds, the orchestra calls forth, "This speaks of Siegfried," and "This is the moaning of Isolde's love" and "Now comes Parsifal."

Griffith is merely applying the most classical methods of the ultrarevolutionists in music to the screen. And it is proving a success. The method can easily be handled by any other musician or musical appreciator who can use ingenuity and delicacy.

In Griffith pictures it is interesting to observe the way in which the orchestra introduces each character. At first the audience does not get any more than a key to the nature of the character. But with the repetition of the mood, the memory sense becomes assertive. Very tactfully and cleverly does Griffith use this psychological result. Toward the end of a picture he becomes quite daring and even at times when certain characters do not appear in the forefront of the screen but seem to be exerting influence upon the drama, the orchestra gives away the secret and says, "There's the king!" or "The *Chevalier de Vaudrey* is coming," or "Here comes the hateful old *Mother Frochard*."

Therefore the second secret of David Griffith is his manner of labeling the players of his drama. It is necessary to make each label distinctive and true. I could think of nothing finer than the chatterbox theme of *Martha Perkins* in "Way Down East." It is so good that one can see her lips moving and her tongue clattering, and her unscrupulous, scandal-mongering heart beating. I laughed aloud as she came down the road hurrying with her secret, bursting with her importance, figuring how she would tell it to *Squire Bartlett*, without regard for its effect upon poor little *Anna Moore*—I could see her breathing, as that music rolled and gibble-gabbled, jabbered, cackled, blibbered, and blabbered. The Lillian Gish theme in that picture is

very tender and sympathetic. On the other hand the villain theme is a blaring, brassy, impudent call, which shatters the nerves of the listeners. Personally, I didn't like that particular bit. It *annoyed* me. But perhaps the very effect Mr. Griffith had sought was accomplished in its effect upon me.

The third Griffith secret is the way in which ideas, emotions, or words can be accentuated and intensified by music. As I have said Griffith knows how to make the music describe the setting. Thus in the "Orphans" there is the most exciting, throbbing, furious, tumultuous music for the climax which is worked up to just before the end of the first half of the picture. It has the most stimulating and stirring effect on the audience, and leaves them exhausted, hot, and so fagged out when the curtain drops every one is uncomfortably warm and blames the heat of the theater—when I know it was not the heat—it was not the scene. *It was the music.*

Without the musical setting at this particular climax, the effect would not have been obtained, it could not—it would have fallen flat. Moreover, any other music than that selected might have ruined it. This was one of the greatest moments in the picture to illustrate the force of music.

Many persons have wondered whether Griffith's scores are all original compositions. No—Griffith productions are composed principally of familiar classics such as "Home, Sweet Home," Schubert's "Serenade," Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." It is Mr. Griffith's present practice, as I understand it, to prefer this method to original compositions, because he believes the audi-

ence likes to describe characters, situations, et cetera, in terms of familiar music. Also the process is simpler from his angle and from that of his musical director.

Of course where there is the need of a special idea this is composed for the occasion and blended in. I think that most of the character themes are specially composed.

There is another aspect to Griffith's pictures which I would seek to discuss. I talked with the musicians. I was told that at the present time there are many "Orphans of the Storm" companies, each with a musical director and ten men as a nucleus. Around the ten men additional local musicians are added, generally up to twenty-five. This means probably fifteen conductors and three hundred or more musicians. This is a very liberal use of music. It is worthy of mention because those who wonder whether music is a good investment are here given the testimony of the films' foremost producing director.

I discussed the musical score with the director. He told me that the credit for the whole thing must go to Mr. Griffith.

"Griffith's ideas have been followed all the way through," he said, "he has even gone to the details of the themes. Mr. Griffith selects most of the main themes or motives which he uses in his productions. Although not fitted to do such technical work as orchestration and the like, he has studied music somewhat." Then the musical director made a distinction which was rather interesting. "The musical score for the *Asta Nielsen* 'Hamlet,'" he said, "has been called a masterpiece of musical arrangement for a picture from a musician's point of view. A Griffith orchestration is made

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MANY A STAR

rose from an humble beginning in the ranks of slapstick comedy. But does it follow that their work in comedy really prepared them for stardom? Helen Christine Bennett has been investigating this subject and will answer the question in an article that will appear in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. This authoritative article will be of unusual interest to everyone who has ambitions toward screen acting.

A Picture in True Colors at Last

Gone are the blurred outlines of old colored films; after many attempts a picture has been made successfully in natural colors.

By Marion Lee King

THE "Glorious Adventure" was all of that for its producers. Not because it was the first starring vehicle of the inexperienced Lady Diana Manners—because as it happened Lady Diana proved to be a skilled actress, an untemperamental and good-natured workman and photographically as near perfect as any one could be; not because it was made in and near London, which is not considered the best atmosphere for taking pictures, but simply because it was one more determined effort to succeed where dozens of others had failed—to take a whole picture in natural colors.

The adventure—the experiment—call it what you will—has proved a great success, and you can mark it down now in your memory as one of the milestones of motion-picture history. This picture will undoubtedly be the forerunner of many other picture plays in natural colors and in time the dull-toned ones of to-day may even be entirely supplanted.

The London Fire plays an important and sensational part in "The Glorious Adventure."

The credit for this achievement belongs to William VanDorn Kelley who perfected the color camera and J. Stuart Blackton who had faith enough in it to risk using it on this expensive production. The film has already been exhibited in London at Covent Garden where it created a sensation, and within a short time it will have been shown in all the principal cities in America.

There have been feature pictures in color before; perhaps you remember one of them. Probably you don't remember more than that because nobody in his right mind ever went to more than one unless he was studying them and working toward their advancement. The pictures were usually grotesquely unnatural because of the blurring and fringing of colors, and they strained the eyes severely.

Perhaps you recall how in those early attempts at colored photography the brooks and waterfalls lapped over into the sky, and Mary's very pink dress frequently blurred on Johnny's waistcoat. And there were always complications when any one moved suddenly or a dog wagged his tail. It was awfully hard to distinguish the colored drama from slapstick comedy when the idea of both seemed to be to mash things all over one another. And one couldn't get a crush on a hero whose features seemed to run all over his face. But the color process of "The Glorious Adventure" is quite another matter. This picture was actually photographed in natural colors, not tinted after the film had been exposed. The outlines are natural and clear cut, not

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The first star to appear in a whole picture photographed in natural colors is Lady Diana Manners, and her beauty is worthy of the honor.



How Cool These Screen Lovers Are!

They are letting their love scenes fall far below normal while they stand around thinking up epigrams. Of course, the censors are partly to blame.

By Grace Kingsley

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



The hero might just as well be talking about the weather for all the good it does the girl.

LOVE making in the film drama is cooling off sadly of late. Have you noticed it? It's away below boiling point nowadays—say at least ten degrees Fahrenheit off.

Something like the cooling of the earth's

crust is, so to speak, the cooling of the screen lover's crust. The cave men are all gone and their caves are to let.

The censors of course are largely to blame for this. Screen lovers now kiss with the meter on. The good old clinch, too, is fast dwindling away, and the screen lover is losing his grip. Even Gene O'Brien and Tony Moreno are counting their kisses, and I've seen Wallie Reid and Lew Cody meander through hundreds of feet of film with the girls of their hearts without once stopping to kiss 'em.

No longer does the hero crush the heroine to his breast. Instead, lighting a cigarette, he stands half a kilometer away talking in general terms, usually in epigrams, about love. But does he ever stop to demonstrate? He does not. And more's the pity.

As I say, he seems to be talking about love all right, but he might just as well be talking about the weather for all the good it does the girl. And he is so nonchalant about it too. It's as if he said that if the girl got what he was talking about, well and good; if not, he should worry. There were plenty of other girls in the world who would. She can just take him or leave him.

Of course in his very warm moments he may lean across the piano and work his eyes when she warbles a love song, or, growing very expansive indeed, he may lean over the garden seat and tickle the back of her neck with whispered sweet nothings. But in the main he's very stand-offish, the present-day film hero.

I really think that if he were to give the girl a good, old-fashioned hug, she'd think that he had gone violently insane and ring for the police!

How different from the pictures of the good old days! Then you didn't have to use a thermometer nor a stethoscope to find out whether a man was in love with a girl.

Take "Was the Girl to Blame?" "The Lure of Devilish Broadway," "Paying the Price," "Old Hell Bill's Girl," "The Poisoned Bathing Suit." Was there ever any doubt about the hero's love in those pictures? I should say not. His love making simply burned up the film.

He used to be such a trustful boy, too, that screen lover of other days. He never appeared to be scared of suits for breach of promise or anything. He'd throw his all right at the heroine's feet. Maybe that all didn't amount to much. Usually he was more of a liability than an asset; still, such as he was, he was all hers. He was a jealous fellow, too, by all accounts—used every once in a while impulsively to mistake his girl's long-lost brother for her lover and take a shot at him. Screen brothers of those days were much more affectionate than they are now, by the way. Nowadays screen brothers call their sisters names, listen at peepholes, and try in every

cussed way they know how to make their sisters' lives miserable.

But to get back to the old brand of screen love. I re-



Cupid goes to work nowadays with a ruler, and he never permits a screen lover to be less than a foot taller than his girl.

The cave men have all disappeared and their caves are to let.



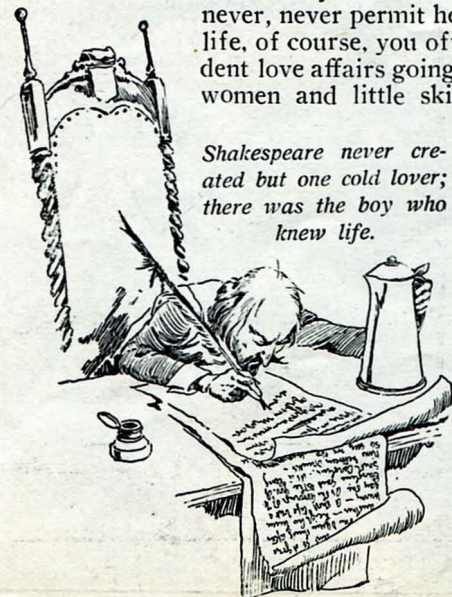
member an actress once telling me what an awful time she had with her make-up in the love scenes and what trouble she had in keeping her hair unruffled and her organdie dress pressed out. I remember that her leading man was King Baggot, and she was threatening all the time, she said, to send him the bills for the ruin he wrought.

Mind, I don't say it's by any means all the hero's fault that he's cooling off. Some ways he's had a pretty dirty deal. He can't, for instance, just grab his girl and give her a hug and kiss when he happens to feel like it. She won't stand for it. He's got to wait until she has on a becoming costume and is standing in a pretty spot under a tree where the light falls through her hair just right, before she'll permit any nonsense. Sometimes in real life we make love in unbecoming spots, like the back porch or in a Ford, but on the screen Cupid is a very fussy little person. You really don't see sometimes how nature is ever going to be permitted to take its course at all!

Then, as I said before, there's the censor. Along he came and told the hero he couldn't kiss his girl in more than five feet of film. No wonder the hero has taken to philosophy, epigrams, and cigarettes!

Also I must say the heroine seems very well able to look out for herself. She seems to understand the hero's system all right, and to come right back at him. She's a witty thing, the screen heroine of to-day. In real life sometimes human beings get fussed and lose their wits in presence of the beloved object. Not so in screen life. The harder they love the more brilliant they become. The real lover always thinks the next morning of the clever things he or she might have said, but the screen lover is always right there with the Anita Loos stuff.

It's all so darned cold-blooded and calculating nowadays. Cupid goes to work with a ruler. He never, never, for instance, permits a screen lover to be less than a foot taller than his girl. If she chances to fancy a man say her own height or a bit shorter, you know very well that screen fate will never, never permit her to be his. In real life, of course, you often see the most ardent love affairs going on between big fat women and little skinny men, between



Shakespeare never created but one cold lover; there was the boy who knew life.

He was a jealous fellow, the screen lover of other days.



tall ladies and little male shrimps, but on the screen it's different. Royalty itself isn't more fussy about its matings.

No wonder indeed the hero sometimes seems to fancy the baby vampire! She's a cute little trick, and she's very much in love

with him as well as being mightily amusing into the bargain, whereas the heroine is often a damp woman with a great many troubles. But he knows, poor fellow, that the baby vamp is not for him—that, come what may, he's got to marry the damp heroine at the last.

If these latter-day film writers would only take Shakespeare as a model. There's the boy! He knew life. The only cold lover he ever depicted, *Hamlet*, drove his sweetheart crazy with his epigrams. No wonder! Heroines weren't used to the epigram hounds in those days.

Yet *Hamlet*, if living to-day on the screen or stage, would be looked upon as a prize lover. He did say such neat things about *Ophelia's* doddering old papa! And wasn't he a perfect scream

Sometimes in real life we make love in unbecoming spots, but not so in the movies.



when talking to the king! His *Ophelia* wouldn't go crazy, either, in a present-day drama. She'd hurl wise cracks right back at him, and instead of hieing her to a nunnery, she'd hie her to a business college and learn to stenog!

Imagine Wallie Reid playing *Romeo*! Can't you just fancy him down underneath *Juliet's* balcony waiting to light a cigarette or to think up

an epigram before he climbs up to embrace her? And I'll tell you what would happen if he did. *Juliet* would catch an awful cold up there in her negligee, and would have to go and spend the rest of the night in a Turkish bath. Then when she came out with her nose all red, she'd be so mad she'd go and marry the old gink her parents picked out for her. Probably after that *Romeo* would come hanging around her drawing-room, making careful love—just enough to keep *Juliet* stirred up, but not enough to get himself into the divorce courts.

As it's only the villain now who is still an ardent lover, sometimes you wonder a bit why the heroine doesn't turn to him for a little harmless petting anyway, so tired must she become of her lover's long-distance love making.

Of course, Rodolph Valentino is doing all he can to inject a little old-fashioned ardor into films, but even he sometimes gets tamed to the tepid level of the times.

I may be behind the times, but I like to think of the days when the shrinking heroine had something to shrink from. But perhaps instead of indulging in vain regret, we should look forward to "The Prisoner of Zenda." Still, you can't ever tell nowadays; even he might turn out a blasé or bashful boy.

Why, even at the end of the pictures nowadays, you don't see lovers kiss. You see them about to do it—the other side of a window—and then they suddenly grow coy and pull down the blind!



Photo by Hooyer

Rex Ingram can throw bricks at the too frank, too obvious business man without any fear of his own glass house being shattered for he is as romantic and mysterious in appearance as one of the heroes he directs.

YOU might just as well make up your mind to it—Rex Ingram thinks that as lovers American business men are the bunk.

Of course the erudite Rex wouldn't express it quite that way. In his own words, "As a lover the American business man is definitely obsolete." And, considering the sensation Rodolph Valentino's appearances on the screen have made, in contrast say to those of Herbert Hoover—I know this isn't logical because H. H. has never had a chance to do love scenes in his Screen News appearances, but even if he did I'd bet on Valentino—it looks as though Rex Ingram were right.

"The American woman," Ingram insists, "is tired of the bright young business man and his weary elders. To arouse her interest a man must have an exotic, instant appeal, awakening feminine curiosity, stirring feminine imagination, giving her some quality of the unknown to ponder on. The Latin type of man offers that as no other type can."

"The American business man is too easily read, too frank, too obvious. To the American woman he is like a book, a rather naïve book which she has read and yawned over many times."

What Every Woman Wants

Rex Ingram proved that he knew when he presented the romantic, fiery Valentino to the public. And Valentino wasn't just his discovery—he was By Peter White part of his theory.

"Now the romantic lover has seized upon her mind and heart. She doesn't want a man who conducts his battles over a desk top with pen and check book. She wants instead the duel—the rapier—and an equal finesse in love making. It is the heyday of the subtle lover, a dangerous day for the American husband."

Woman's craving for something different than the men she meets is responsible for the present vogue of costume pictures, Rex Ingram believes. "They revive the romantic age," he says, "where there was uncertainty, a chance for dependence on man's greater strength."

"It was with this in mind that I undertook the production of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' I sought, immediately upon my decision to make the picture, for a personality with the qualities that make the big appeal to women to-day. Ramon Samanegos as *Rupert of Hentzau* has all of them, I think. He is like a rapier, insinuant, sparkling, with a courage that is enhanced rather than harmed by his gay villainy. It is he, the scintillant sinner, who appeals to American women to-day."

You recall, perhaps, that it was Rex Ingram who first rescued Rodolph Valentino from heavy villain parts and presented him in his true métier. It was as *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen" that he first became the magnet of thousands of hearts.

And now Rex Ingram intends to wrest similar honors from the public—the feminine public—for this other young Latin, Ramon Samanegos. He feels sure Ramon will be the next big star.



Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

What chance has a stolid or naïve man against the wiles of Antonio Moreno or Rodolph Valentino, for instance?



To the Ladies— Ramon the Romantic

Rex Ingram will present this interesting young foreigner in "The Prisoner of Zenda"—and he thinks you will like him as well as you did Valentino—or even better.

By Margaret Ettinger

IT is a grave responsibility introducing you to this latest find of Rex Ingram's. I want to tell you that he is all you might expect, and more, and yet I hate to rob you of any of the thrill of surprise of seeing him for the first time. So, I am not going to rave about him as I would like to; I am not going to tell you of his amazing charm and good looks; I am just going to tell you the story of his struggles for recognition as he told it to me—all the things you will want to know about him after you have seen "The Prisoner of Zenda."

I really thought of Mr. Samanegos as a struggling poet when he told me his story the other day, at the Metro studios, for it is such an atticky existence that he led. He was wearing the picturesque uniform of scarlet and blue—the very one that transforms him to *Rupert of Hentzau*, while he told me all about how he became Mr. Ingram's "discovery," and the dashing costume



Photo by Witzel

He is a little over medium height, lithe and slender as most dancers are.

contrasted oddly with the drab surroundings and the story he told.

"I determined to get into pictures when I came here from Mexico with my little brother. I applied at every



Photo by Hoover

Ramon Samanegos is a Prince Charming, a Don Juan, a Castilian cavalier.

studio for work. I sat for hours at a time on the battered 'extra' benches. I wore out pair after pair of shoes trudging from casting director to casting director. I couldn't get work of any sort. I used every known persuasion, to no avail.

"And," he continued, stroking the black beard he had grown especially for *Rupert*, "it was the usual thing I suppose—but both my brother and I needed food. We were about to be turned out of our lodging house and there was no work in sight. I could not write to my family, for you see they were not at all in sympathy with a picture career for me. I made a sign; hung it outside the door. It read 'Music Teacher'—nothing more. I had studied music in Mexico, but I had never given a lesson in my life, and I was a bit panicky when my first pupil put in an appearance. I didn't have to play the part of music teacher long, though, for in a very little while I met Marion Morgan. I loved dancing, though my experience had only been at school parties. However, Miss Morgan wanted to make a pro-

Continued on page 99

Making "The Mas

Guy Bates Post, one of the best-known actors of last to star in the celluloid version of one of his

By Edwin



Photo by Moffatt

As "Chilcote," Post appears as a character fastidious to a degree and full of effete mannerisms.

THE scene was a reproduction of the British House of Parliament. Beneath the heavy carved balconies on either side of the massive, somber structure rose tier after tier of benches, crowded with picked actors in frock coats. In the middle, at the top of a huge dais sat the chancellor, wigged and gowned, beneath the canopy emblazoned with the royal arms.

In this impressive setting, lighted by a single spotlight, stood Guy Bates Post, who, though he had played the two leading rôles in "The Masquerader" hundreds of times during its run of more than five years on the spoken stage, was going through as nerve-racking an experience before

the camera as that of any novice. For, veteran trouper though he is, this was to be his first appearance in the films. And I have an idea that directors rather enjoy getting a stage veteran under the Kliegs for the first time, and that they give them something of an initiation. Post, however, as he stood in the center of the impressive scene, where he was making the speech that is one of the climaxes of the play, appeared outwardly calm enough, and when the order to "cut" came, and the scene was ended, he admitted to me that it was really less exhausting than playing before an audience.

"When I appear on the stage," he said, "I'm all keyed up. The tensy lasts throughout the performance. Sometimes I finish almost in exhaustion. This is more like rehearsing. Though you're working for the public, you're not working before the public."

You probably know "The Masquerader" in its stage version. It was presented in every large city in America during the long tour of the company. Later, it was played in Australia. Post has had several successes like this during his career and he has gained an unusually large following on the road, a following which no doubt will welcome his having been at last recruited by the films.

The piece is an adaptation of a novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston that had a great vogue about twenty

Once the story is under way, "Chilcote" disintegrates rapidly. Barbara Tennant plays the part of the slavey in the picture.



querader"

the speaking stage is at
greatest stage successes.

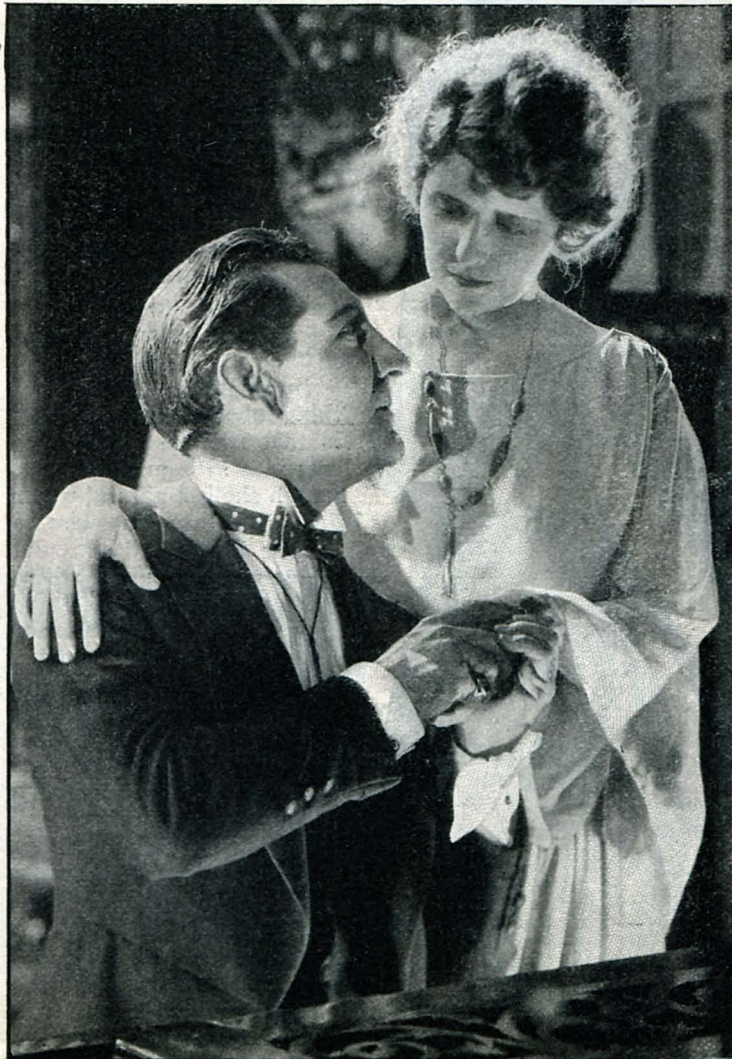
Schallert

years ago. The plot hinges on the similarity in the appearance of the two men, *Chilcote* and *Loder*, which makes it possible for the one to take the place of the other. *Chilcote* is a leading member of Parliament, who has succumbed to the domination of narcotics, and *Loder* is a mendicant journalist with an overmastering zeal and ambition for fame.

The possibilities of the book as adapted for the stage, made an especial appeal to the technical craft of Richard Walton Tully, who produced it. Mr. Tully, by the way, is the author of the popular rhapsodic Hawaiian drama, "The Bird



The setting representing the British House of Parliament is the most spectacular one in the production, and a faithful reproduction.



of Paradise," and of the colorful "Omar, the Tent-maker," in the latter of which Mr. Post portrayed the romantic title character on the stage. He is also the producer of "The Masquerader" in its celluloid version.

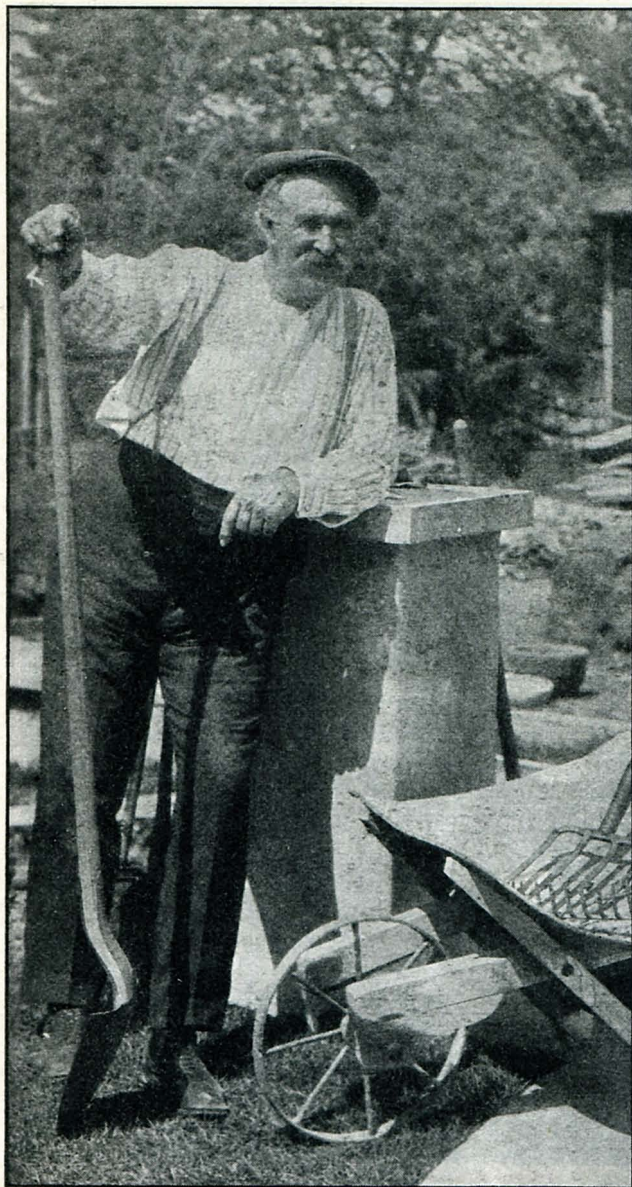
At one time during his career, Mr. Tully was a sleight-of-hand performer. He was therefore able to devise various pieces of magicry for "The Masquerader" to heighten the reality of its illusion. Novel paraphernalia like vanishing black curtains, trick boxes, and a sliding panel or two were among the unusual props. The black curtains were used with a peculiar effectiveness, I believe, in enabling Mr. Post to cross in front of himself, a feat heretofore rarely if ever accomplished except in ghost pictures. The curtains were used in much the same manner as when a spook is made to materialize by the second exposure of a film already photographed, the black curtains forming the background.

The encounters between *Ruth Saunders* has the rôle of "Eve *Chilcote* and *Loder* in these double-exposure scenes show
Continued on page 99

Rubbing Aladdin's

How some of the stars expect precious days when they are

By Gordon



Theodore Roberts expects to be perfectly happy in his own garden.

WHEN winter has traveled so far along its slide downhill into summer that it has run smack up against spring—do you ever begin to build vacation castles in Spain or the Catskills or Maine or California?

Personally, I've always had an idea that I'd like to go to Monte Carlo. I've dreamed of long, lazy days on the Riviera, basking in the sun and listening to the waves lap, or whatever it is the waves do over there. And here comes Wanda Hawley with her bag all packed and reservations under way for a sure-nuff trip to Monaco!

"More than any other single place, Monte Carlo has stimulated my interest," said Wanda to me the other day in the shadow of the Paramount palace of fine arts in Hollywood, "and I've been egged on to take my vacation there by every Monte Carlo movie that comes out."

"I am going to Egypt," chimed in Constance Binney, who happened along just then. "My vacation if it is long enough this year is going to be as Oriental as Egypt can make it. I've looked at pictures of the Sphinx on cigarette boxes and billboards until I have just got to go up and shake hands with it—or her—or him—or whatever it is.

"And if any one is interested to know it, I am going to stop at the Bahamas on my way over. I just want to soak up a lot of atmosphere all the way. By the way, you can say that if I ever, ever get married I'm going to spend my honeymoon in Egypt. At least I think I am, if this vacation trip over there doesn't change my mind, because some people tell me that parts of Egypt smell awful bad!"

Our animated little group of three, in the shadow of the Lasky casting office, was suddenly augmented, but not very much, by a half-portion star. It was May McAvoy

who joined us, dangling a sunbonnet by its strings. She was wearing a yellow wig over her dark curls.

"Where are you goin' for your vacation, May?" questioned Wanda, shaking her bobbed head in the way she has. "Or don't you know yet?"

"Certainly, I know!" replied the little McAvoy, her blue eyes sparkling. "I'm going to shove a surf board through the waves at Waikiki. I've got out my swimming papers and everything, and I have learned to play the ukulele from Herb Rawlinson."

Incidentally, a curious thing about Miss McAvoy is that she has never been cast in a swimming picture, though she is a natural water baby. She loves to swim as well as she loves to dance, and she is just naturally going where they swim before breakfast!

New York is the summer objective of some of the movie vacationists who have spent a long time on the Coast. Marie Prevost, out at Universal City, is going to revel in Fifth Avenue for as long as she can be spared from the studio.

Mary Miles Minter has abandoned all her plans and gone to the Orient.

Gloria Swanson is making no secret of her vacation plans. She has been reading large and heavy volumes on the lore of the ancient cave



Jacqueline Logan will bicycle through the West, though not in this costume.

Vacation Lamp

to direct themselves during the free from the studio time clock.

Gassaway

dwellers who avoided landlords by digging themselves in on the sides of the plateaus of New Mexico.

Gladys Walton has bought a bay-going little motor boat which she is going to use for her vacation. It will be spent at San Pedro, which is just another name for the harbor which lets the bootleggers from Canada get within striking distance of the Western film capital—though she says that fact has nothing to do with her selection of a vacation locale.

Yacht cruising is a popular outdoor pastime with some of our most eminent producers, and Marshall Neilan, Mack Sennett, and Tom Ince are going a-cruising in the summer months.

Priscilla Dean, one time wild cat of Paris, is going to trek off to the wilds of Canada. But her vacation is not going to be entirely devoted to roughing it, for she will stop at Lake Louise, that favored region for honeymooners, and of course at Banff. She has been invited to officiate at the formal summer opening of the resort in July, and Priscilla will be there, as she quaintly puts it, with her hair in a net!

The home bodies of the movies will not stir far from their own firesides. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel are going to put in a glorious vacation watching baby Ruth grow. Cullen Landis is very much of a home boy, when he isn't tramping in the California hills, and he is going to vary his vacation with a bit of baseball in the interests of the Long Beach team of his home town, tramping, and sleeping in his own bed. Theodore Roberts, of the animated cigar, is going to vacation in his garden. He told me that he has played at being a wicked old man in so many café scenes that the simple life looks very good to him.

"I'm going away somewhere where no one knows me and raise a beard," Wallace Reid confided to me in his dressing room the other day. "I've spent so much time on location in the mountains that I am fed up on pine trees that think they have to sing you to sleep every night, and the sad sea waves work overtime trying to be sad, though I never could for the life of me figure out why poets called 'em sad. Most of the waves I've met have been pretty flip. I am going to get into a car and just turn the throttle loose with my toe and go high, wide, and handsome!"



To hike through the wilds of Canada is Priscilla Dean's plan.



South America is luring Bebe Daniels. With her grandmother as guide and mentor she plans to first visit Colombia and then Buenos Aires. Mrs. Eva de la Plaza Griffin, her grandmother, was born in Colombia and later married the American consul at Buenos Aires, so there is very good reason for Bebe's decision.

Dorothy Dalton is going to take every minute of her vacation time to visit—guess where! Chicago. Her parents live there, and she wishes to be with them.

Dreams are coming true if Helen Ferguson can make them. But not for herself. Her vacation is going to be devoted to the inmates of the Strickland Home for Boys near Los Angeles and to the children who played with her in "Hungry Hearts."

Dorothy Dalton will spend every minute with her parents in Chicago, her home town.

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Photograph by Hixon-Newman

The Latest Return

The foremost vampire has at last abandoned the footlights and returned to the films.

By Edna Foley

THEDA BARA is back. She is soon to appear in a picture directed by her husband, Charles Brabin, which will feature her abilities as a vampire to the utmost—or at least as far as the censors will permit. It is said that her first vehicle will be made from a famous story, but she hasn't admitted the name of it yet. Now every one can take out all those rusty old jokes that used to be so popular and air them; you know the kind, "Others may be fairer, but Theda is

Bara" and comments about her "vamping on the old tent ground."

It seems to me that other motion-picture players ought to give Theda Bara a vote of thanks. With only one or two protests, she has shouldered more abuse and more unthinking criticism than any other player, and the rest ought to realize that if there hadn't been any Theda they might have been the victims.

But, anyway, fans will welcome her.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Are Admission Prices Com- ing Down?

We have had several letters demanding that The Observer start a campaign for lower admission prices in theaters. We are for it, just as we are for lower rents and for cheaper street-car fares. But we do not believe prices will be universally cut.

In all probability there will grow up in every large community—it is only in the cities that the prices really are high—two classes of theaters. There will be the fine, new theater with a large orchestra and elaborate program which will charge an average of fifty cents and will give probably only four or five shows a day. Then there will be the smaller theater—with probably just as good pictures—that will show nothing but pictures. The orchestra will be small, the shows will be short, and the price will be reasonable.

In New York, for instance, Loew's New York has prospered with an admission price, which, as things are now, is comparatively low, on a nothing-but-picture basis. Across the street the Rivoli, Strand, Rialto, and Capitol, with big orchestras and elaborate trimmings, are making money with a price as high as eighty-five cents.

If you are like The Observer, you care little about anything but the picture, and you probably will welcome the "grind" show—meaning the show in which the operator keeps going continually. If you lean toward music and prologues you will be willing to pay twice as much for a motion-picture show that includes these things.

If we were running the motion-picture theaters of the United States we would cut the prices of all of them and would cut the shows, too. We want pictures and nothing else. But, alas, it seems that the world does not agree with us. It appears that theaters that have tried cutting the expensive orchestras and the elaborate prologues, and that have made a corresponding decrease in admission fees, have found that the attendance fell off. So what can you do about it?

Probably, instead of The Observer regulating affairs, it will have to be left to George W. Supply and Demand who seems to regulate almost everything. If the people in your neighborhood do not want a cheaper show your theater manager will find it out if he's a good showman, and your protests will avail you naught.

Poor Pictures Must Go

But even if the prices are not materially reduced, there are indications that the standard of the general run of pictures is going to be better from now on.

The recent far-famed and much-wept-over slump in attendance at motion-picture performances has brought theater owners face to face with a fact that should have been obvious, but wasn't. That fact is that Barnum was not entirely right when he said the people like to be humbugged.

Theaters and producers of pictures are learning what

the merchants of the land have known for years—that there is no profit in delivering bad merchandise, and that the fellow who succeeds is the chap who is building the confidence of his customers.

Motion pictures are just shedding the circus man and the traveling show trouper. These were the fellows who first went into the business of showing motion pictures, and their methods were the ones used by motion-picture theaters.

A traveling show is an institution for which the theater accepts small responsibility. If the local opera house books in a minstrel show, advertises it as the funniest show of the year and the performance proves to be a waste of time and money for the people who pay at the box office, the citizens of the burg seldom blame the fellow who runs the opera house. They know that he has to take pretty much what comes, and, properly enough, they put the blame on the show, which by that time is playing the next town.

The motion-picture theater, however, is a town institution. The manager of the theater—not the can of film—is held responsible for the performance. The public knows that it is possible for the motion-picture theater to get good pictures and when it is bunkoed it knows that the manager put something over on them.

(In justice to the managers, let us say that sometimes they in turn are bunkoed by the distributors, but investigation shows that the general average of the manager who tries to get *good* pictures is always far above that of the fellow who tries to see how *cheap* he can get his pictures.)

Therefore the theater manager who is a dishonest merchandiser, who takes a man's quarter and does not deliver twenty-five cents' worth of entertainment, is bound to lose trade just as fast as the grocer who gives twenty cents' worth of sugar for twenty-five cents.

The same goes for the producer who tries to get more for his films than they are worth.

All of which finally has convinced the producer and the theater manager that there is not much money in ordinary medium-class motion pictures.

This means that beginning next fall, in the best theaters—not in the very cheap ones—the general average of entertainment will be higher—and probably the comparative cost will be lower—than you ever have had before.

The theaters are finding that it is better to book one good picture for a week than two ordinary ones for three days each. The producers are finding that the weak stars, the ordinary directors and the uninspired production managers must be dispensed with.

And so you already are finding men and women who formerly were hailed as stars, taking ordinary parts in productions and very glad indeed to earn an honest living. You are getting combinations of high-class directors with high-class stars, all working peacefully together and having very little argument with the adver-

tising departments as to whether the director's name on the posters should be in larger type than the actors'.

The whole motion-picture industry, in other words, has been cutting out a great deal of its monkey business, for it has found that the public won't stand for it. The public is no longer in a mood to believe that an actress is a star just because her name is of a certain size in the advertising. It has no patience with directors who are so busy trying to make reputations for themselves that they forget all about making good pictures. The public is waiting to reward the folks who deliver good shows, from the theater manager back to the man who writes the story, but for the people who still believe that humbuggery is profitable the public has nothing but the toe of a fast-moving boot.

And the motion-picture business now knows it.

The Chain Theaters

We have a letter from a reader who has harsh words to say about the chains of theaters, all under one management, that are spreading through the country and that in many cases are crowding out of business the local theater man.

From the local theater's point of view the chain is a pernicious thing. A good citizen decides to invest a great deal of money in a motion-picture theater. He operates it at a profit and to the satisfaction of the community for several years. Then suddenly an outsider who operates theaters in a number of cities decides to enter this community with a new theater. The local man must sell to the syndicate—perhaps at less than his property is worth—or face keen competition. Usually the chain theater is the victor.

The economic side of the chain idea is of importance only to the owner of the theater that was first in the field. The public will go to the place where it can get the best entertainment for its money, regardless of whether the theater is controlled by local capital or by Wall Street. It has followed this policy with chain drug stores, chain groceries, cigar stores, and five-and-ten-cent stores.

Usually the chain theater is able to give better shows at less money, since it buys film cheaper than does the individual theater and it books pictures more expertly. Usually, because of the magnitude of the chain and the wide experience of the men employed by it, the service rendered the public is better than that of the single theater.

As to our reader's complaint about Wall Street capital squeezing out the local investor: home industry should be patronized, of course, but it will be patronized by the public only as long as it serves the public as well or better than foreign industry.

The harmful effect of the chain, as we see it, lies in its menace to the man who wants to invest in a theater. If he fears that his investment may be ruined through the invasion of a chain theater, doubtless he will put his money in some other business, and the town will not get the theater.

Bunking the Exhibitor

We referred in a preceding paragraph to the fact that the exhibitors often have poor films "put over" on them by the distributing organizations—which may account for some of the poor pictures that you have seen at your theater.

One of the most common ways of fooling the exhibitor is to make him think that the picture had a big New York run, on the theory that if the crowds turned out to see it there, where such a wealth of entertainment of all kinds is continually offered, they probably would do the same anywhere. Which is quite true when

people really *do* turn out as they did for a year or more to see "Way Down East," for example. But recently a producer, who wanted to convince certain State-right distributors that a picture he had was going to draw well, found, after having rented a Broadway theater and having spent thousands of dollars in advertising, that nobody was buying tickets. So he sent men out to distribute thousands of free tickets. Then, of course, the crowds came. So great were they on one night that Broadway was blocked by several thousand persons with passes who were trying to get into the theater that already was filled with pass holders.

While the mob was surging, the producer of the picture brought around his prospective buyers and said, "See, that's the kind of a crowd you'll draw if you buy my picture!"

And the queer thing about it is that the buyers, the rumor goes, believed him, and never thought to investigate to learn whether the people in the mob had paid for their tickets.

The Money Side

Let's listen to a few figures, just to see how big this motion-picture industry is. According to the *Moving Picture World*, a publication for exhibitors, theaters paid in 1921 a total of \$118,054,635.00 to producing and distributing companies for film.

This was an increase of \$1,604,382.80 over 1920.

The public, however, paid less at the box office in 1921 than in 1920.

In 1921 the theaters paid in admission tax the sum of \$82,633,093.85, according to the *World*. The tax is ten per cent of the purchase price, so that it is evident that the public paid to the theaters in the last year \$826,330,938 which was a decrease of \$43,609,191 over 1920.

Where's the Author?

About a year ago we were all aflutter because some of the grand and glorious authors who had been telling the motion-picture people how to make pictures had consented to step into the studios, at so much per step, and demonstrate.

In nearly every instance the author has been a failure as a motion-picture producer. Elinor Glyn, Rex Beach, and Rupert Hughes are the only ones who have actually established themselves in the studios. The others found that they were better at tearing down than constructing, so they have gone back to their typewriters.

London Boosts the Movies

When the Capitol Theater opened in New York City, the prestige of motion pictures took a big jump in the metropolis. People who dined too late to get to one of the regular theaters in time for the show began to take their guests there, and it became no uncommon sight to see parties of ten or twelve people in evening dress drifting in to see the show at the Capitol.

Now London has put her stamp of approval on pictures in an even more sensational way. Princess Mary's newly acquired brother-in-law has formed a corporation and bought St. Peter's Chapel of Ease, formerly a church, and located very near Buckingham Palace, and is having it remodeled for a high-class motion-picture theater.

There will be five boxes reserved for special parties and one of these will be reserved for the exclusive use of the king and his family. So motion pictures now have the stamp of royalty's approval!

The Old Hokum Bucket

This article either will appeal to you strongly or it will make you angry. It is written by a dramatic critic of a large newspaper, and it represents the views of a large group of persons who, though dissatisfied with most pictures of wide, popular appeal, are keenly interested in the possibilities of the screen, and who are looking forward to the day when they can have an "art theater" of their own in which critical standards shall obtain.

By B. T. Clayton

THE public does *not* want better pictures. So say the producers.

Despite all their luted cacophonies in the public prints over "Better Pictures," "New Faces," and Art with a large A, the producers were long ago convinced by the extraordinary success of such yap-dazzlers as De Mille's "Anatol," that what the people want—to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow—is the good old hokum.

Despite their hymning in the press the glowing prospects for each New Year, it was their unofficial but sincere belief that the photo play of 1922 would be no farther advanced than the photo play of 1921, which was in turn on no higher level than the photo play of 1920.

It is the belief of at least a great many of the men higher up in the industry that the cinema has reached its zenith. That it can go no farther because it is primarily a Coney Island sort of amusement for the masses.

This is not true, of course, the record of "The Amorous Antics of Anatol" to the contrary. It is only partly true. Sooner or later a theater guild movement will take place in the movies. It is the eventual solution of the theory of limitations.

Not long ago, in one of Los Angeles' million-dollar seductive temples of Thespis, I laid an eye to Anita Stewart's impassioned blurb "Playthings of Destiny;" one of those fatuous fillums, full of wronged women, suffering heroes, tiny, golden-haired tots, and the sanctity of motherhood. Little Richard Headrick, most offensively sunny of all screen children, ran rampant through the picture; toddling downstairs in his pajamas, almost—but unfortunately not quite—drowning, kneeling against mother's evening gown—in the spotlight—to say his prayers, and lastly, uniting his estranged parents in one final welter of mush.

There was not a dry eye within ten feet of me when little Richard climbed into his mother's lap, patted her cheek, and subtitled, as the baby-spot haloed his golden curls: "Don't cry, mummy, Dad will make it awight."

But what does it prove; that the public does not want better pictures?

Absolutely not. It merely shows that there are enough lovers of slush-to make such blatant heart-throb stuff a box-office triumph. It shows why the producers keep turning out sap-teasers with one hand while with the other they write sonorous sermons on the infamy of the industry, and so forth.

But it does not conclusively prove that the taste of a large proportion of the present devotees of the screen precludes the gratification of the taste of those who are not satisfied with what they are getting, and of the countless thousands who would like to see pictures if a different type of films were offered.

At one time the celluloid collar trade greatly outnumbered the patrons of linen neckwear. The parallel is obvious.

Probably in about 1955 some bold revolt will venture a Little Theater and be utterly dumfounded by the result—as was the New York Theater Guild, which started in a cellar somewhere near the Battery and awoke one bright day to find the art-starved populace flocking to its dugout in hordes, fairly sobbing with gratitude.

One theater for the intelligent, one for the patron of "Her Crimson Sin," "A Telephone Girl's Temptation," and "The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife."

One theater for the story of lingerie, lily love, and languid Lotharios dabbling in tepid triangles, and another for the throbbing, passionate symphonies of Lubitsch and La Negri, the swashbuckling fanfaronade of Fairbanks, the pastorals of Charlie Ray, and the intellectual operas of William C. De Mille.

And gradually the patrons of the one would become more regular attendants at the other. The kindergarten pupil would, in time, become the high-school student.

In my dreams I have visioned the Little Theater of the movies. There would be no news reels, no educational, no travelogues, no incantations, no forty-minute prologues and no forty-piece orchestra playing "The Poet and Peasant" overture. Just an Ollendorf sketchograph, perhaps, or a Felix cartoon, and the feature film; and perhaps, if the picture were short, a one-act play such as Glaspell's "Woman's Honor" or Dunsany's "Night at an Inn." There would be no red and purple lights, no tall vases, no near tapestries, no artistic lighting effects upon sumptuous imitation velvet curtains, and above all, no children. Just a little *intime* affair chastely decorated in soft gray and pale gold and a hidden organ

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Arthur
Rosen
Rosen

Señorita Manhattan

Miriam Cooper has metropolitan manners and Old World beauty.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

AS I revolved into the hothouse warmth of the Plaza lobby, Mae Murray, bundled modishly in fur coat and turban, revolved out to her panting black-and-white.

"Mademoiselle Manhattan," I murmured to myself.

But I was on my way in to meet Miriam Cooper, whom it is barely possible you may know better as Raoul Walsh's wife. Or Seena Owens' sister-in-law. For such she is. However, as it turned out, I met Raoul before meeting Miriam. He, husbandlike, knew naught of her whereabouts. In the tea room, perhaps. And it was in the tea room that I finally found her, debating whether the girl across the room was Marguerite Clark. I assured her it was not, and the interview was on.

The brunette Cooper is, if I may say so, Señorita Manhattan. She has youth, but not the coyness that usually renders youth banal. She is, in years, an ingénue, but surely no one would have the temerity so to classify her. There is about her the delightful air of having lived and enjoyed it. Coupled with this, a pictorial quality that associates her with Madrid, or Barcelona, or some equally torrid Andalusian climate.

"But how do you know it isn't Marguerite Clark?" she persisted.

I was glad enough to have found her, without troubling myself further concerning the identity of the Unknown Tea Rose.

"What do you care, anyhow?" I demanded. "You see enough movie stars every day to satisfy you, don't you? Why worry about Marguerite Clark?"

Her eyes widened.

"I know very few stars," she said. "The Gishes, and Mae Marsh, and the Talmadges, that's all. And I've always liked Marguerite Clark, and so I wanted to know if it was she."

And there you are. Miriam Cooper spent months in Hollywood making her last play, "Kindred of the Dust," and yet she might as well have been in Saskatoon, South Bend, or Scranton.

"We don't go out when we're on a picture. We can't afford to do it, physically. I suppose lots of people have told you how hard picture work is. Well, they told you the truth." She smiled, a rich, red smile emphasized by the gleam of her teeth. "Here it's different. We just returned from the Coast. We aren't doing a picture. Our next stop is Palm Beach, then we start for Europe and more work. But now—have you been to The Rendezvous? Last night we tried the new Club Royal, and liked it."

She was smartly tailored; her face, a sensitive, thin, mobile face, looked sophisticated without being bored. She looks like a twenty-five-year-old edition of *Lorna Doone*. Perhaps a trifle knowing, but wouldn't *Lorna* have learned?

"In Europe," she told me, "I should greatly like to do something Oriental—or Egyptian—or 'Sheiky.' Everything must be 'Sheiky' nowadays, you know."

I knew.

"Raoul expects to do a picture in the shadow of the Sphinx—chasing round the pyramids, Tangier, Algiers, you know the atmosphere. I'm the type to do the Arabian girl, and I want to do it. The desert, you know, offers pictorial advantages, and Oriental stories offer great dramatic possibilities."

Miriam Cooper began at the greatest university of the picture play that ever was: Griffith's Biograph Class.

"I started with Mae and Lillian and Bobby and the rest," she said. "In 'The Birth' I had my first wonderful part. My next was in the modern episode of 'Intolerance.' I didn't realize what sort of rôle I was portraying or I shouldn't have done it."

"What connection is there," I asked, "between the rôle you play and you?"

"Of course," she parried, "I would do it now. But then I was more of a child than an artiste. Of course—it doesn't make any difference what sort of thing you play, so long as you do it well."

In those days, she told me, Griffith thought Lillian Gish would never reach the heights. "It isn't in her," he would say. Mae Marsh he considered the great actress of the screen.

"And I don't know," said Miriam, "I don't know what it is that has held Mae back. Luck, perhaps. Poor pictures, more likely. But she is such an expressive creature, such a fine actress, it's a shame that she shouldn't hold her place on the screen. And Lillian—Lillian is unquestionably the great actress of the silver sheet. I love her. We all do."

"It's always seemed that Lillian and Mae and Dot and I have belonged to one family. Then after I married Raoul, and George married Seena, why the family grew! We all have heaps of fun together. When we're not tied up on a picture," she added, a trifle ruefully. "Picture making does cut in on one's free time," she murmured.

A sense of humor and a strong sense of business acumen mark her personality. She follows the financial progress of her husband's pictures as zealously as any First National vice president.

"We went from Griffith," she said, "and Foxed it a while." (I would say here, *en passant*, that the Walshes accomplished something rarely accomplished by any one else, even the greatest: they made a genuinely fine production despite the fact that it was under Fox supervision. I refer to "The Honor System.") "After 'arriving' with a couple of big features, Raoul decided to chance it alone—at least independently."

"The Oath" was among the better First National specials they have spooled: in it *la belle* Miriam splashes forth with some real emotional pyrotechnics. "Kindred of the Dust" is costarring material for Miriam and Ralph Graves.

"He's a charming boy," she said warmly. "And he never should have had to play the prize fighter in 'Dream Street.' I'm surprised that D. W. cast him for that part." She smiled impishly. "That's what I like about being in my husband's company. I don't play parts that I know are all wrong. I'm a type, and I stay within the bounds of possibility. I think almost every one is a type, but that few are willing or wise enough to admit it." She relaxed into the depths of the lounge on which we were seated.

"I wonder," she murmured, "I wonder if that was Marguerite Clark."

The evening before she had seen Laurette Taylor in "The National Anthem" and felt certain that the part was "made for her," filmatically. If possible, she will do it, under Raoul's direction, "after," she added, "the 'sheiky' picture that we make in Europe."

The sophistry of Manhattan plus the decorative motif suggesting Spain—that's Miriam Cooper: Señorita Manhattan.



Photo by Witzel

HERE'S a new Marjorie Daw—without curls and smile. But being engaged to Johnny Harron and playing in "A Fool There Was," would naturally make one feel dignified.





Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE is one of the few fortunates who is never "between pictures." She will next devote her talents to the Ince special, "Finding Home."



Photo by Edwin S. Hawley

AT almost every photograph of this girl we wonder, "Who is this fascinating creature—never saw her before!" And we thought we knew Betty Compson! Her latest picture is "Over the Border."





Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



IF you were May McAvoy and had been working hard and learned you were going to have a vacation in New York, this is the way you'd look. It was during her vacation that Harriette Underhill had the chat with her that you'll find on the opposite page.



ART decreed that Miriam Cooper couldn't dress up once in her latest picture, "Kindred of the Dust," so she had this photograph taken to show how beautiful she can look.



Photo by Edwin Bower Heaser





Photo by Paul Grenbeaux



DORIS MAY continues to attract new followers by her amusing escapades in R-C comedies, the latest of which is "Gay and Devilish."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

ANOTHER Doris, but what a different type! The surname of this stately beauty is Pawn, whom you all know as leading lady for various screen heroes.





Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



MADGE BELLAMY has appeared in only a few pictures, but her ability prompted Maurice Tourneur to give her the much coveted title rôle in his latest production, "Lorna Doone."

Poor May McAvoy!

She gets up at six in the morning, doesn't get a chance to go shopping, and sees only about one play a year!

By Harriette Underhill

MAY McAVOY doesn't seem to be one bit spoiled, but I am quite sure that she is, because she couldn't very well help being so.

In the first place she is only nineteen years old and despite all the talk about falling stars and falling salaries her salary is soaring somewhere between that of the vice president and the president. Perhaps it is not quite so big as Mr. Harding's, but, I infer, it must stack up very well beside the one received by Mr. Coolidge for being assistant president of the United States. At the time I write all of the ad lib. directors are fighting over her trying to get her to promise to go in their next picture if she can get a leave of absence, and her press agent is going about with a memorandum in his hand which reads, "See Miss X—

at eleven at the Hotel Grandm for interview; see Mr. B. at twelve-thirty at the Atlas for story; meet Miss H. at one for luncheon and interview; be at Bazaar of Little Mothers at four-thirty to sell chances; be at home five-thirty to receive six interviewers; be at Hotel Clarissa to address Woman's Club on 'Better Pictures' at eight o'clock," and so on. Poor May McAvoy!

Recently we have been deeply interested in a story of motion-picture life which ran serially in a weekly magazine. The stars are treated by the author with beautiful levity, and one of the things he writes about is "Merton's" mixed feelings when he pores over the fan magazines. Merton marvels that all of the celebrities, whose very names set his heart to pounding madly, should be so unspoiled and simple and home loving. It seems that each interviewer goes into the sacred presence in fear and trepidation, and comes out feeling that he or she never has met such a truthful, generous, unaffected soul. The men are all so noble and true. The women are all so beautiful, intelligent, cultured, simple, natural, and devoted. And as we read that part of the story we wondered if our interviews sounded like that to people who read them.

The fact that one or two of them have made the people we wrote about angry is, of course, an encouraging sign. People don't usually get mad at you because you have said that they are noble—and true and beautiful and faithful.

At any rate it made us think—a thing every one should do once in a while—and we wondered if we wrote those banal and pleasant things which ring about as true as a lead nickel. So we resolved to put on our glasses as a precaution against any mental astigmatism and see our future interviewees as they really are, or at the very least, as they really appear to us.

May McAvoy is beautiful in a quaint, unobtrusive way; her coloring and her features are perfect and yet we waited for her in the lobby of one of the big hotels for luncheon and did not recognize her. When we met her, we said, "I didn't even see you. You don't make the most of yourself."

"I don't want to," she replied. "I hate being recognized."

All around were smart-looking flappers with short skirts and woolen stockings and bobbed hair flying, and Miss McAvoy wore a plain little brown coat suit and a mushroom hat just the blue of her eyes, and let me say right here that May McAvoy has the most beautiful eyes we ever saw. They are a regular marine blue and about twice as big as other people's; and the lashes are jet black and stick out all around like fringe. She is a regular Irish beauty—marvelous pink-and-white skin and black, wavy hair. She is not five feet tall and weighs only about ninety pounds and still she is plump. So you can see what a tiny thing she is, this girl who gave such a wistfully sweet performance in "Sentimental Tommy."

FOR ONCE

Harriette Underhill was puzzled. Here was a girl she simply couldn't understand.

But perhaps, back of the interviewer's amazement at this curious girl to whom the theaters and shops are not among the most important things of life, you will catch a glimpse of some one with whom you have a kinship in the love of animals and birds and out-of-door things in general.

It is less than four years since Miss McAvoy started her career in motion pictures and then she was cast for a little girl who went to the corner grocery to buy some sugar for her ma to use in baking pies. The film was an advertisement of a certain kind of sugar and that was all; but little May, who was only fifteen years old, put her heart and soul in that rôle. Just previous to that she had had a letter of introduction to the casting director of one of the biggest film companies and, while he admired her beauty he feared her

inexperience. But after the sugar picture it was different. He went to look at that, saw that little May photographed, as he expressed it, "like a million dollars," and engaged her. He realized as soon as he saw her on the screen that the camera had a way of getting at her soul, and that is what any director is eager for. If the camera doesn't find that quality, it's because there is no soul or possibly because it's so hidden beneath other things.

But Miss McAvoy is so close to nature that you can almost hear the birds sing as you talk to her, and while we were quite frank to say that that isn't our idea of life at all, Miss McAvoy seems to be perfectly happy. She was stopping at one of the biggest hotels here in New York and yet she arose at six o'clock, about the time a lot of us New York folks are getting ready to call it a night. She is out of the hotel at eight. She had three weeks' vacation to spend in New York and she spent one of those weeks in New Hampshire!

"I really don't care for New York at all any more," she said, "although I was born here. I want to go back to California as fast as ever I can get there and never leave it again."

"But you haven't any theaters out there," we ventured, "I mean any new plays."

"I don't care for the theater and one new play a year satisfies me," replied Miss McAvoy, while our own idea of the promised land is one long Rialto bounded on the north and south by a shopping district. Here, too, Miss McAvoy disagreed with us.

"Oh, I think shopping is the greatest bore on earth!"

Now fancy any one having several hundreds of dollars a week to spend for clothes and not spending it.

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A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

She meets Dorothy Dalton—whom she likes immensely—and Rodolph Valentino who gives her a lesson in horseback riding.

By Ethel Sands

WHEN we movie fans rave about some new idol that has appeared upon the screen, or when we even go about carrying the wildest kind of "crush" for him, wearing a far-away look in our eyes, that is acquired from indulging in daydreams in which we picture ourselves as his leading lady, or sweetheart—well, no one is surprised. They sort of expect it of us.

But I doubt if any fan considers that maybe the *real* leading ladies of such a screen idol, or the beautiful film actresses with whom he comes in contact might get crushes on him, too. Did you ever think of that? I never did. I always imagined that no matter how wonderful an actor or actress seemed to us fans—the rest of the players themselves wouldn't think of them in anything like the same way—that, being so used to such extraordinary, good-looking superbeings, they didn't see them the way we did at all.

Well, here is something that I discovered in Hollywood: The movie actresses themselves can get crushes on some irresistible player the same as we fans do. I'll tell you how I learned it.

I was to meet Rodolph Valentino. You don't blame me if I wanted to boast just a little bit of it, do you? There were no fans around to talk to about him, so I used to mention it to the actresses I met.

I may be exaggerating—but it certainly did seem to me as if almost every movie actress in the film colony was crazy about Rodolph Valentino.

Anyway, any one to whom I mentioned having met him would get as excited as a high-school flapper might and ask me how I liked him, what he did, and what he said. Some of them boasted proudly that they had danced with him quite a bit, or had gone out with him; one was almost overcome because she discovered that a picture of herself in the gallery section of some magazine was placed so as to face one of Rodolph's—they all call him "Rudie" though.

One actress told me quite excitedly of her experience with him. Upon completing her work in a picture that was made at the same studio where he works, she went over to him to say good-by. "I don't mean to say that he was trying to 'vamp' me or anything, but he just took my offered hand," she said, "and looked into my eyes, and I was halfway through with 'I want to say good-by, Mr.—' and with him looking at me like that I just completely forgot his name! Now, isn't that funny? I felt awfully foolish, but I couldn't think of it to save my life!" And so it went with them.

As a fan, I resented this a little. It was like "stealing our thunder" for them to get crushes, and on our pet idol, too. For, surely with all those beautiful stars and leading ladies worshipping Rodolph Valentino, it couldn't mean nearly so much to him to have just us mere fans crazy about him. I imagined he must be awfully spoiled at that rate.

Then I met him for the first time.

I went over to the Lasky studio to watch Dorothy Dalton work in some interior ship scenes they were

making there. I had already watched how boat scenes are actually filmed out on location when I went along with the Bebe Daniels company, you know, so I was anxious to see how they took the interior shots.

The Lasky company had just returned from San Francisco where they had worked on a schooner for five weeks.

It was while they were making "Moran of the Lady Letty," so you see how it happened that I saw Rodolph Valentino as well as Dorothy Dalton.

The cabin was built up high on a sort of platform and to get to it we had to climb up a ladder. The reason the set was so high was because it was built on huge rockers. At certain times while they were filming the action several men would get at both ends and when their numbers were called out they would rock the whole set so that the cabin had all the appearance of being in a rolling ship. Great black curtains were hung all around—"To keep the daylight out," Dorothy Dalton explained.

I wasn't on the set two minutes before I spied Mr. Valentino. We know him to be usually so immaculately dressed and so well groomed that it was rather a shock to see him in the rough sailor costume and cap—but it was Rodolph Valentino none the less.

Well, I wasn't quite so bad as one of the fans who wrote and told me that if she ever had a chance to see Rodolph she would be "like a cat when she first sees a dog—her hair would stand straight up!" But when Arch Reeve called him over and I saw him coming toward us—I did feel sure they were rocking the set, I felt so thrilled and wabbly.

He speaks in a low, deep, steady voice with just the slightest trace of an accent which makes it all the more alluring. I don't know just what it was he said at first, because all I could do was just stare as if I were hypnotized. Then I looked at Dorothy Dalton to see if she was being affected that way, too, but she didn't seem a bit dazed, strange as it may seem, and was arguing about what was the hardest part of learning to ride horseback.

You know, Arch Reeve had been racking his brains to think up some "adventure" I might have with Rodolph Valentino—when all the while I would have been grateful to even just get a *glimpse* of him—and then they discovered I didn't know how to ride, so, as Mr. Valentino is an expert horseman, it was decided he should teach me. I had always been crazy about horses and longed to know how to ride, and with the thought of having Rodolph Valentino teach me—well, is it any wonder I only came to when I became aware that he was asking me whether I had the necessary riding breeches and coat? I didn't, but Mr. Reeve said the wardrobe department would fix me up with all that.

Mr. Valentino has ridden since a boy. He was taught by an Italian cavalry officer and they are noted as being among the best riders in the world. To test whether they are thoroughly expert they must be able to ride with a silver half dollar between each knee and

DID YOU KNOW

that the young women who are playing in pictures—even including some of the biggest stars—are just as wildly interested in Rodolph Valentino as the fans are?

Ethel Sands never dreamed that she would run onto a situation like that when she met the handsome hero of "The Sheik." You will be amused at learning how she found it out, and she tells you in this article.

the horse's side. The director, George Melford, called him to work then, so Miss Dalton and I went over and sat on chairs just outside of the set.

Now I want to tell you about Dorothy Dalton, because I like Dorothy ever so much, and you would, too, if you met her.

The first thing I noticed was her bobbed hair, of course. It seems strange to think of the stately Dorothy Dalton with bobbed hair, but it is even more becoming to her than it appears on the screen. She can wear it just plain, too; not stringy straight though, as it is cut in bangs and curls under at the neck. Her hair is a silky, natural pretty brown, untouched by henna or anything. Dorothy is a very natural person all around. She is pleasant and frank in both her speech and manner. There is no pose or pretense about her, and you almost forget she is a star and a stage actress of fame and experience. She was dressed much the same as Mr. Valentino, with a coarse, gray blouse and frayed trousers, and she looked surprisingly young in that garb.

"My rôle in this picture is a welcome change," she said, "because you know I always played more or less womanly parts, and it is only now that I'm commencing to do more youthful characters."

She liked her costume, too, because it enabled her to just browse around the studio any old way, instead of having to worry about her hair getting disarranged or expensive gowns getting soiled.

"I really bobbed my hair just for this picture," she told me when I asked her why she did it, "at least it put the idea into my head. This *Moran*, you know, has been brought up like a boy on these ships and had to have straight, short hair, and, as a straight wig always looks so unnatural, I decided to cut mine."

"Why," I noticed, all of a sudden, "you have hardly any make-up on!" The reddening of the lips and green shading above her blue-gray eyes had given the impression that she had the regular make-up, but on a keener glance I saw she had only a slight covering of powder on her face and none on her neck.

"No, I don't use a very heavy make-up," she explained. "Besides it wouldn't be natural for this girl to look too artificial." Which I think proves Miss Dalton to be one of the worth-while stars who aren't afraid to sacrifice a few aids to beauty for the better interpretation of her character.

"As a rule I don't have to use more than a light covering of powder in making up," she went on, "because I happen to be lucky enough to be free from any blemish that would show up on the screen."

She is really slimmer than she looks in pictures, most of the players are, but she is not thin. She told me how she used to go through all sorts of dieting and exercise to keep from getting fat and only succeeded in



"I really bobbed my hair just for this picture," said Dorothy.

making herself nervous and weak, rarely losing much in weight, anyhow, until she discovered something for herself that keeps her the same weight without going through any drastic measures.

"Then during the filming of this picture it was necessary to eat some stew for several of the scenes. Of course we had to rehearse the action several times and the stew happened to be so good that Rudie and I ate the whole bowlful every time. At the end of the week I discovered I had gained five pounds!"

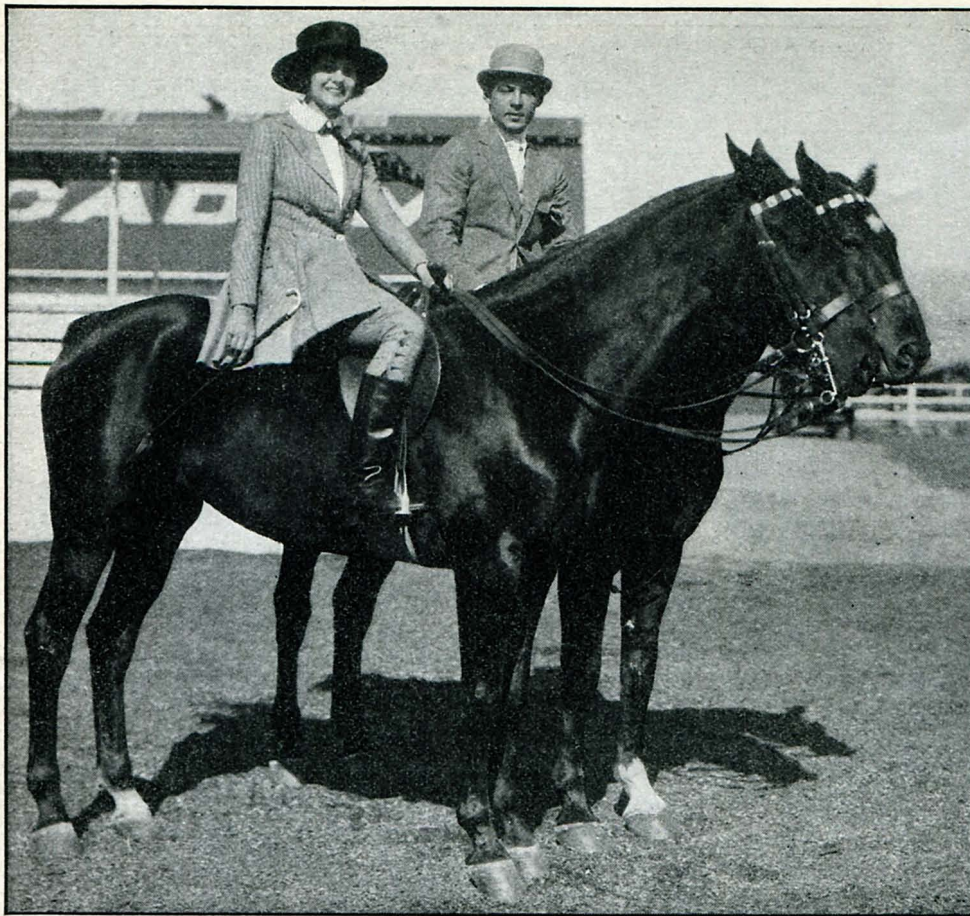
I was having a grand time with Dorothy Dalton all to myself to talk to and at the same time watching Rodolph Valentino walking around on the set and going through the action of his scenes. Could anything be more interesting for a fan?

"I've often wondered," she said to me, "what it would be like to write a story or article and then to see it published in print word for word as you thought it up in your mind and wrote it. I've always wanted to know what that was like. How does it feel?"

Well, it certainly struck me as funny to have a movie star ask me how it felt to do things—me, who had always gone around longing to know what *their* feelings were about everything, but I told her as best I could.

She thought my job a dandy one, said she wouldn't mind having it herself, going around meeting all the different people.

"I used to write scenarios and vaudeville sketches when I first went into pictures with the Ince company.



The English saddle was flat and very slippery, but the heroine of these "Adventures" was bound not to disgrace herself by falling off.

It's strange that though all the parts I have ever taken have been dramatic, I once wrote five comedy sketches for vaudeville."

If you were a fan interviewer you would want to interview Dorothy Dalton more than almost anybody. Because she doesn't dazzle you so that you are awed until you are stupid, nor is she sweetly patronizing, which makes you feel small and insignificant. She talks freely and in a friendly way about things in general and only about herself when bombarded with questions. But she doesn't hold herself aloof or reserved so that you feel timid about asking her things, either.

A crowd of men who were appearing in "Moran" as rough sailors, lolled around on benches telling stories and joking with each other. The deep-dyed villain of the piece, Walter Long, was strolling around petting a big white Angora cat he carried in his arms.

A young girl with her hair hanging loose down her back came out of one of the buildings. She was wearing the most ravishing costume of pale blue and silver lace, silver slippers, and carried a hat with a high, dashing feather in front.

We both recognized each other at the same time—it was Betty Compson, and she called out a greeting to us. "Don't think I have forgotten that picture I promised you," she said to me.

"Please don't," I begged. And she didn't.

Noon came around and I went to lunch with Dorothy. When we came back to the studio she took me up to her dressing room which was in a two-story frame building on the lot. "Miss Agnes Ayres," "Miss Lila Lee," "Miss Betty Compson," I read on the different doors as we passed through the hallway. Miss Dalton's was at the head of the stairs. The dressing rooms are furnished rather simply, but are of good size.

Just a dressing table, chaise longue, porcelain washbasin, and clothes closet. Nothing elegant—just the necessary appointments.

Dorothy sent her maid for two glasses of soda. She told me she has a new French maid at home—Miss Dalton lives in the Hotel Ambassador—who has a habit of misplacing the things that Dorothy wants.

"She does it every time," Miss Dalton complained, "and sometimes I get so vexed I want to scold her, but the funny thing is, whenever I want to talk fast or get excited my French runs into English, and the maid just looks at me and shrugs her shoulders. She doesn't know what I'm talking about. I can't scold in French. By the time this maid translates it to her it has lost all its force—and she goes on making the same mistake every time."

We drank our sodas and went downstairs on the lot again. Dorothy borrowed a penknife from one of the men and sat whittling a stick. She cut her finger once, but she kept right on. When I left I carried with me that impression of Dorothy Dalton sitting

there on the steps of the board walk, whittling away—a picturesque boyish figure in that rough costume and bobbed hair, quite a contrast to the gorgeously gowned sister stars who paraded back and forth.

After that I went up to the big wardrobe department and tried on a half dozen riding habits, which took so long that it was night when I finally got out on the little studio street again. Some companies were still working—C. B. De Mille's, I believe—and the stages were flooded with the weird green light. To one who loves the fascinating make-believe, yet real atmosphere of the studios, it was like an enchanted little city. I stood on the steps in the darkness for a moment and just drank this all in before going to the businesslike publicity offices. I just let my imagination go. I never felt so much like a movie star in my life as I did that night, being able to walk around that studio at will all by myself—knowing there were ever so many who would like so much to be in my place and have Rodolph Valentino teach them to ride.

A few days later a car was sent for me to take me to the Los Angeles Riding Academy in the city. The camera man was there, Mr. Don Keyes. Mr. Keyes had come along the first day I arrived in Hollywood and had since taken so many pictures of me I was used to him, so it wasn't like having somebody strange going along to make you nervous for fear they were laughing up their sleeve at your fan worship.

"Think of all the girls that are envying you this 'adventure,'" he said. But he didn't need to remind me. I knew it!

Mr. Valentino was late. He phoned that his car had broken down on the way.

The woman in charge kept looking at me strangely, and I wondered why. I thought perhaps she, too, was

thinking what a lucky girl I was, and then she ventured, in an awed voice, "Are you the young lady that played with Mr. Valentino in 'The Sheik?'"

I was so surprised and flattered at her mistake I just looked at the camera man and he looked at me and we both had to laugh.

"Oh, I just thought you looked something like the girl who played in that picture," she went on, when I reluctantly admitted I wasn't Agnes Ayres, though I don't understand where the lady saw the least resemblance, unless it was just because I was wearing a riding habit.

Then he arrived. Rodolph Valentino, I mean.

He apologized for being late. Of course, I couldn't hold that against him—not when he looked so handsome and immaculate in his pearl-gray derby and light-gray riding habit. His attire was perfect, even to the corner of a silk handkerchief tucked just so far out of his breast pocket.

The lady suggested we might go out to their Beverly Hills Academy, as it was more pleasant in the open and better for pictures.

Wasn't I glad though, that meant all the longer ride for me in Rudie's—I mean Mr. Valentino's car!

With him at the wheel of the high-powered roadster, it gave me a grand chance to look at and study him to my heart's content—without his being aware of it—at least I hope he wasn't—for when he'd turn his head in my direction I'd look straight ahead so he wouldn't know or feel embarrassed by my hero-worshipping attitude.

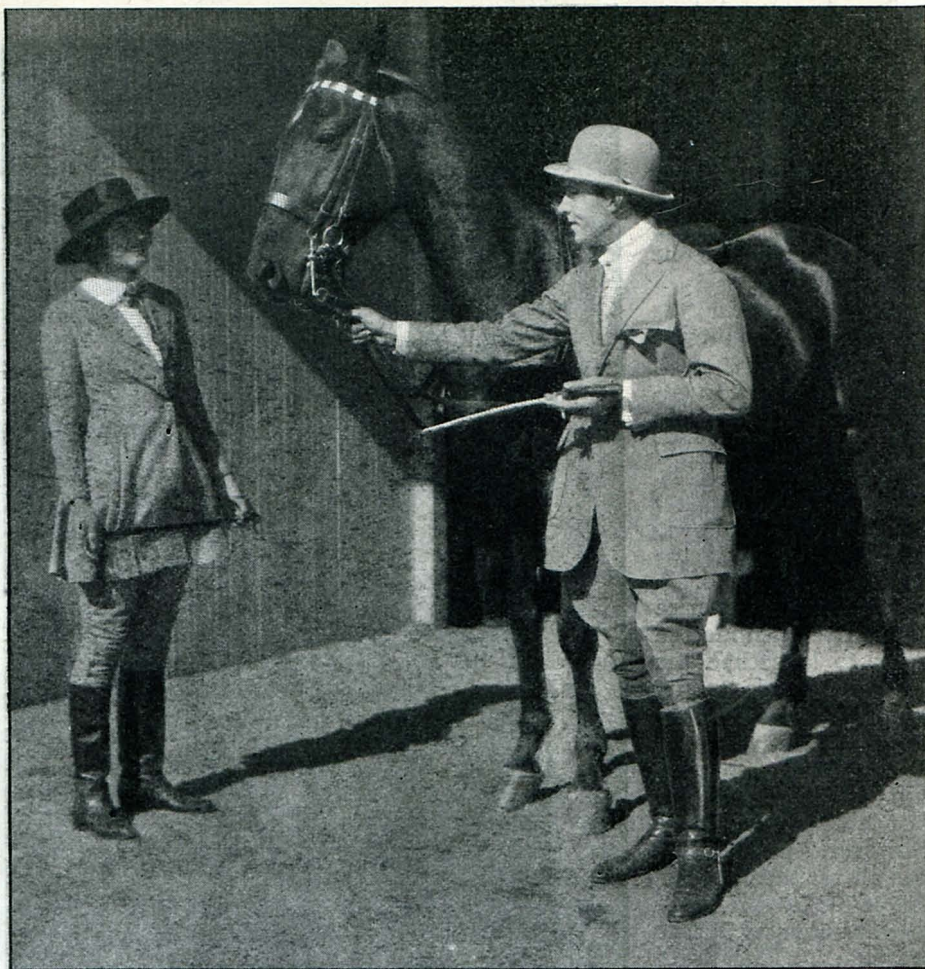
When he looks at you his gaze is steady and inscrutable. In real life his eyes are more enigmatic than expressive, I think. He rarely changes his expression, it being nearly always a calm, rather somber look which keeps you puzzled and wondering just what are his real thoughts and feelings—except when he suddenly flashes a smile and coming unexpectedly as it does, you are more or less dazzled.

He is the typical Latin type with olive complexion, and his hair is blue-black and sleek, just as it looks in pictures. He is not the excitable, gesticulating kind, though—he is more calm and very intense, I think—in everything he does—driving, riding, or acting. I don't see how he could help being a success in anything he undertakes, he throws himself into things so.

"A sheik must be just like him," I thought, so I asked him if he liked playing one.

"No, I did not like myself in 'The Sheik,'" he said, much to my surprise and disappointment, "because they would not let me play it the way I wanted to. I wanted to play it more brutally, so that when love comes there is a greater contrast. That is the way 'The Sheik,' was, you know—the Arabs hold women very lightly.

"My next rôle may be with Gloria Swanson. After that, Paramount will give me a contract to star." Then he told me the story of the Gloria Swanson picture. He told it wonderfully. "But I am not sure whether I will decide to take that rôle or not," he added. I gasped.



Now what chance was there that a movie fan could keep her mind on such terms as "curb" and "snaffle" at a time like this?

"I always feel miscast if I am called upon to play an American or Anglo-Saxon," he told me, "because it is so useless, I look so Latin. So there is no chance of my being convincing in anything but Latin characters. What can I do? I cannot change my features."

Well, we fans wouldn't want him changed a bit, would we? His Latin charm is just what makes him so fascinating and so different from the rest.

"What sort of parts do you like to play, then?" I asked.

"Well, of course, I would like to play best of all in pictures with good stories—such as 'The Four Horsemen,' for instance. That was a wonderful story, and I had a wonderful part. Unfortunately there are not many such stories available."

He did not care particularly for his rôle in "Moran," either, though I should think he would have, as he had always longed to be a sailor when he was a boy. When he was fifteen, the presence of so much shipping in the harbor of the city Taranta, Italy, had excited his imagination and he dreamed of a life on the ocean wave.

So he was sent to Venice to take examinations at the naval academy, which was preparatory to the institution from which youths were graduated as ensigns.

In Venice he found that there were some three hundred aspirants for about thirty vacancies in the naval ranks, but he determined to win one. So he started "cramming" as hard as he could. He studied night and day, consuming innumerable cigarettes and cups of coffee—and then lost out because he was one inch shy on chest measurements.

It was his first real disappointment, but it wasn't the fault of the cigarettes, either. Up till then he had smoked sparingly, as it was against the rules of the

college he attended, to smoke.

His failure was due to lack of exercise—a thing he has since remedied.

He smokes a great deal now, though, I noticed, almost as much off the screen as he does in pictures.

Another career he had chosen for himself didn't work out so well, either. He went to another academy in Italy and studied agriculture for two years. The only chance he had to put his learning into practice fell through before it even started. A wealthy man in America gave Mr. Valentino the billet to landscape the grounds on his estate, when the man's wife returned from Europe and decided to have a golf course instead, so that left him out again. However, perhaps it was all for the best, for maybe he would have continued to stay in that profession. Then think of what we movie fans would have missed!

By this time we had arrived at the big riding academy in Beverly Hills.

He found the man in charge and went into the stables himself to choose a quiet, gentle mare. He led out a perfect black beauty of a horse. "This is your horse. How do you like it?" he asked.

We went into a fenced-in inclosure where the ground was all soft—so that if you bumped off the horses you wouldn't feel the hard ground so much. Then my lessons began.

It was rather hard for a movie fan to pay attention to riding instructions—very hard.

He tried to teach me a great deal of the technique of riding, but under the circumstances all that managed to penetrate my dazed mind was the following: He explained the reins to me, the difference between the curb and the snaffle, how to hold them in my fingers. Then he showed me how you measure the length of your stirrup leathers by measuring the distance from your closed fist to your under arm.

The most difficult part was mounting, I thought.



Dorothy is a very natural person; there is no pose or pretense about her.

You are supposed to place both hands, still holding the reins and crop, on the horse's neck, just above the saddle—place one foot in the stirrup and, giving a spring, throw your other leg over the horse's back. It looks so easy when they do it in the movies, but you have no idea how difficult it is when you're inexperienced with horses, they seem so high and big. The stirrup was so high I couldn't get my foot up to it without losing my balance. But Mr. Valentino said when you're with a gentleman he always assists you, of course, so you mount differently. You place your foot in their clasped hands instead of a stirrup and spring lightly up that way. That made me all the more self-conscious, for I was afraid I'd never make the ascent gracefully. However, Rodolph Valentino is very exacting and believes in doing everything with extreme precision and insisted on my mounting the right way. So I said, "Do or die!" If I mounted, all right—but if I didn't, and did something clumsy—I'd die with mortification, I was certain. However, Mr. Valentino is very strong, so I managed somehow to clamber on the horse's back without mishap. The English saddle which was flat and very slippery was nearly the cause of me sliding right off on the other side, but I managed to stay on somehow. I would have died if I had disgraced myself by bumping off that horse right before Rodolph Valentino — wouldn't you?

Then he showed me how to turn the horse—

to the left you draw the reins close, pulling them over the right side of the horse's neck and press your left heel against his side. To start him you press your heels against his flanks, and to turn him around you touch his side with your crop. I tried to follow instructions and turn my horse around and slapped her as hard as I could on the hip, but she wouldn't budge. "That's because you're patting her," Mr. Valentino

Continued on page 92

The Indiscretions of a Star

A popular screen hero discloses the real truth of his fascinating adventures.

As told to Inez Klumph

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

CHAPTER IX.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

IT happened that I knew the chap Sarah Grant was so devoted to rather well; we had worked for the same company when we first went into pictures, playing small parts. He'd come from a stock company, and knew all the ropes; I'd come out of ordinary life, and a real-estate office hadn't done much to prepare me for the movie world." Barry Stevens paused a moment, and stared at the throng below us. "Funny where they've all come from, isn't it?" he commented. "Some of them out of the gutter, one, at least, from the Four Hundred of New York. And where are they going?"

"Where most of the rest of the world is going—in search of success," I answered. "Go on and tell me some more about Sarah Grant; I'm beginning to suspect that you married her at some stage of your career and kept it dark."

"Nope—we didn't quite reach the altar. But as I was saying. I knew this chap she was crazy about; I'll call him—oh, what can I call him that won't sound like his real name?"

"Stewart Lyons," I answered promptly, smiling to think of how completely that disguised his real name.

"All right—I knew Stewart Lyons. I knew some of the underhanded little tricks he'd played; how he'd jumped contracts, and stolen scenes, and done all that sort of thing. He was going to be starred shortly, by one of the big companies, and most of us were rather sorry, for we figured that it meant that the end of his race was just about run. He was the sort who make a good leading man for a popular woman star, but can't carry a picture alone. However, he was going to have a good chance to show what he could do, and if he did make good, we'd be pleased. You see, no matter how little use you have for a fellow, you hate to see him make a mess of things.

"Well, at first I wondered if it would be a good idea for Sarah to meet Stew; I figured that about one meeting would disillusion her, and that seemed rather too bad. She was the sort of girl who'd take it hard, and I knew that Stewart Lyons would never fall for a girl who looked as she did.

"But as it happened, I had very little to do with it. A few days later I was standing on the side lines, talking to Monte Blue, when a man who'd been with our organization at one time sauntered up.

"I'm in a sweet mess," he grumbled. "Just lost my assistant, when I got her well trained, and with the work piling up the way it is—"

Because a motion-picture star is so irresistible on the screen that all the girls are crazy about him, people assume—often incorrectly—that his private life is the same series of feminine conquests. If an ordinary citizen performs an act of kindness for a lady it is only an act of kindness, but if a motion-picture star performs the same act for the same lady he is at once believed to be sentimentally interested in her; the public instantly constructs a whole romance out of the most harmless incident.

Barry Stevens, the name the central figure of this narrative has assumed to hide his own, has always been amused—and sometimes very much worried—by this tendency of people to color—or discolor—every little act of his with extraordinary significance. There have been, perhaps, more wild tales about Barry Stevens than about almost any other star. In most of them he has been the helpless victim of his position, but there have been times when Barry has been to blame for his predicaments for he seems to have a genius for getting himself into compromising positions. Barry at last decided to tell the true story of his "indiscretions," as he calls them, to Inez Klumph, who, month by month, is recording them here for you. You have read of his "indiscretion" with Nadine Mallory, the pretty and clever comedy actress, and of how he only extricated himself from that in time to plunge into another escapade with Sarah Grant, the downtrodden secretary of a temperamental woman star. Last month we told how because of his kindness to Sarah he incurred the wrath of this star, who discharged the girl. Much unpleasant notoriety followed, and Barry chivalrously offered to marry Sarah, and was tremendously relieved when she told him she was in love with another star. So Barry promised to get her a job as publicity agent for the other man's company.

"What you doing now?" I cut in. I had to ask, for, like lots of men in the movies, he'd tried his hand at nearly everything. He had played in comedies, done character stuff, written scenarios, been assistant director—I'd even seen him take a turn as camera man once, when somebody else fell down on the job.

"I'm publicity director for J and S," he answered, naming a company which happened to be one of the biggest producing organizations in the game—you see, I'm as good as you are at making up noms de plume offhand," and Stevens grinned at me boyishly. "I jumped on him before he could go on. 'Want a girl who'll be a pippin at your work—knows the movies—has been secretary to Madame ——' and I told him about Sarah Grant.

"Sure—I'll try anybody who can pound a typewriter," he answered. "Send her over to my office this afternoon."

"So I phoned Sarah, and the next morning she was formally installed as Bill Simpson's assistant.

"She had a nice little office, looking out over the studio lot, and she loved her job. She did publicity stories on everybody and everything, and she got into just one difficulty, which was so funny that it went the rounds of the studios.

"At that time one of the J and S stars was talking about retiring. She was a woman who was fairly well along in years, and who had gone from playing sweet-young-girl rôles to young married women, and then to emotional stuff. Finally she'd reached the stage where it was dowagers or character stuff for her, but she wouldn't give in. They told me that she had to paint her double chin a raving red and all but make a mask of grease paint, so that the chin and the lines in her face wouldn't show. And her camera man and the electricians who worked with her would slave for hours, getting a lighting effect, with all the strong lights thrown from below, like footlights, so that the shadows would be right.

"But she wouldn't give in. She said she'd retire before she'd take to the aged stuff. She'd say one day that she was going to retire, and another that she wasn't. When Sarah joined the company, she was talking retirement.

"Sarah had to do a story on it, one of the first days that she was there. It was supposed to be a statement made by the star herself. And the greatest difficulty was that nobody knew how old the star pretended to be. She was 'way off on location somewhere, so they couldn't get word to her to ask her, and the company wanted the

statement sent out at once, before she could change her mind.

"She must be at least fifty-five," Simpson told Sarah, at last, after all efforts to learn the truth failed.

"Oh, but she wouldn't want to tell that!" Sarah retorted. "Suppose I give her ten years off, and make her forty-five."

"All right—forty-five it is," he told her, and Sarah sat down at her typewriter and hammered out something like this:

"Although I am broken-hearted at the thought of leaving the screen, I am fortunate indeed to be retiring at forty-five, while the public which I adore does not yet think of me as old."

"The story of which that was a part was sent out all over the country, and when the lady most concerned came back to Los Angeles, it was in print.

"And, oh, the storm that broke over Sarah's head! The star was for tearing her heart out and feeding it to Pepper, the Mack Sennett cat. She raged and stormed all over the place—Sarah told me that it was quite like being with madame again! But Bill Simpson stood up to the lady, and she finally agreed that she'd call off her temperament if the company would send out a retraction of the statement. They did that, though of course nobody believed it, and Sarah made a vow never to mention ages again!"

CHAPTER X.

As Barry Stevens paused a moment, I studied him. What a precarious life he led, after all. He reminded me of a tight-rope dancer in motley garb, gliding on his swaying wire high above the heads of a crowd that would jeer as quickly as it shouted its approval. Let him have an accident, just a minor one, that left one arm limp, or made one leg drag ever so slightly, or scarred his face unpleasantly, and his career would be over. Let him begin to show signs of age, and his place would be gone. He must look ever ahead, to see where his course lay, and yet look ever back, to see that those who were coming behind did not outdistance him in the race.

He could feel secure, perhaps—yet, looking back at men like Jack Kerrigan and Bryant Washburn, who had once been the focus of the public's admiring glances, and then looking at the popular favorites who followed them, and at the young chaps of to-day—Dick Barthelmess, Rodolph Valentino—who were crowding them—thoughts of them would make him give up a vacation trip and pore over new stories, searching for some gift of the gods like "The Cheat" or "The Miracle Man" or "Stella Maris," that would live always as a great production.

"That new job was exactly the thing for Sarah Grant in more ways than one," Barry went on, after a moment. "She began to get back the self-respect that Madame had deprived her of, for one thing. People appreciated her work; Bill Simpson wouldn't tell her so, but he told me that she was a crackerjack, and I told her, of course. She was so happy over it that she looked actually pretty for a moment.

"Then the woman who had charge of designing costumes for the big productions took her in hand. Sarah had done some fine stories on her, and had landed them with the magazines, and Mrs. Lee was grateful. So she got busy with Sarah, and told her how to dress. She designed one dark-blue dress that was rather unique, and told Sarah to have everything, no matter whether it was an evening gown or a gingham dress, made on that one pattern. She told her what colors to wear, too, and had the studio hairdresser do her hair. And first thing any one knew, Sarah bloomed forth, not a beauti-

ful girl by any means, not even a pretty one, but rather stunning.

"That was when Stewart Lyons took notice of her. She had been doing stuff about him, just as she did about any of the company's stars, but when they launched him as a big feature, they wanted a lot of stuff about him. So Sarah went to talk to him, in his dressing room, about his life and all that sort of thing. I happened to be there, as luck would have it; we were getting up a vaudeville and smoker at the club, and I had to take charge of

the minstrel show, in which Lyons was to take part.

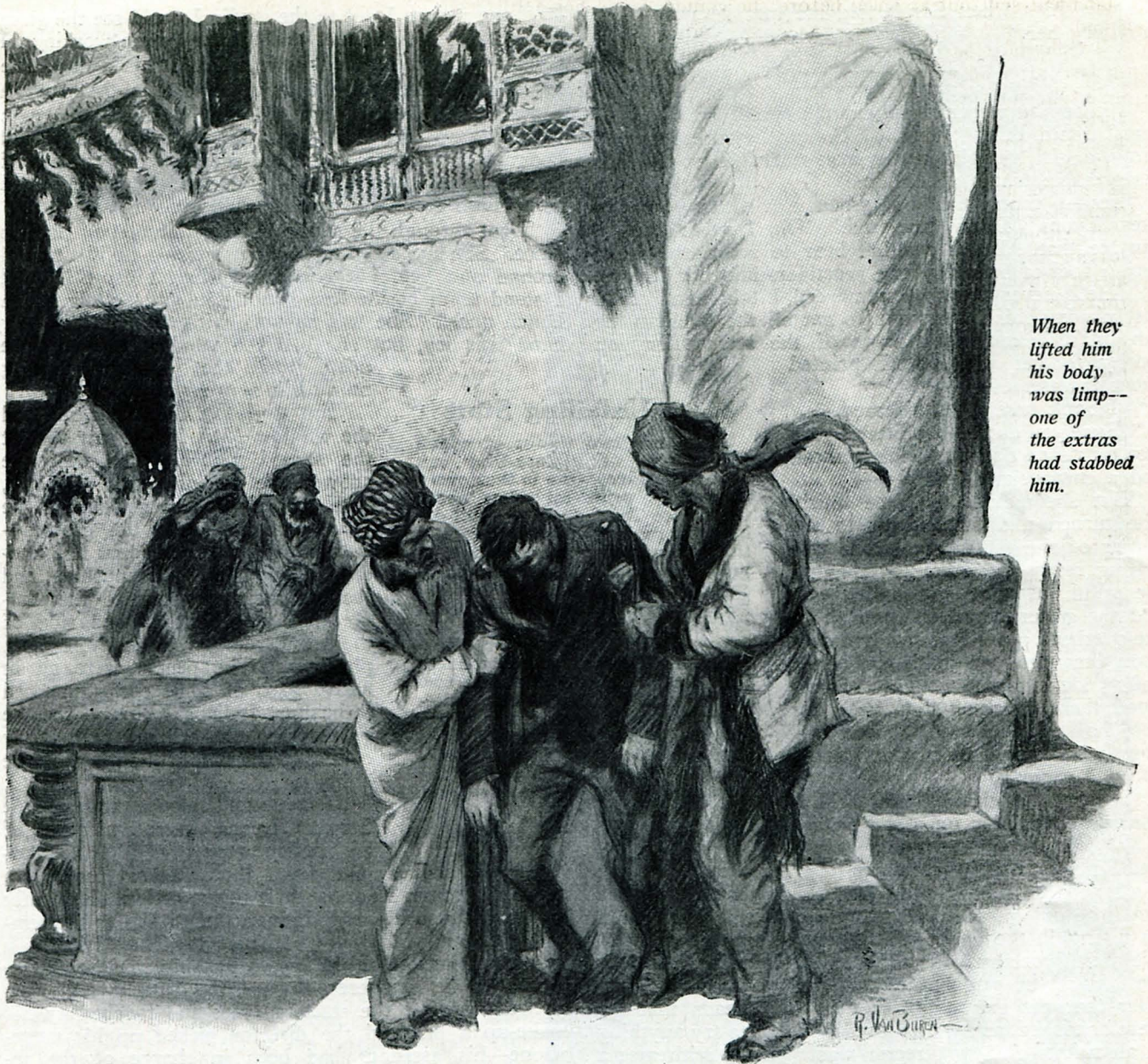
"He was rather upstage with her at first; sat there facing his dressing table, smoking, and making up, and talking to her over his shoulder. He had a lot of framed photographs on the table—Norma and Constance and Mary and Dot Gish—I don't believe he knew any of them except just to say 'Hullo,' perhaps, but of course he liked to pose as a heart smasher who knew all the lovely ladies.

"I rather resented the way he was treating Sarah, and of course I liked her, anyway, so I began to play up as well as I could; began to act the heavy devoted, you know. Lyons stared at me rather suspiciously when I drew her chair around so that the light wouldn't glare in her eyes, and then I could see that he was putting two and two together and making seven or eight—that's the only time I know of when that stuff that was printed in the papers about Sarah and me ever did any good.

"He simply had to cut me out with her, just for his own satisfaction, and when she and I left, he kissed her hand—oh, sure thing!—and said he'd drop in at her office soon and tell her some more stuff about his ancestral home down South and the big hunts they had down there, and his horses—he'd never ridden anything but a horse in a merry-go-round before he went into pictures, and even there somebody had to double for him!

"But Sarah fell for him. And he began to go up to her office, just as he'd said he would. It was a pretty little place, as I've said before; she had a couple of stunning posters on the walls—one of Nazimova, and a big head





*When they
lifted him
his body
was limp--
one of
the extras
had stabbed
him.*

of Bill Hart—and a couple of photographs that the company's stars had autographed for her, and besides her desk there was a table in the room, and a wicker chair stood by the window that looked down into the lot. It was a nice little place to loaf, especially when they were doing something exciting down below, and before long Lyons began to hang out there most of the time. He was always showing up to take Sarah to tea, I discovered, and two or three times when I phoned her to ask her to go somewhere and dance with me, Lyons would answer the phone, and then explain that he'd done it because she was busy at the moment and didn't want to be disturbed unless it was important.

"She never could go with me; she always had an engagement with him. And oh, the publicity he got along about that time! Bill Simpson had gone to the company's Eastern studio, and Sarah was holding down the biggest part of the work—and concentrating on Lyons.

"Better cut it out," I told her one night, when I had gone over to the studio, and found her down on the floor, watching Lyons do a big rain scene. The aeroplane propellers they used for wind machines were just tuning up, and the water, that came from overhead pipes, was beginning to pour down—and Lyons, look-

ing his best, was standing talking to the director, his yellow oilskin coat buttoned to his chin, his sou'wester in his hand. He was stunning—I don't deny that!

"It's my job to do stories about Stewart," she told me. I could see that she didn't like my calling her.

"That's true—but you don't have to give him everything there is going in the way of publicity, do you?" I asked. I was getting pretty well fed up with the way things were going. "First thing you know, you'll lose your job."

"Well, you needn't be afraid that you'll have to get me another," she fired back. "Stew and I are going to be married as soon as he finishes this picture."

"So that was his little game, I told myself. I didn't mind her being snappy to me; I thought perhaps she was worried about something. But for her to be engaged to Stew Lyons—oh, gosh! I looked at her, and admitted that she was better looking than she'd ever been before, and all that—but I couldn't see Stew Lyons marrying her in a million years. That close-up hound married to a publicity writer who wasn't earning over seventy-five a week—it just wasn't possible! I knew him too well for that. If he ever tied himself down with marriage, he'd told me once, it was going to be worth his while. So you can see why it sort of hit

me amidships when Sarah told me that he was going to marry her."

CHAPTER XI.

"I hope you weren't fool enough to tell Sarah Grant that," I told Barry Stevens. "Why, the surest way to throw a girl straight into a man's arms is to tell her disagreeable truths about him."

"Yes—I found that out when I tried to show up Stew Lyons," Barry answered. "Oh, I was a fool, I can see that. But I couldn't bear to see Sarah make such a fool of herself over a worthless idiot like Lyons."

"He'll never marry you, never," I told her. "He's just playing this little game to get all the publicity he can. Oh, I know that some of the stars offer you money to get extra stuff printed about themselves—"

"I don't take it!" she blazed.

"Sure you don't—but Stew Lyons wouldn't even do that. He's a sneak and a cheap skate, and I—"

"But she wouldn't let me finish. She turned and stalked off to the corner of the set where Lyons was getting ready to work, and then as the wind machines got under way and the water began to come from the overhead pipes in a steady down-pour, Stew dragged on his sou'wester and strode into the storm, and Sarah stood there watching him, with her very heart in her eyes. I beat it—there was nothing more that I could do right then.

"I didn't see either Sarah or Lyons for a week or two; the picture I was working on seemed to have a jinx running it, and everything on earth went wrong. We stayed up nights to do retakes, so that the picture would be out on schedule time, and then things would go wrong in the daytime and hold us up still further. We were working with a big mob, doing sea stuff in the tank at the studio, and one or two people got hurt; after that the extras got it into their heads that we were hoodooed, and were scared to death to try anything at all risky. A new director was working with me; a young chap, who'd been working as an assistant for a year, and this was his first picture, and his big chance; if he turned it out on time, and his bills weren't big, he'd get a good reputation with the company, you see. And I was anxious to help him—I liked him. So I had my hands too full to bother with Sarah—especially as she'd shown me that she didn't want me to.

"Then, one night when I got home about ten-thirty, dead tired, she telephoned me.

"I've got to see you—can't you come down to the office?" she asked.

"I was unusually cautious. 'That won't look very well,' I told her. 'My reputation's no good, but think of yours.'

"I don't care a whoop about mine," she answered, and I could tell by her voice that she was crying. 'But it'll be all right; they're working on the lot to-night.'

"I'd come home with my make-up on, I was so tired, and I smeared some cold cream on my face and mopped it off with one hand while I managed a cup of coffee with the other. I'd been doing heavy stuff all day, climbing up the deck of a shipwrecked boat, dragging a heroine who should have taken off about twenty pounds, with me, and I ached all over. But I got out my roadster and started for the studio—I couldn't let Sarah appeal to me like that and then turn her down.

"Long before I got to the studio I could see the glare of lights in the sky that told me they were working on the lot—you know that white reflection on a dark-blue sky—how stunning and sort of eerie it is. And when I got nearer I could hear the kind of music that goes slithering up and down your backbone—a sort of dull booming of a drum, and wailly sounds from a bunch of flutes, and a blare from a horn every little while. Gosh—my flesh crept into regular ruffles all over me!

"I cut through the studio building straight to Sarah's office. She was standing at the window—she just turned around and held out one hand when I came in, and I stood there beside her, holding it, and feeling like a Dutch uncle. She was shaking with the cold, and her hand was icy, but she had the window thrown wide open, and that sinister-sounding music was surging up to us.

"But it wasn't the music she had the window open for—I saw that at the second glance. The first one showed me the director's platform, with the cameras ranged across the front, and below it the crowds—there must have been about five hundred people there—all pushing and jostling their way toward the temple that was built at one side of the front, almost beside the camera platform. The people were all in native garb of some sort—supposed to be East Indians, I think—and the whole thing was brilliant with gaudy colors, in the blue-white glare of the lights.

"The second glance showed me Stewart Lyons, in the uniform of an English army officer. It was tattered and stained, and from the rehearsal they were running through I got the drift of the action. Evidently he was to push his way through the crowds to the temple steps and fall there, exhausted. They tried it a couple of times, with the crowd pushing in close behind Lyons as he staggered toward the temple, and then he went back to the starting place and touched up his make-up a bit, and the director picked up his megaphone—his assistant had been in charge of the rehearsal—and all the lights went into action, and the cameras began to grind.

"Come on, Lyons—through the crowd—shove in behind him, you fellows!" the director yelled. Lyons forced his way along, a revolver in one hand, thrusting the people aside with the other, yelling at the top of his voice, and the crowd yelled too, and pressed closer.

"Suddenly Lyons staggered; then he stumbled to his feet, and made his way to the edge of the crowd and across the little open space before the temple in a queer, zigzag run, his body swaying clear over on one side, his hand pressed to his breast. It was effective—I was hit by it, and wondered how on earth Lyons ever happened to think of it. It looked like the last heartbreaking effort of a dying animal. He kept looking back over his shoulder, too. And then he crumpled up on the temple steps, his arms thrown high over his head—a beautiful fall.

"Gosh—wonderful stuff!" I cried to Sarah. 'Great—I didn't know Stew had it in him.'

"But she didn't answer; just stood there, staring down at Lyons' body, and I could see her throat contract, as if she were trying to choke something back.

"Good work, Lyons—come on and do it once more!"

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Two Unfailing Stars

There are two things of which the editors of Picture-Play can always be sure. One is that every time they print anything about Constance Talmadge, they will delight the majority of their readers; the other is that every time they print an article by Emma-Lindsay Squier—and one by her appears every month—they will make the biggest kind of hit.

So—it is with the greatest pleasure that Picture-Play announces that they have brought these two stars together. And next month you can read what our star writer has to say about the motion-picture star who is the popular favorite of thousands. It is one of the most interesting articles we have ever printed.

One Little Jane

She is a full-fledged star now, but Jane Novak can—and does—cook, not property stuff, but the real thing.

By Grace Kingsley

WHEN you come over to see me you'll find me in the kitchen making a salad," Jane had said.

"Oh, yes," I thought, "I know *your* game, Jane Novak! You'll have on a freshly starched Sassy Jane kitchen apron, the range will be so shiny that you can see your face in it, the cook will be somewhere in the background ready to prompt you, and you'll be just finishing what the cook has started. And there'll be the inevitable photographer hanging around."

But it wasn't a bit like that. Quite as though she was accustomed to it, Jane cooked the whole dinner. Yet Jane had just been made a picture star of the Chester Bennett Productions, with a suite of dressing rooms and the regular up-stage concessions and everything.

She came into the room by and by after I'd said hello to Sister Eva Novak, and had patted her little daughter on the head in the way approved by everybody except the youngster so patted; and she was all rosily flushed from her kitchen exercise; there was a dab of actual grease on her kitchen



Photo by W. F. Seely

apron, and tiny beads of real, not glycerine, perspiration bespangled her brow.

And there was no photographer anywhere in sight. I can prove it, can't I, by the fact that this article is not illustrated by any pictures whatsoever of Jane cooking and serving?

It was out at the bungalow in Hollywood owned by Jane and her sister, Eva, and Jane's little four-year-old daughter, Virginia, whom Jane calls "Mike" and "Micky," nobody knows why, was

Off-stage she revels in the beautiful soft things she never has a chance to wear in pictures.



Photo by W. F. Seely

The men in her audiences like Jane Novak because they see in her the spirit of womanhood.

essaying a piano obbligato to the interview until Mother Jane came down hard on the performance. Stopping Virginia at anything she happens to be doing isn't as simple as it sounds, but Mother Jane is firm.

I looked at Jane's hair. Yes, sure enough, there it was—the tiny, naughty little lock that's always flying loose over her left ear!

"If ever you marcel your hair or even slick it back, I'll—I'll take you across my checked apron!" I warned her.

"Don't worry," Jane came back at me. "I don't look well with my hair combed."

"How does it feel to be a star?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm getting dreadfully spoiled," smiled Jane.

Then she proved it by hopping up from the table to get Sister Eva some more coffee.

"I start to do things for myself sometimes on the set," she went on, "and somebody is sure to yell out in horrified tones, 'Oh, let me do that for you, Miss Novak!' I answer them, 'What for? I'm not a cripple.' Then somebody will say, 'You need powder on your nose, Miss Novak! Here, Jimmie, bring Miss Novak her powder puff!' When, as everybody knows, I'm perfectly used to carrying my little old make-up box around all day! I'm used, too, to having them say, 'Be made up at nine in the morning on the set.' And now they remark caressingly, 'Whenever you feel like coming to the studio, Miss Novak——' But I

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The Screen

A critical inspection of the

By Alison



Photo by Abbe

Norma Talmadge has at last found a story worthy of her, "Smilin' Through."

WHEN talking—as most people are these days—about waste in the moving-picture industry, the thing that occurs to me most forcibly is the waste of stars. I don't mean that they are scattered about too generously, for no one could be more frugal than the managers in seeing to it that one star is spread to the best advantage over a single cast. What I mean is the singular ability that some producers have in picking scenarios where the talent of their bright, particular luminary is utterly befogged and eclipsed.

You must have noticed it yourselves in watching most of your favorite screen stars. Nearly all of them, even the greatest, have suffered. However you may adore Mary Pickford, for instance, as the most captivating figure since the films began, there must have been times when you felt that her charm was all but smothered by the wrong scenario. It is true of her just as it is true of Nazimova, and Richard Barthelmess and Rodolph Valentino and William Hart and Mae Marsh and hosts of others. But to my mind it has been truest of all in the case of Norma Talmadge.

No one recognizes the ability of this magnetic young actress more than I do. Aside from her beauty she has an imaginative quality which enables her to get the last ounce of significance out of a given situation. And yet, so many of her films have been so devoid of any significance whatever, that even she was at a loss before them. Many a time, I have kicked the side of my orchestra chair vindictively, at seeing her go

through the motions of a trivial, meaningless rôle which any doll-faced ingénue could play and which as completely disguised her real quality as if she had played it with a mask. This is what I mean by waste, and it seems an excellent starting point at which our new director, Will Hays, may well begin his economy.

All this wail of gloom is just a prelude to a whoop of joy because Norma Talmadge has this month arrived in a film which is worthy of her. Not since "The Social Secretary" has she been blessed with a story which brought out her endearing qualities as does the plot of "Smilin' Through." It might have been written for her; in fact if you saw the play, it might be well to forget all about it and go to see the film as a fresh experience. For she gives you a new and most refreshing viewpoint on this romantic story of two generations who suffered through misunderstanding and were united by a gracious and lovely ghost.

The play was so popular on the stage that its principal figures must be familiar to many, at least by hearsay. There is the bitter old godfather, whose bride was shot on their wedding day by a jealous lover and who vents his undying wrath upon the son of that murderer. There is the young girl, *Kathleen*, rebellious against the ancient grudge keeping her from that son whom she loves. And there is the quaint and plaintive *Moonyeen*, the bride of long ago who returns to her old lover as a beautiful phantom and changes his venomous hatred into the love that forgives because it understands.

The plot of "The Green Temptation" involves many nationalities but its more important mission is to give Betty Compson many interesting opportunities.

Miss Talmadge plays both the *Kathleen* of the modern story and the *Moonyeen* of crinoline and curls. Her interpretation is softer and more illusive than that of Jane Cowl, who created the rôle behind the footlights. This may

be due partly to the silence of the screen and partly to the advantages of illusion possible in the ghost scenes. But I think most of the credit goes to Miss Talmadge herself for a quality of moving sincerity which makes you half believe that *Moonyeen* did return to her old lover in the moonlit garden.

The picture has been made with just the right combination of realism and fan-



in Review

month's most important offerings.

Smith

tasy. There is a suggestion of the supernatural, however, in all of the scenes, a something in the atmosphere which prepares you for the beloved apparition and makes it seem perfectly natural. Also there is an especially good supporting cast which includes Wyndham Standing as the god-father, Harrison Ford as the young lover, and Glenn Hunter in a particularly amusing picture of puppy-love. But the real bouquets go to Miss Talmadge. And now won't she please forget about some of her past misfits and give us an encore as excellent as this picture?

"The Seventh Day."

After having purred with joy over Norma Talmadge, we now turn to the painful task of grumbling at Richard Barthelmess—or rather at his producers. "The Seventh Day" is a perfect example of what we mean by waste in the case of a magnetic and brilliant star. Perhaps if it had not followed so closely upon the heels of "Tol'able David" it would not seem such an anticlimax. But it did, and while Richard is himself again and as charming as ever, the story is not.

It is a somewhat priggish yarn about a seafaring youth and his sister and a crowd of wild young city folks who are stranded from a yacht in the little fishing hamlet. This younger set is as wicked as F. Scott Fitzgerald says they are in "This Side of Paradise." They play toddle-top and drink cocktails on Sunday, and oh, how they Yacki-Whacki-Whoo to the latest jazz. But not for long. One young roué falls in love with the

The best thing in "Come On Over" is Colleen Moore who, despite her name, is less aggressive in her wearing of the green than other members of the cast.

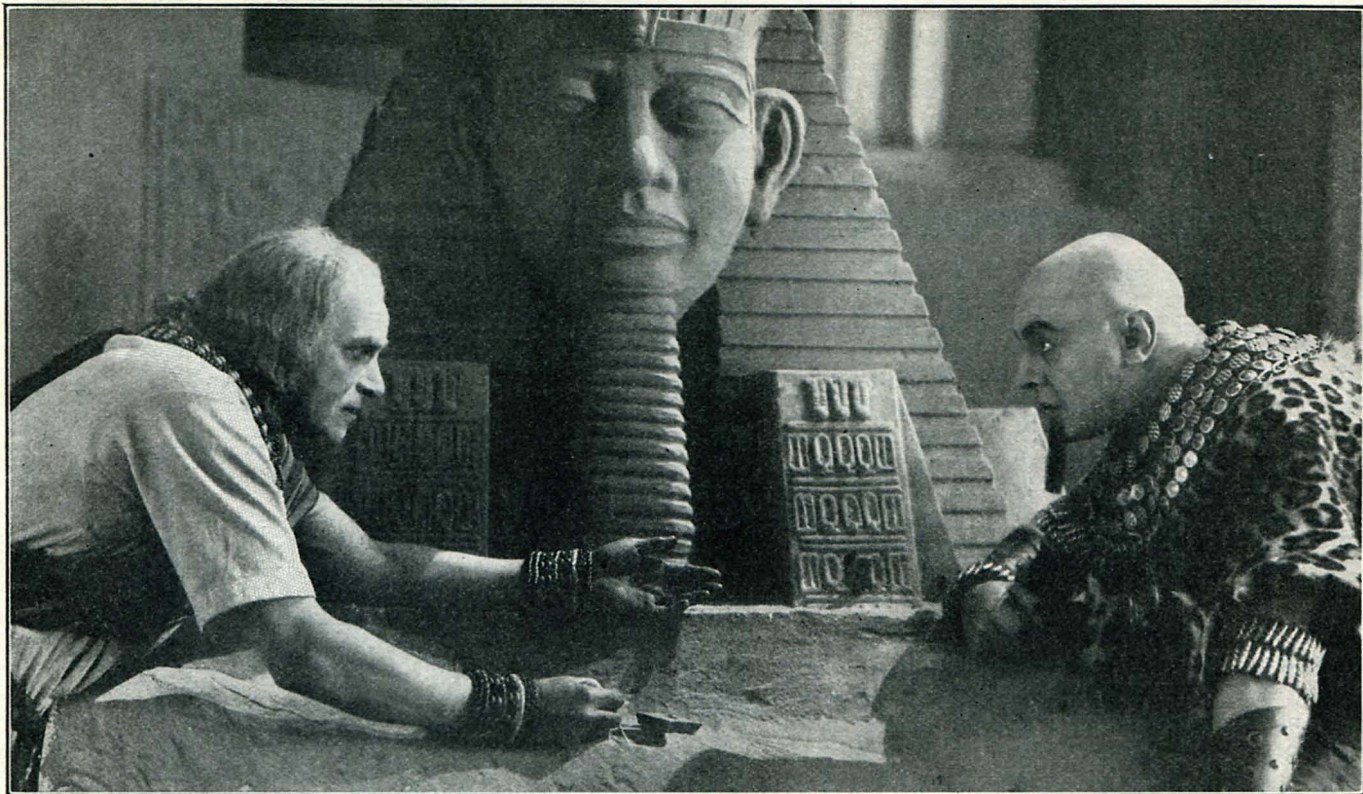


Priscilla Dean is active and good to look upon in "Wild Honey," but she is handicapped by hit-or-miss direction.

little sister and is reformed and another, a flapper—beautiful and almost damned—learns the emptiness of it all from Dick Barthelmess who looks unusually noble in oilskins and skipper's cap. There are bits of direction which are excellent except for the preachy scenes which might have been introduced by the Lord's Day Alliance. Perhaps the real thing that set my teeth on edge was the subtitles. I'll believe if I must that Porter Emerson Browne wrote the story. But no one could force me to the theory that these bromides were ever penned by the author of "The Bad Man."

"The Loves of Pharaoh."

Heywood Broun, the reviewer and "columnist" of the New York *World*, says you should let sleeping Egyptians lie, and, as a general proposition, I agree with him. I loathe those



In many ways "The Loves of Pharaoh" is the most thrilling and picturesque of the foreign pictures to reach our shores.

"superproductions" where everybody goes about in the guise of a mummy with their fingers pointed straight out as if they had frozen that way. But, in "The Loves of Pharaoh," Ernst Lubitsch makes the Egyptians thoroughly human. Not to say the Ethiopians. It is a tremendously impressive spectacle drama which, unlike so many spectacles, has not lost sight of its human interest in the shuffle of battles and mobs. The actors dominate even the fall of the ancient cities. This is partly because Emil Jannings plays the great *Pharaoh*, and Paul Wegener plays the *King of the Ethiopians* and Dagny Servaes—a new Austrian actress—plays the heroine, a slave girl. But it is chiefly because Lubitsch inspires them all with that fire and sincerity which he gave to "Passion" and "Deception." In many ways, it is the most thrilling and picturesque of the foreign pictures to reach our shores.

Don't let the title deceive you. *Pharaoh*—in this version—had only one love, and she was his wife. But, oddly enough, this makes it all the more exciting. Perhaps it's the novelty of the idea.

"The Sheik's Wife."

Pharaoh's desert reminds me of another picture of love and sand which I found particularly interesting, but which was not received so kindly by the other pen drivers in the daily prints. This was a French picture called "The Sheik's Wife" which, I add hastily, is not a sequel to the film

in which Rodolph Valentino masqueraded so boyishly as "The Sheik." It is an Arabian story, really filmed in Arabia—and this was what got me from the start. The palms and tents and caravans were so genuine, so different from the usual studio stuff. Even the camels seemed to know the difference and humped themselves over their native sands as they never did over the Hollywood lot. It proves again that the Sahara is the Sahara and the Mojave is the Mojave and never the twain shall meet, even under the most gifted megaphone. However, if you don't care about the background you won't care for this film, for the acting and story leave much to be desired.

More of the "Mistress of the World."

Incidentally, I find also that I am greatly in the minority in my regard for this German serial—at least, I was in New York. I'd be interested in knowing what the out-of-town readers think of it. Here again, I was captivated by the exotic scenery and settings. And the acting was so queer, I thought it rather fascinating. But most people seemed to think it just queer or rather "quare and dull" as they say in Synge's plays. In this second part our travelers are attacked by natives, lost in the desert, snapped at by crocodiles, and finally emerge before the magnificent door of the Lost City of Ophir. "These natives believe in human sacrifice," says a subtitle darkly, as the episode ends.



Mabel and Hugo Ballin offer an old story in new guise in "Other Women's Clothes."

"Come On Over."

This is a Rupert Hughes picture which is far more Irish than St. Patrick's Day in County Cork. Personally I'm utterly sick of this type of comedy which is so full of "wurra, wurras" and jigs and fights and pigs and shamrock. I believe the Irish are, too. The best thing in this film is Colleen Moore, who, despite her name, is far less aggressive in her wearing of the green than the others in the cast.

"Pay Day."

I saw this latest release by Charlie Chaplin in a projection room, and directly afterward they ran another comedy of much the same length and type. I'm not going to tell its name, because it was made by a comedian whose films are exceedingly amusing except when they suffer by being placed side by side with the greatest comedy actor we have on stage or screen. But suffer they certainly do. It is like drinking soda-pop after a glass of "Mumm's" extra dry. All through the slapstick action, you keep thinking how much funnier it would be if Chaplin had done it. Just what it is that he does you don't know—it isn't a matter of action or acrobatics. He seems to humanize every bit of action until what really convulses you is the thought of yourself or your fat uncle in the same predicament. But as for his technique—you'll have to ask Charlie.

"The Seventh Day" is a waste of brilliant and magnetic Richard Barthelmess.

"Pay Day" is a slice of life from a day-laborer diary. There is the usual comedy with bricks and building elevators and the usual ferocious boss. There is even a stout wife with ideas of her own about the pay envelope. Through it all Charlie flaps his feet and cocks his quizzical eyebrows and wriggles out of his entanglements with that ingenuous charm which can at the same time make a baby



Wallace Reid creates a character all his own in *"The World's Champion."*

laugh and set learned professors to explaining his art in a dozen different languages. Not being a learned professor or a learned anything, I am not going to try to explain him. I can simply tell you he is there and that you mustn't miss a flicker of "Pay Day."

"Wild Honey."

With pathetic confidence I went to see this film with Cynthia Stockley's name on it because I have always loved her stories of Africa. But this story *"Bought and Paid For"* creaks a bit with age. and none of the action of those sunlit tales of veldts and nyanzas. The sandy wastes



of South Africa look tiresomely like Hollywood, and the plot meanders through them with an astonishing lack of vitality. Priscilla Dean as usual is active and good to look upon, but she is handicapped by hit-or-miss direction. We haven't yet discovered whether the scene where the hero feeds the heroine wild honey and gets stung on the lip by a bee, is comedy or tragedy.

"The World's Champion."

"The Champion" was a Broadway hit which makes its adaptation into scenario form a particularly thankless task. It is doubtful if a stage success ever can be adapted to please everybody. Those who have seen the original have the cast and their different types firmly fixed in their minds, and they are always looking for the bright lines in the play which don't appear in the subtitles. This screen version is no exception, although Wallace Reid creates a character which is all his own in the impersonation of the prize fighter. Lois Wilson is *Lady Elizabeth*.

"Bought and Paid For."

Here is another stage adaptation although this success happened so long ago that to many in the audience it will be a new story. Times have changed since Julia Dean refused the glass of champagne which Charles Richman, as the soused husband, pressed upon her. It is Agnes Ayres who performs this heroic act in the screen version, and an audible sigh of regret went over the anti-Volstead audience as she did so. This isn't the only point in which the age of the tale is shown; the entire story creaks a bit from long inactivity in the

storeroom. If anything could put life into it, it is Jack Holt, who is far more interesting as the husband than the resigned Mr. Richman. Agnes Ayres as the wife was not the wayward girl that Julia Dean once made her; in fact her nobility begins to get on your nerves after four reels or so. It is a significant fact that this type of heroine, like the label on the champagne bottle, has gone out of date.

"Travelin' On."

Bill Hart wrote this himself for himself and his favorite pinto. It is as if he searched his memory for all the incidents he had ever played in a film about the wild West and then combined all those incidents into one scenario. There is the crude little Arizona town and the frail blonde as pure as Phoebe Snow and frightened by the rough ways of "the boys" and the wandering stranger who jes' naturally aims to protect her with both of his two six-shooters. Then there are dance halls and bad men and wicked sirens thrown in for good measure. If you happen to have read that masterpiece of the year's fiction "Merton of the Movies"—and if you haven't, you should—you will recognize this film. It was the one *Merton* was training for when his faithful old pal, *Dobbin*, threw him off into the mud.

"The Green Temptation."

There was at least one film reviewer who expected this story to be about "the activities of a young Irish vampire." As it happens, however, the temptation is not green in that sense. It is an emerald which lured

Continued on page 100



Romances of Famous Film Folk

Doris May and Wallace MacDonald had a nice, wholesome, old-fashioned courtship that you'll enjoy reading about.

By Grace Kingsley

I AM *never* going to marry. I am old enough to know my own mind—I'm seventeen—and *nothing* can shake my resolution."

I find this hard-headed remark recorded in black and white against Doris May, in an interview I had with her a couple of seasons ago.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" I demanded of the young lady, the other night, when I visited her and her *husband*, Wallace MacDonald, at their pretty home in Culver City, just outside of Los Angeles.

Mrs. MacDonald blushed, but not nearly so much as she ought; and her husband spoke right up:

"Well, she hadn't met *me* then, you know!"

Forgive the egotism of the young husband. I just had to when I looked into his merry black eyes.

He was her very first sweetheart, in fact; though, alas, due to the cruel exigencies of art and the irony of fate, Wallace wasn't the first man who kissed her. That was Charlie Ray—and she says she felt terribly about it at the time, as though the whole studio must be thinking that she was a dreadful woman.

Doris May did hold to her non-marital resolution—for almost two years! Now she is the wife of Wal-

Wallace MacDonald ran away from his home on a Canadian farm to go on the stage.

Photo by Witzel

lace, and they are keeping house in a pretty apartment in Culver City, where they spend their evenings drawing plans for the new home they are going to build on one of their Hollywood lots.

Their love affair is perhaps the most ideal of any I know.

Miss May met Wallace at a dinner party at the Hollywood Hotel, when Agnes Johnston and Frank Dazey announced their own engagement. Doris didn't like men in those days—leastways, she only approved of the old ones. She suspected all the young ones of being deep, dark devils. She had been reared in a convent, and was afraid of men—exactly like a little girl in comic opera and the novels.

But those picture folk are quick workers, and when Wallace took Doris in to dinner, one of the first things he asked her was: "Are you engaged?"

She thought Wallace rather nice after all, even if he did ask sudden questions, and he certainly looked handsome in his uniform, because he had not yet been discharged from the army.

However, she wouldn't let Wallace take her home that night.

"I had a chauffeur at the time, and I always had him wait so that if anybody asked to take me home I could have the excuse that my car was at hand. Wallace wanted to, but I said I was afraid to send my chauffeur home because he had a bad temper."

After that night Wallace telephoned every day, but she didn't go out with him—no, sir—not until Saturday night. Thus were two perfectly good Orpheum tickets wasted, which Wallace had bought on the certainty that she would accompany him Friday night. Saturday night he did manage to persuade her to go to the theater with him.

But from that day on they have been together, except when one or the other was away on location. Then they wrote to each other, telephoned, or telegraphed.

But they never went out together much. They used to spend the evenings at Doris' home, where she lived with her mother and kid brother. There they read together, or Miss May entertained Wallace with the piano, for she is, as you know, an exceptionally talented musician.

"The longest time we were separated was the several weeks I was in New York working in 'Foolish Matrons,'" declared Mrs. MacDonald the other night, as she sat curled up in a big chair in her pretty little drawing room, while Mr. MacDonald busied himself serving us with the sweetmeats. Yes, he eats them himself because he isn't worried about getting fat, being one of the thin kind, but his little wife denies herself such dissipation with Spartan self-control, for she is the round sort—likely to assume more curves at any minute.

"During that separation, every time anybody came to the door, I was sure it was a telegram saying something had happened to Wallace. I finished work one night at five o'clock, and I took the train home next morning."



Photo by Paul Grenbeaux

Doris May's first job was doubling for Mary Pickford.

But it was Christmas Eve by the time Wallace got the courage actually to propose.

"He came wandering in, limping, with a cane," Doris told me, "trying to make me think he was hurt. He got my sympathy, and inside ten minutes he was saying, 'Will you marry me?' Then he suddenly got well, and when he went away it was without his cane."

Mrs. MacDonald has the hardihood to declare she was astonished at the proposal. But that when she saw the diamond ring he had right ready with him in his pocket, she had to believe he meant it.

They wanted to be "different," these two, so they got married at five-thirty in the morning. The day was May 5th, Wallace MacDonald's birthday. They were wed at a church in Hollywood, by a priest who was a friend of MacDonald's and then they went to their wedding breakfast. No, it was not at the Ambassador or the Alexandria, but at John's, in Hollywood. Because it had romantic associations, that being the very first place they had ever dined together.

Then they drove up to Santa Barbara for a few days, after which they came home in order that Wallace might begin work in a new picture for which he had been engaged.

In some ways they have had parallel careers. Both had to go against parental objections to enter theatrical

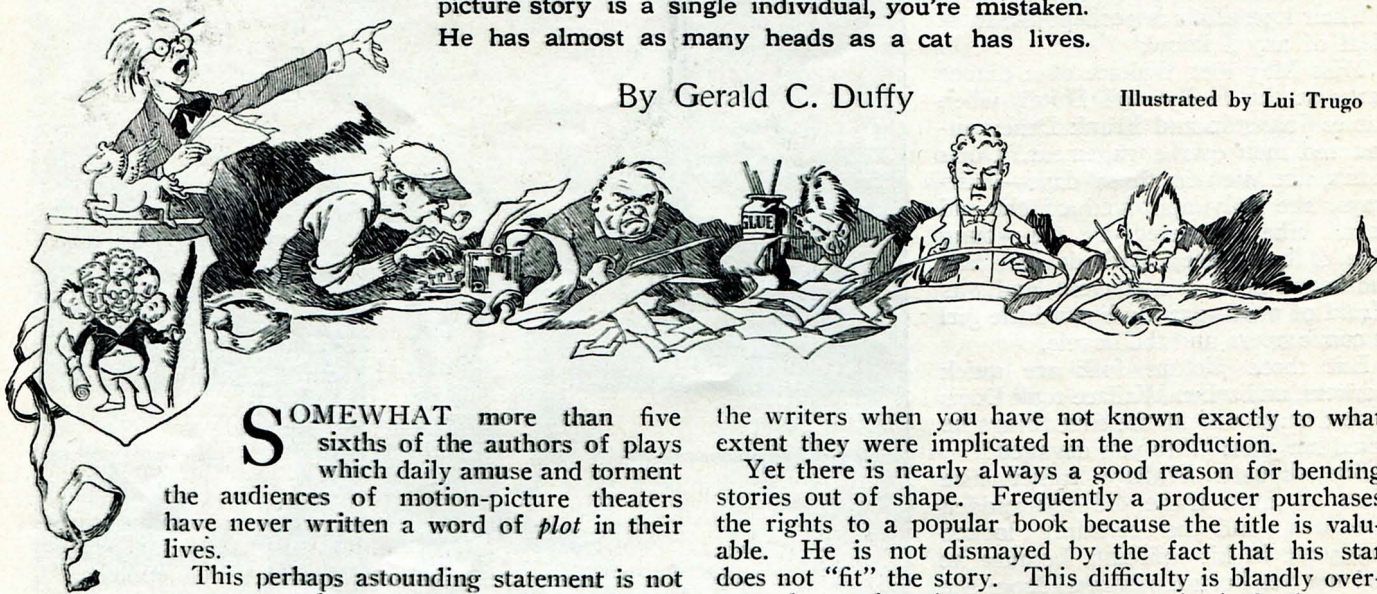
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The Hydra-headed Author

If you think that the person responsible for a motion-picture story is a single individual, you're mistaken. He has almost as many heads as a cat has lives.

By Gerald C. Duffy

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



SOMEWHAT more than five sixths of the authors of plays which daily amuse and torment the audiences of motion-picture theaters have never written a word of *plot* in their lives.

This perhaps astounding statement is not an exaggeration or an accusation; it is not even an insult. For the author of a screen play is never one man or one woman; it is a composite, hydra-headed being composed of six or seven or even more persons, and the plot devised by this being is the mixture of numerous cranial products.

To say that the writer who first creates a picture story is the author of it would be as untrue as to say that the mother of a child is the child's parents. A motion-picture story has invariably half a dozen parents at least; often it has more.

Among the heads which are put together to manufacture a photo-dramatic plot are those of the writer, the director, the star, the casting director, the cutter, and the title writer. Should any one of these factors be seized by a vicious nature, or should one of them become lazily negligent, he could completely and irrevocably demolish the most artistic, most efficient, most perfect work of all the others, rendering it inane and effete. Also, and more fortunately, practically any one of the aforementioned can often take a feeble-plotted, inert picture, vivify it, stimulate it, and return it to the projecting machine a robust, powerful story.

At no time is the writer alone the author. His name appears on the screen as the author, and the audience, not knowing what you will know when you have read this article, assumes that he is responsible for the interest or the lack of interest of the picture. The writer receives the credit or the blame, as the case may afford, yet the writer never deserves the full burden of praise or of ridicule.

As proof of this statement, I shall ask you a question and then answer it for you. Have you ever read a book which stirred your interest and your admiration, and then, lured by the title, gone to see the picturization of what you supposed to be that story, only to be disgusted at finding the plot mutilated almost beyond recognition? You have—often. In these instances you have not blamed the writer, because you have previously read his version, but you have not thought of exonerating

the writers when you have not known exactly to what extent they were implicated in the production.

Yet there is nearly always a good reason for bending stories out of shape. Frequently a producer purchases the rights to a popular book because the title is valuable. He is not dismayed by the fact that his star does not "fit" the story. This difficulty is blandly overcome by cutting the story over to make it fit the star. So some of the things you liked are lost. When the star, who is naturally more interested in herself or himself than in the story—reads the script the objection is raised that other characters are too prominent and will "steal the picture." So the other characters—perhaps characters you were very fond of—are subordinated or entirely murdered and dragged out of the plot. Again you lose a friend.

In rewriting the script to add splendor to the star's part the scenario writer may think of an original twist which so startles and pleases him that he injects it into the story. Whereupon the director, who is never without ideas and audacity, elaborates this twist, gives birth to a few more characters, adding them to the characters who have traveled safely from the remote regions of the book, and starts to bring them to life in film. Halfway through, it may be discovered that an

important episode takes the characters to Greenland. There being no ice in California, and the manufacture of a substitute being expensive and bothersome, the players are sent to Pasadena instead of Greenland; and, says the director, the houses in Pasadena are more modern and impressive than the snow huts of Greenland, anyway. When you finally see the motion-picture version of your favorite book upon the screen you are dumfounded. The only person who is more dumfounded is the man

who wrote the book.

It may interest you to know how the hydra-headed author builds a story; to learn the ravages that can be wreaked upon a plot by collaboration without coördination; to see how the poor, helpless idea is manhandled before it is presented to you to laugh at, to pity, or to admire.

The first author leaps out of bed in the dead of night and grapples with an inspiration. He subdues it and puts it down where it can't get away from him. The idea is next turned over to the second author, the scenario writer, who "sees something in it." What he

DID YOU EVER

leave a picture show saying, "What an awful story! I could have written a better one than that." If you have you'll be interested in this article, which explains some of the things that happen to a story during the process of making a picture, and the reasons why the final result is sometimes disappointing.

sees is either something very slight and weak and in need of much plotty nourishment, or else it is wonderful, inspiring, exhilarating. If it is weak he gives it treatments of technique, removes portions of it, alters other portions, and inoculates it with some ideas of his own. If it is wonderful he gives it treatments of technique, removes portions of it, alters other portions, and inoculates it with some ideas of his own.

An idea is a plastic thing. Like sculptor's clay it can be twisted and squashed into countless forms, some graceful, some grotesque—but still it is the original clay. Every director knows this.

After two or six or eight weeks of labor, the scenario writer hands the story, in its present and temporary state, to the director, who "sees something in it." Always he expresses his opinion of what he sees in one of two adjectives. Either it is "awful" or it is "m-mm-fair." Never until he has overhauled it is it "great." Then, invariably, it is "great." To achieve this transformation he gives it treatments of technique, removes portions of it, alters other portions, and inoculates it with some ideas of his own.

At this juncture the story is turned over to the casting director, who is just as much an author as any one else for the reason that the characterization is completely in his power, and characterization is of as much importance to a story as intrigue.

The casting having been accomplished the time arrives for the collaboration of the star. Here all of the preceding work can be ruined instantaneously, or it can be improved. According to the work of the star the heroine can be made piquant or wooden.

Assuming that the story passes through the hands of all the authors thus far without sustaining any serious injuries and that it has constantly acquired qualities, it has still the bloodthirsty cutter to confront. The most conservative director will expose a minimum of fifty reels of film in photographing the story, yet this must somehow be contracted into five or six reels—without losing the story in the shuffle, if possible. If not possible, the story is lost. It is the duty of the cutter to throw away at least nine times as much as he uses without throwing anything away. I have never known of a production where the percentage of waste was not even in excess of this.

By far the most dangerous of all the authors is the cutter. With his weapon he can assassinate every person in the play, he can gouge every idea out of the plot; he can even extract the plot itself. And, since he is not always personally acquainted with a plot upon sight, even if he has seen it before, there is a constant possibility that it will disappear.

Having been lacerated, the story is handed to its final author, the title writer. Here it is more likely to find aid than damage. Many a decrepit and dying story has been revived by the title writer's literary pulmotor. Not until it has passed through this final reconstruction can any one say what the story will be, for



The first author leaps out of bed and grapples with an inspiration.

each author may make a change that will completely alter the plot and even the theme of the picture. When it has at last undergone this complicated process the story is completed. What the author of the original story sometimes thinks on seeing the finished production may best be left to the imagination.

Whether or not this combination system of authorship is advantageous compared to the usual method of story construction is a matter of conjecture, for as yet the hydra-headed composer is an erratic being who has no set standard of ability. He has made wonderful pictures from anæmic plots, and he has made pitifully anæmic pictures from wonderful plots. Beyond doubt the recognized masters of fiction consider him a deadly monster who devours manuscripts and kills young ideas before they can mature for the mere pleasure of slaughter. But the picture producer always has the ready and forcible reply that, since two heads are admittedly better than one, it is a mathematical necessity that six heads are a great deal better than one.

Both sides of this question are supported by impregnable arguments. It has been proven absolutely that the hydra-headed author is best. Also it has been proven absolutely that the hydra-headed author is not best.

What he sometimes thinks upon viewing the finished product may best be left to the imagination.



To sustain the former claim there exists the immortal example of "The Birth of a Nation." No one who read "The Clansman," from which the famous picture evolved, considered it to be a literary giant. It was not. There was "something in it," and essence of the book plot was part of the picture story; but Thomas Dixon, who wrote

the book, was author of less than half of the film. Yet, the film rocked the world by the applause it received. I mention this picture only because it is one which every screen follower will remember, but there are numerous other examples which prove that the many brains of the hydra-headed author are better than a single brain.

On the other hand, however, there is the recent explosion from Fanny Hurst, which also rocked the film world at least. "Star Dust," in its original version, the novel, was a powerful story; but "Star Dust," as a

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The News Reel

Unwinding the latest events in the film capital and disclosing pertinent and impertinent facts about film favorites.

By Agnes Smith

They Say It's True.

FOUR a. m. and the Penrhyn Stanlaws company has been working all night in a snowstorm near Truckee. (Truckee is the one town in California that may be relied upon to furnish snow for fillum companies.) Sam, the Italian teamster, has to move the big eight-cylinder aeroplane motor which makes the wind. The horses are struggling in the snow. Sam is encouraging them with a fine line of American profanity.

"— !!! —" he shouts in accents wild.

Betty Compson puts her fingers to her ears. Several other women in the company wear hurt expressions.

"Please, Sam, oblige the ladies by swearing in Italian," says Mr. Stanlaws timidly.

"What's da use," answers Sam, "de horses no un'erstand Italian!"

Helen Ferguson has a pet charity. She likes to entertain the boys at a probation farm. Most of the kids are children under fourteen who have been arrested for minor offenses. The spokesman of the outfit, in thanking Miss Ferguson for her interest in them, made the conventional bid for autographed photographs.

Miss Ferguson can't be flattered. "They'll get no pictures," she said, "but they will get a collection of autographed doughnuts."

The Harold Lloyd studio has a zoo. It consists of one bear and eight goats. Mildred Davis says she would rather have the bear than the goats get loose on the studio lot. Snub Pollard is making pictures so fast that he always forgets the name of the "current vehicle." Under the genial but watchful eye of Hal Roach, Harley Walker, C. H. Wellington, and Tom MacNamara, the cartoonists, are thinking up funny stuff to put in the comedies. And, of course, Jean Havez leads the band.

Maud Ballington Booth, of the Volunteers of America, had luncheon at the Roach studios and paid a real tribute to Harold Lloyd. She said she always went to see his comedies because she was sure of enjoying some true and wholesome fun. She meant it. Mr. Lloyd couldn't be present at the luncheon because he was ill. But Mildred Davis was there—a little shy and very much impressed with Mrs. Booth. As for Mrs. Booth, she loved the studio and was especially interested in Hal Roach's brother, because he has a long and honorable war record. Bill Beaudine, the director, broke up the luncheon.

"Guests or no guests," he shouted, "you come back to work!"

Familiar Sight.

Actresses trying to look like Gloria Swanson.

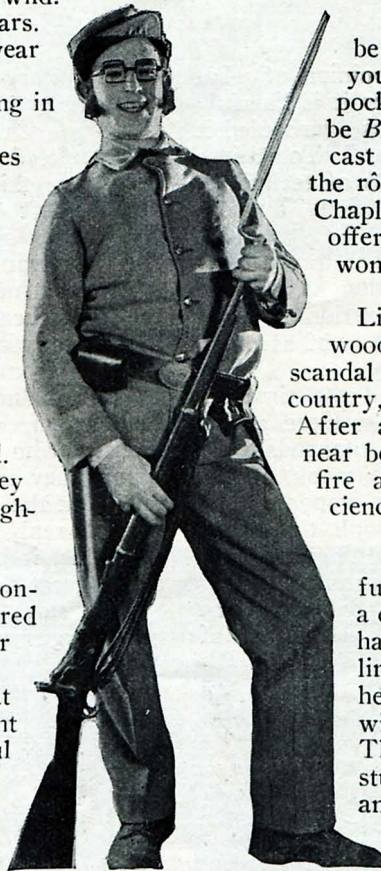
Women authors trying to look like Elinor Glyn.

Gentleman authors trying to look like William De Mille.

Actors trying to look like Rodolph Valentino.
It can't be done.

A rainy day at the Ince studio. No companies working. "What's the matter?" asked an inquisitive visitor. (All visitors are inquisitive around studios.)

"A director wants to push an actor into a quagmire—in a scene. The actor refuses. He says it's too wet."



Harold Lloyd is cutting up rough with the Civil War nowadays.

Jackie Coogan's next production will be "Oliver Twist," with Jackie as the youngest *Oliver* who ever learned to steal pocket handkerchiefs. Wallace Beery will be *Bill Sikes* and Barbara Tennant has been cast as *Nancy Sikes*. Some one told me that the rôle of *Fagin* had been offered to Charlie Chaplin and that Chaplin was considering the offer because of the enormous prestige he won by playing in a picture with Jackie.

Literary evenings are popular in Hollywood. The hostess furnishes clippings of scandal stories from newspapers all over the country, and these are read aloud by the guests. After a substantial repast of sandwiches and near beer, the merrymakers gather around the fire and tell the newest jokes on the efficiency experts.

Because she is one of the most beautiful blondes on the screen, because she is a capable actress and because, although she has been leading woman for Charlie Chaplin for several years yet never announced her engagement to him, Edna Purviance will be starred in her own productions. The pictures will be made at the Chaplin studios under the supervision of Charlie and Brother Sydney. Sydney, the business manager of the family, may appear in some more comedies. Charlie is finishing a series of two-reel comics so that he may go in for Shakespeare or something like that.

Oh, yes, at the present writing Charlie's favorite dancing partner is still Lila Lee.

Jack Holt is going to be starred in Western dramas. Holt used to play society villains until the public discovered that he wasn't really a bad man but a good husband and father. And a quiet sort of chap. With Bebe Daniels, he will appear in "North of the Rio Grande."

Lasky has been having a hard time finding a girl to play the siren, *Dona Sol*, in "Blood and Sand." Bebe was first chosen for the part, but then the selection veered around to Anna Q. Nilsson. At present, Nita Naldi is scheduled to play the rôle. May McAvoy won't be seen as *Carmen*, the neglected wife of *Gallardo*. Lila Lee has been given the coveted rôle. May probably will appear in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Happi-

ness," a J. Hartley Manners play. Both Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere, have arrived in Hollywood. Heretofore they have made their pictures in New York and London.

Mabel Normand has completely recovered from the nervous breakdown she suffered after the Taylor case and has gone back to work in "Suzanna" at the Sen-nett studio. Mabel has taken up golf and looks extremely fit. As for Mary Miles Minter, she has gone to the Orient for a rest. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Jack Pickford, have returned to Hollywood. Jack Pickford has sold the rights of "A Tailor Made Man" to Charles Ray.

They're all coming back. Ethel Clayton has returned to the Hollywood film fold, thereby making the home of motion pictures a better and brighter place.

And, strange to relate, Eric von Stroheim is back at Universal City. He will settle down and make pictures just like any one else. Although Universal is said to have mourned bitterly the famous million dollars spent on "Foolish Wives," the company realizes that Von Stroheim is a "man you love to hate." Stroheim may give up villain rôles and go in for something like the Charles Ray pictures. But that is mere idle hearsay, and so you probably won't see him in a film version of the Rollo books. However, off the screen, Von Stroheim is a good husband and expects to become—

When the Metro studio opens again—it has been closed all winter—there will be considerable change in the line-up of stars. Mae Murray and Clara Kimball Young will make their pictures there. Although Rex Ingram has signed the declaration of independence, he may return to the old home for several pictures.

You won't see "The Count of Monte Cristo" until some time in the fall. Fox is making the picture, with Jack Gilbert playing the heroics. But they say that "The Fast Mail," with Buck Jones, will be something of a thriller.

After finishing one picture apiece, Norma and Constance Talmadge quietly left Los Angeles. Whisper it softly; it is said that they spent most of the winter in Florida. While Joseph Schenck has business interests in Los Angeles, they do say Norma, his wife, prefers the East. As for Mrs. Peg Talmadge, she went to New York to pay the family income tax. And that's a big job.

Three Selznick companies are going to work at the United Studios, and Hollywood is ready to welcome Owen Moore, Elaine Hammerstein, and Eugene O'Brien, all confirmed Manhattanites.

It is impossible to refrain from writing about Rudolph Valentino. The production of "Blood and Sand" has begun with a bang under the direction of Fred Niblo and with June Mathis as supervising writer. That means that Miss Mathis is on the set from nine in the morning until half past five. The production is the most-talked-of event in Hollywood.

Valentino is enthusiastic over his rôle and after seeing him at work, I am willing to predict that you are

going to like *Gallardo*, the bullfighter, better than anything he has done. Rudie hasn't been starred for so long that he is bored. He frankly admits that he enjoys himself. And he takes an immense interest in the details of the picture. Shortly after production started, I saw Valentino.

"Telegram from Mexico City," he shouted. "Two bulls shipped this morning."

And then he began to explain his headdress. He wore Spanish side-burns and a pigtail at the back of his neck. The pigtail was neatly pinned in place with invisible hairpins.

"When I go into the bullfight," he told me, "the hair comes down and is tied with wool ribbons."

"Who fixes your hair?" I asked.

"Hattie, of course."

Hattie is the colored maid who created the famous coiffure for Gloria Swanson.

The Spanish café scene found Valentino right in his element. His dance, which he had been rehearsing for weeks, was better than the tango in "The Four Horsemen." And he amused the Spanish dancers by playing on the guitar and singing. Of course, the action for the scene was carefully rehearsed, but the gayety was impromptu.

Theodore Roberts can't get out of work. An attack of rheumatism kept him away from the studio for three days. But then some director had the bright idea of casting him in a wheel-chair rôle. So he was ordered to report for work.

It is likely that Nazimova will not make any pictures for several months. She is going to take a rest and see some other part of the world besides California. Charles Bryant, her husband and director, will accompany her, but the rest of her production staff will remain in Hollywood.

Just before she left California, Connie Talmadge proved that she could qualify as a professional dancer. Maurice was her constant partner. Maurice isn't working in pictures, but he spends much of his time around the studios.

Eve Unsell, scenario editor for R. C. pictures, says that the next time an amateur writer submits the story of "The Birth of a Nation," she will reject the manuscript without the usual consideration. But the amateur

writer is not the only sinner. Recently a well-known member of the literati sent in a story called "Her Perfumed Past in Paris."

Antonio Moreno is tired of waiting for Vitagraph to give him some noteworthy pictures. One of the first of the Vitagraph stars and one of the most popular men on the screen, he feels that he hasn't been given a fair opportunity. So he has accepted the leading rôle in "The Bitterness of Sweets," a Rupert Hughes story.

Moreno will play opposite Colleen Moore.

Colleen is starving to death, and it's a long, sad story. During the first scenes of "The Bitterness of Sweets,"

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Bull Montana becomes an aesthetic influence in "Gav and Devilish," an R-C picture.



Photo copyright by Harris and Ewing

Hope Hampton can still manage to smile, even after reading the scenarios that are submitted to her.

LET'S talk about clothes," urged Fanny, slipping up to the front of the Algonquin and grabbing the window table right under the eyes of the head waiter and a crowd of people who had been waiting for it.

"I don't see why we should," I remarked, trying to shield my last year's copy of a dress of Constance Talmadge's under an air of superiority.

"Well, you would if you'd been with me!"

She sat back with an expression of triumph.

"If you don't care to hear about the marvelous new clothes Viola Dana bought this afternoon, I'll run along up to Rubye de Remer's. There is always some one there to talk to."

But I restrained her; at least temporarily.

"Tell me about them," I begged of her. "Where is she?"

"I left her at Hickson's," she told me lazily, looking around to see if there was any one she knew, "completely surrounded by darling jade-green hats, and saying, 'Yes, I'll take that and that and that.' And she disconcerted the haughty saleslady terribly by adding, 'Mamma'll give me the dickens if I buy any more clothes.'"

"She bought the cutest evening dress you ever saw—that is, it was cute on her. It had a pale-green sleeveless slip, and over that was attached a regular hula-hula skirt made of black tulle and with a wreath of flowers around the waist. Viola simply couldn't resist dancing around in it.

Over the

Gossip is always brewing when Fanny

By The

"She is about half dead, you know, she is so tired from making personal appearances. She says that she would give up and die if it didn't take any effort. Her personal-appearance tour started out on the Coast three months ago and she has been making several appearances a day since then. Every time she gets ready to go on she says to herself, 'Brace up, Viola! This may be the eighty-ninth time you've dragged yourself out on the stage, but it is the first time those people out there have seen you, and they've paid good money for the privilege, so don't disappoint them.'"

"She's made a big hit everywhere, and I guess it is because she always makes up her act on the spur of the moment. There aren't many stars that could do that, but Viola's got a hair-trigger brain.

"She looks even younger than she did four years ago when she was making pictures here. Maybe it's the short skirts, and that reminds me that if any one is thinking regretfully of wearing long ones they can be sure that Viola will be with them in wearing short ones.

"She let me pick out the material for one dress, a lovely chiffon one, and I chose gray just the color of her eyes. Every other minute the models would glide into the fitting room to show her some new gowns, and it made such a funny scene that

I hope she does it in a picture some day. The models were all very tall and statuesque and haughty. Imagine trying to sell Viola the kind of frocks that looked nice on them. Viola, being only a motion-picture star, was small and unassuming and so good-natured she didn't even call them down for wasting her valuable time. She just stood and gazed up at them as though she were looking at some amazing skyscraper and said, 'Oh, no, I don't want any summer dresses. I knit a lot of sweaters while I'm waiting to be called on the set, and mamma just makes me little plain gingham dresses to wear with them.' The models were simply floored.

"And speaking of clothes, Mabel Ballin has fourteen changes of costume in her next picture. She doesn't like dressed-

up parts at all, but their company has begged her and Hugo to make two or three modern pictures, so that is



Doris May is having the time of her life making "Gay and Devilish."

Teacups

the Fan starts to talk about motion-picture players.

Bystander

what they are doing. She has a cream-colored lace dress that is beautifully quaint, and two suits that I bet a lot of girls will copy. And she is a real motion-picture star at last. No; it isn't a contract, it's an ermine coat. That's the mark of a star. A star with her own company adds a string of pearls and some diamond bracelets to the trade-mark, but an ermine coat is an absolute necessity. There are so many of them now that a row of stars at an invitation showing of a picture looks like a box of gigantic marshmallows.

"The Ballins have sold their beautiful country home in Westport, Connecticut, to the woman who invented kewpie dolls. It is just the charming sort of place that you would imagine Hugo Ballin would design. They took me up with them last week-end to say good-by to it, and I wept copiously, but they were composed as could be. They've been so busy the last few years that they've hardly had time to go up there at all.

"We went to a motion-picture show in Norwalk to see Alice Lake in 'The Hole in the Wall,' and I just wished that Alice might have heard all the lovely things that were said about her. She really is wonderful sometimes. She moves like Norma Talmadge, and she has the same depth to her characterizations often.

"Several people recognized Mabel, and I was terribly surprised because I think she doesn't look a bit like her screen self. She is so ethereal and spirituelle in pictures, and in real life she is almost a flapper. Not the kind of flapper that wears collegiate hats with bobbed hair sticking 'way out on one side, two-toned elkskin shoes, and skirts up above her knees, but the sort of awfully young girl who always looks stylish and who reads everything, goes everywhere, and always seems to be having a good time. Hugo says awfully clever things, and she is his best audience. He said the other night that the difference between a bank director and a motion-picture director is that one is known by the money he saves and the other by the money he spends. He also remarked that there were two kinds of pictures, those that moved and those that didn't, and that the only way to succeed with a good picture was to give it a bad title. By that time I was so awed by his cleverness that I couldn't talk——"

"I can't imagine it," I broke in stiffly.

"Oh, but we were talking about clothes, weren't we?" she said, ignoring my remark entirely. "Rubye de Remer brought trunkloads of beautiful things home with her from Europe, but what do you suppose she wears most of the time? A gymnasium suit! And it is the strangest-looking gymnasium suit you ever saw. There is a heavy woolen affair that comes to her ankles, and over that a sort of blue bathing suit. Her trainer comes every afternoon to give her exercises and play medicine ball with her. It is all part of a campaign to put on weight, but I don't understand it at all. Most people exercise like that to get thin.

"She brought a beautiful police dog home with her from Belgium. He is the only all-black one in America, and his name is Lux. He has a fine war record, and Rubye is so proud of his trench tricks that I wouldn't be surprised any day to find all the furniture in her



Photo by Paul Grenhesux

While girls all over the country are trying their best to look like Jacqueline Logan, she amuses herself by trying to look different in each picture. In a recent R-C production she succeeded in looking like a heavy.



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Wherever she goes, Betty Blythe is a striking figure.

house built up into a barricade just so that the dog could have practice pulling it down. She is going to move out into the country soon because the dog doesn't seem to like the city."

"That sounds like Hope Hampton," I murmured.

"Yes," Fanny assented unwillingly. "I wonder if Hope will move out to Yonkers again this summer for the comfort of her Pekingeses. And that reminds me I haven't seen her in ages. She finished a picture weeks ago, and hasn't said a word about starting another yet. Perhaps the excitement over 'Star Dust' tired her out. After the author and some critics had panned it unmercifully the public insisted on liking it, and Hope had to rush around from theater to theater to get some of the applause in

person. The last time I saw her she could still smile in spite of all the awful scenarios she had been reading in search of material for her next picture.

"But have you heard about Alice Brady's son? He was born in March, about two months after she divorced her husband. Everybody feels terribly bad over the way her marriage turned out, but maybe the baby will be a consolation to her.

"And speaking of trouble, Seena Owen is suing George Walsh for a divorce and has named Estelle Taylor co-respondent. Estelle has filed a suit against Seena Owen asking one hundred thousand dollars for alleged defamation of her reputation, all of which is rather odd, whichever way you look at it, because, you know, Estelle was just recently chosen as the best vampire to play in 'A Fool There Was.'"

I tried to look properly scandalized, or improperly scandalized, as it were. "Can't you talk about something less shocking?" I reproved her. "Here comes the strawberry shortcake. Maybe that will make you think of June, and June will make you think of romance, and——"

"No," Fanny announced in a matter-of-fact way. "It always makes me wish Colleen Moore was in New York to go around with me and try the shortcake in all the hotels until we found out which made the best. And then my second thought is of a darling pink dress Mae Murray had last summer.

"She had a lovely pink evening frock on the other night at the Sixty Club Ball for the Actors' Fund," Fanny went on ruminatively, as she consumed an enormous quantity of crushed strawberries. "They raffled off the privilege to dance with her, and the bidding went up to two hundred dollars. Just before the bidding closed some one gave an extra fifty and got it. It was Bob Leonard, her husband."

"They go cheaper out on the Coast," I broke in. "But probably it is because there are so many more of them out there. At a dance given for the benefit of the American Legion clubhouse they raised money by selling dances with Helen Ferguson and Patsy Ruth Miller for a dollar apiece."

"And speaking of dancing," Fanny chimed in—speaking of anything is likely to remind Fanny of anything else—"speaking of dancing, have you heard what Charlie Chaplin did the last night of Maurice's appearance at the Ambassador in Los Angeles? After Maurice and Leonora Hughes, his partner, did their regular exhibition dance, Charlie got up and danced with him, burlesquing it. The spectators simply howled, he was so funny, and every one was having such a good time no one wanted to go home. Charlie was giving quite a big party that night; besides Maurice and his partner he had



Dorothy Gish is kept busy attending openings of "Orphans of the Storm" all over the country.
Photo by Kenneth Alexander

Earle Williams and his wife, Mabel Normand, Edna Purviance, Claire Windsor, Lila Lee, Agnes Ayres, Jack Pickford, and Mahlon Hamilton and his wife.

"Just the other night I was dancing at the Beaux Arts" she rattled on, hardly giving me a chance to follow her quick flight back from Los Angeles. "And I saw some one whose face simply haunted me. I knew it was some one whose pictures I had adored as a youngster, but I couldn't place him. Finally I was told that it was Maurice Costello! He is appearing again in pictures, you know. He is in 'Determination'—some sort of special production.

"I saw another ghost from the past the other night up by the Century Theater—Tom Douglas. I think he avoids his friends and only goes out under cover of night since he saw himself in 'Footfalls.' He was such a nice young man, too. His 'Free Air' will be released soon though, and then perhaps he will be forgiven for 'Footfalls.'

"Won't it seem funny to see Antonio Moreno in anything but Vitagraph pictures?" she went on animatedly, but keeping one eye on the door. "I'm so used to seeing him playing under the terrible handicap he seems to have had in his late productions that it will hardly seem real to see him in a good story. And how everybody must envy Colleen Moore, having him play opposite her. I bet she is getting Black Hand letters every day.

"And speaking of letters reminds me"—Fanny was off again on an endless chain of associated ideas—"reminds me that I just got one from dear little Lucy Fox. Just the day she finished working in Dick Barthelme's pic-

Every one is delighted that Bessie Love at last has a production that seems worthy of her talents.

Photo copyright by Evans



Photo copyright by Strauss-Peyton

Rubye de Remer brought home trunkloads of wonderful clothes from Europe, but she is spending most of her time dressed in an odd-looking gymnasium suit—in which she refuses to be photographed.

ture, 'Sonny,' she rushed off to Jacksonville to play the lead in the new Charles Hutchison serial, 'Speed.' And when she got there, they weren't quite ready for her so she had two or three days to play golf.

"The company is having a wonderful time down there in spite of the risky stunts they have to do all the time. They are going on to Miami and St. Augustine for some scenes when they finish in Jacksonville, and then perhaps they'll go to Cuba. The picture has Spanish atmosphere, just to prove that serials are up to date, and Lucy has a wonderful part. Her biggest boosters are Charles Hutchison and his wife, so I guess that professional jealousy plays no part in that company.

"Dorothy Phillips has bobbed her hair, Gloria Swanson is going abroad, Mary Miles Minter is so overcome by recent disclosures that she has gone to the Orient for a rest. Probably she won't write many letters in the future.

"Nita Naldi has gone out to the Coast to play the wicked *Dona Sol* in 'Blood and Sand,' and Anna Q. Nilsson is back

Continued on page 88

How Clothes

And how one remarkable woman has
working wonders

By Louise



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

No small part of Alice Joyce's popularity was due to the fact that she was always beautifully gowned.

UP the stairs and through the doors of a massive white mansion which houses a famous modiste's in New York a girl rushed. Ignoring the attendants inside and a group of people waiting, she fairly slid along the thick, velvet carpets and up the marble staircase to the library where the designer herself was at work. The usual formality of the establishment meant nothing to her at that moment, so she dashed right into the long room, where she found the designer at work. She was watching a gorgeously gowned manikin as she walked to and fro, and dictating suggestions to a young man who sat beside her, notebook in hand.

"Oh, Frances," the girl panted, ignoring the work that was going on, "I have my chance at last. Won't you dress me for it? I can't pay you right now, but I know I'll land another engagement if I do this one right. It's a society part, and I'm afraid that if any one but you dresses me I won't feel like the real thing. Will you?"

And hardly waiting for a reply she went on, "I'm not making much now, but I could squeeze out thirty dollars a week to you until the dress is paid for, and when I'm making a lot I'll always come to you. Won't you help me?"

"Of course," said Frances simply, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to put her services at the disposal of any young girl who asked it. She had been appraising the girl as she spoke and decided that she had depth as well as beauty and would be worth helping.

"Give me the script if you have it," Frances added. "Or tell me all you know about your part."

She studied the girl intently for a few minutes and then sent for her head assistant. And the girl went away fairly walking on air, for she knew that whatever clothes could do for her was to be done. She knew that she had working with her the same woman who had assisted in the ascent to stardom of Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Pearl

White, Mabel Normand, Alice Joyce, Catherine Calvert, and dozens of others. But to go back to Frances.

She took the very essence of that girl's charm and spun it into a frock; she made plain cloth and thread and flowers, cunningly fashioned of metal, become articulate. And when the girl went on the set to play her little part, the director noticed her—before she even had a chance to show that she could act, and decided that he wanted her for his next picture. And it was that picture that launched her in her career as one of our most popular stars.

That director didn't realize that half of her distinction and queenly bearing was in her dress. Men—even directors—are like that usually, but not always, as Madame Frances can testify. For once a theater owner came to her and said, "Frances, I'm interested in Miss Blank, who is making



Norma Talmadge's rise was coincident with that of Madame Frances; gowns like the one shown here keep both the creator and the wearer of them in the limelight.

Make the Star

become a power behind the stars by with their clothes.

Williams

pictures for the — company. I know she's capable of big things, but there is something wrong with her. Maybe it is the way she dresses. If you can fix her up I think I can swing a starring contract for her. Won't you see her? Don't let her know I suggested it, because she is awfully proud—but find out what is the matter with her."

"I know now," Madame Frances remarked casually. "I've seen her in a picture. Her waistline's in the wrong place, makes her look bulgy. She could be stunning if her waistline and neckline were right."

So Frances made the first dresses that put Miss Blank's waistline where it minimized the faults in her figure. And since then many other world-famous modistes have made similar gowns for Miss Blank, for she is one of the most prominent stars today, and the privilege of dressing her is one that designers all over the world contend for.

Having taught actresses what she knows about how they should dress—Madame Frances makes no particular effort to hold their trade. She is more interested in the new ones who come to her door and say, "Please, Frances, won't you help me?"

During the shaping of their careers, almost all of the big stars have consulted her, and she has sent them out with the stamp of her particular genius enhancing theirs.

"But after they become famous," says Frances, with a knowing smile that is reminiscent of her very dear friend, Pearl White, "some of them don't come to see me any more."

And that remark opens up a subject which has never been frankly explained in a fan magazine and one which is of interest to every one. How much do the stars spend on clothes?

"Why don't they come to you when they are famous and rich and can afford you

Luxuriant and languorous as Corinne Griffith herself, is this gown Madame Frances made for her to wear in "Island Wives."



Photo by Edward T. Thayer Monroe

This is Madame Frances, who has been a power behind the making of many stars, for her particular genius has been used to enhance theirs.

gowns?" I asked her, and she told me that it was because other modistes are willing to sell clothes to stars at ridiculously low prices for the sake of the advertisement.

"One of the most prominent stars gets gowns that other people would have to pay three or four hundred dollars apiece for, for forty dollars," Madame Frances told me. "She came to me and offered to make the same arrangement. But I told her that the hundreds of girls who work for me, and the thousands of girls like them all over the country were the ones who go to her pictures, the ones who are directly responsible for the magnificent salary she receives. Surely, it is only common justice that she should be willing to pay enough for her gowns so that the girls who make them can afford to go to her pictures."

Madame Frances is more than a great designer to the stars like Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, and Pearl White, whose rise to world fame has been coincident with hers. She is a definite part of their world. When they were struggling for recognition, Frances too was just forging to the front in her profession. With them, Frances—every one who knows her drops the Madame—graduated from street cars and occasional taxicabs to luxuriously appointed Rolls-Royces. She goes everywhere, knows every one in the theater world, and can't go to a fashionable resort without seeing some of her own creations.

Continued on page 95

She Began at Seventy-Five

Mrs. Anna Townsend, who now is becoming well known for her grandmother rôles wasn't content to sit by the chimney corner.

By Caroline Bell



This tiny little woman, who is a grandmother herself, appears as Harold Lloyd's grandmother in "Grandma's Boy."

SHE'S just a little old lady, such as you probably have tucked away by your own fireside, knitting. Those who pass her on the crowded streets don't dream but what she's just somebody's grandmother out for an afternoon. They smile tolerantly, never dreaming what a famous person she's getting to be—in the movies! For they think grandmothers can't do anything but sit by the fire and mind the baby.

"Granny," as they call her around the studios, is playing Harold Lloyd's grandmother in his newest comedy, "Grandma's Boy."

"And I've come to love him just as if he was my very own boy," she pays him a pretty compliment, but a sincere one. "He teaches me things and he's so tender and kind." Everybody, for that matter, is good to "Granny"—they baby her all over the lot, for a dearer or more lovable soul never lived than Granny Townsend.

Her career is really a startling one, in these days of flappers who feel blasé at sixteen, old at twenty, and positively decrepit at twenty-five.

About four years ago, her children all having long since grown up and married, with youngsters of their own, "Granny" at last was left alone in "the old nest," a house in Los Angeles where she had lived all her life. "But Lawsy me," she chirped, in her spry little way like a cricket, "why should I have stayed there to hug the fireplace? Why should I sit home and mourn for the nestlings who have flown away? Why shut yourself up from the world when you're only seventy-nine?"

Instead of doing that she hied herself out to Hollywood and got a job as an extra. Since then she has risen to playing screen grandmother rôles, shares close-ups with stars, and even has some alone.

"What made you choose the screen?" I asked her.

"Well, I'd been on the stage when I was a child—just a leetle, leetle bit, about seventy years ago. I grew up, married, children came, so, like hundreds of mothers, I gave up my ambitions. But the fascination of acting never quite left me. So when I found myself alone and had to occupy my time somehow to keep the memories and longings from hurting *too* much, I just decided I'd go into the movies. Hard work? Why, no indeed—it's nothing compared to raising a brood of children and keeping house and all those things they say is a woman's heritage. This is *play*, child." (Never before have I heard an actress so designate her work!)

"Afraid?" she continued. "Well, not exactly. But I'll tell you a secret, honey, I've never felt safer than here at this nice Hal Roach studio. Everybody is so nice to *us girls*. That talk about 'the temptations of the studio' is all rot. Why, nobody's ever bothered any of us."

"Granny's" success—in fact her career itself—came as somewhat of a shock to her own brood. She had been working in pictures for a long time before they knew anything about it. One day one of her grandchildren came running home from the theater, amazement speeding her feet, and cried breathlessly to the assembled family: "I just saw Granny in the movies! She's Harry Carey's mother!" Can you imagine the stupefaction that greeted that announcement? (Continued on page 95)



Another Youthful Star

Glenn Hunter joins the ranks of the newcomers whose names are appearing in electric lights.

By
Emma-Lindsay Squier

THE girl usher was plainly suspicious of me. She sniffed audibly when I gave her a note to be delivered to Glenn Hunter behind the scenes, and even looked askance at the neatly engraved bit of silver which I offered as an inducement for speed and accuracy.

It was at a performance of "The Intimate Strangers," a Booth Tarkington effort which is, in comparison to "Clarence" and "Seventeen," a drink of very weak tea after a demi-tasse and a spicy liqueur. Even Billie Burke's luscious personality could not save it from being flimsy, and at times almost stupid.

But when Glenn Hunter came on the stage I suddenly straightened up. In the first place, I had to interview him after the performance. In the second place, he supplied the first bit of humanness that had been inserted in the so-called comedy. He played the part of *Johnny White*, a neighbor boy who is brushed airily aside by the young flapper he adores because "we're used to him."

It was a character such as Tarkington revels in, and it was made intensely real by the artistry of Glenn Hunter. His scene with Billie Burke, when, spurred by his beloved's attitude of indifference, he asks the older woman if he can't see a great deal of her "in the future, as it were," was received with delighted chuckles even by the most elderly gentlemen in the audience. It seemed to recall things to them from a long time ago.

At the close of the performance, the girl usher was waiting for me. She led me around to the stage entrance, where the door man gave



Photo by Pach Bros.

He didn't look like an actor at all.

His first starring picture is called "Apron Strings."



me another disapproving inspection. He said something about two flights, and I clumped up the iron stairs, trying to look blasé and professional. Secretly I was thrilled to death at being behind the scenes.

The door of dressing room number six was open, and there was an intriguing smell of cold cream, grease paint, and cigarette smoke.

"Come right in," said Glenn Hunter, and swept a chair clear of neckties, collars, and shoes.

He was still, off the stage, the same type of sincere youthful American that he was in the play. True, there was no suggestion of calf-eyed adolescence about him, and he was plainly older than *Johnny White* was supposed to be. But he had a rather eager way of talking; he said "bully" a lot and was "awfully keen" about so many things. What did he look like? I don't exactly remember. Except that he was *nice*. Nice eyes and mouth, and his hair was parted in the middle. He didn't look like an actor at all. The dressing room, save for the presence of cosmetics and grease paint, might have been the untidy, yet perfectly comfortable, room of a college boy. There were no autographed pictures about, no scrapbooks of press comments. We talked first about the play, he, meantime, removing his make-up with a towel before the mirror.

"Do you like it?" he asked me.

"No; do you?"

He turned to grin at me.

"I have to; I play in it. Of course, it doesn't compare with 'Clarence'—I played *Bobbie* in that—but when you work in a play you think as much about the kind of people you're associated with as you do the kind of lines you have. Miss Burke is charming, and Alfred Lunt is a prince. That means a lot, I think, don't you?"

It struck me that he looked sleepy. In fact, a little thin.

"Do you go to many parties after the show?" I inquired. (Nothing is too impudent for an interviewer to ask.)

"Great Scott, no!" he said emphatically. "I work in pictures all day and here at the theater until eleven—I go home and sleep then. You know, don't you, that I'm making my first independent picture?"

I nodded encouragingly.

"Believe me, it's no easy job. I think I'm going into a decline from worry. But I'm awfully keen about it. It's a story of a sort of Booth Tarkington boy, who grows up under the handicap of 'Sweetie' for a nickname. The picture is called 'Apron Strings,' and I think it will get by—I'm surely working hard enough to make it a success."

It occurred to me, then, that I had seen young Glenn in pictures before.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I'm quite a veteran. That's the correct thing to say, isn't it?"

"Absolutely," I remarked.

He finished removing the last of the make-up and adjusted a collar.

"I'm awfully keen about pictures, too. I don't see why so many theatrical people pretend to despise them. The whole business fascinates me. The acting end of it primarily, and then the directing. I should like to direct a picture."

"One of your own?" I asked him.

"No, I don't think so. I don't believe that any actor should direct himself. He needs another person's viewpoint."

He shoved himself into an overcoat, pulled a battered and very collegy-looking hat down over his ears, and said he'd take me home in a taxi. The one he hailed

was one of those seagoing affairs built for rough weather and wild nights. We decided before we had gone two blocks that the driver was either a fugitive from justice or was planning suicide. The car went around the corner on one wheel and a half, and the conversation became detached sentences beginning in the middle and ending in mid-air.

"What pictures did you say you——"

We barely missed a gasoline truck.

"I played with Constance Binney in 'The Case of Becky,' one of those calf-eyed parts where the young man just waits around for the final clinch, and after that——" We skidded merrily off a car track. "Hang this driver—pardon me—I was saying that after that I played with Norma Talmadge in 'Smilin' Through;' that was a bully picture——"

We dodged around a corner and nearly flattened out a portly gentleman and a messenger boy.

"We missed 'em," Glenn said gravely. "Better luck next time."

"Are you ever going to do a Tarkington picture? I should think——" I fell neatly into his arms, by reason of another fancy turn.

"Yes, he's going to write one for me," he answered, putting me back in my own corner. "Did I tell you that when he found he could get me for this part in 'Intimate Strangers,' he wrote a scene specially for me? The one with Miss Burke where I tell her I'd like to 'have a sacred feeling' for her——"

Bam! We both pitched forward by reason of the brakes applied suddenly. We had almost made connections with an earnest-looking fire wagon.

"Is your mother in New York?" I asked while straightening my hat.

"No; she and dad are out on Long Island. Both he and she were hurt in a motor accident the night that I opened with 'The Intimate Strangers.' I had to go on without knowing whether they were dead or alive. Say, my mother is great. Is yours?"

"She certainly is. Isn't it a wonderful thing to have some one think you're by far the most brilliant person in the——"

"Yes," he gasped, falling over on my shoulder, "that's the way she is. She's so proud of what success I've made—and I'm the only black sheep of the family, too. No one else ever wanted to go on the stage or——"

Conversation languished while the taxi driver shouted in at us to find what address we wanted. We shouted back, and careened lustily onward.

"Is Glenn Hunter your real name?"

"Yes, it is. I'd rather make something of my own name than to coddle along a stage name until it was famous, don't you think——"

The driver was blowing his horn in a frenzy because another taxi was going faster than he was. The other driver responded in kind.

"How old are you?" I screamed above the din.

"Older than I look," he roared in my ear. "Not terribly old, though. I did my first bit on the stage six years ago. Don't you think there is a demand for clean, youthful screen comedies? I'd like to——"

I never knew what it was he'd like to. For the taxi pulled up with a flourish at the curb, and I was still conscious enough to note by the number on the door that it was my house.

As the taxi dashed away, Glenn put his head out of the window.

"Say! Will you have lunch with me——"

The rest was lost in the distance.

"Yes!" I shouted after him into the still night. But I am still uncertain as to whether we have a date or not.



Photo by Apeda

A male chorus and an especially designed setting used as a prologue for a costume play at the Capitol Theater in New York.

Our Modern Picture Palaces

No longer is artistic picture presentation confined to a few large cities. Better theaters are springing up everywhere. This article describes the latest developments along the line of theater building and the arranging of programs.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THROUGHOUT the country there is a steady increase in the building of large, handsomely appointed theaters devoted to motion pictures with more or less elaborate programs, musical numbers, big orchestras, prologues, classical dancing, and the like.

This movement for more artistic and expensive presentation, which began in New York when S. L. Rothapfel introduced his famous "unit program" idea in the Strand Theater, has spread so extensively of late that at last it is becoming one of the greatest developments in connection with motion pictures.

Just now Los Angeles seems to be taking the lead in motion-picture presentation. At least it is claimed that more money is spent there for this purpose than in any other city, and that Los Angeles now has the greatest display of beautiful motion-picture theaters in the world. There seems to be one on almost every corner—and whenever you see a plot of ground being dug up and ask what is to be built there, somebody is sure to remark, "Oh, just another movie house." At present there are eight or nine major houses, where the presentation of pictures has reached a fine art after costly experimentation, and any number of smaller show houses in the downtown district who copy their big brothers with more or less success. These, in addition to some half dozen that play both vaudeville and pictures and the hundreds of neighborhood theaters that thread the suburban byways in glittering chains of beckoning lights—not small, inconsequential theaters playing "hand-me-down" pictures, but beautiful little shadow palaces boasting "first runs" and just as exquisite in their vest-pocket way as the bigger places downtown. A glimpse at the Los Angeles theaters and

the way in which they present their programs, therefore, may be interesting as an example of what a great many smaller cities and towns may expect to have—on perhaps a slightly smaller scale—within the not far-distant future, for these theaters are built, not as a speculation, but in response to a popular demand.

ARE YOU SATISFIED

with the way in which pictures are shown at your theater?

Do you like prologues and elaborate stage settings, musical numbers, and the like, in connection with motion pictures?

Or do you think all this is just an excuse to charge exorbitantly high admission fees?

Whatever the theaters throughout the country are doing in the way of theater building and picture presentation is in response to what the theater managers believe to be the popular demand.

We know that they would be especially interested in reading "what the fans think" on this subject, and we hope this article will inspire many of our readers to write to us.

ceilings, marvels in mosaic work, fine paintings upon the walls, gold-framed mirrors, upholstered divans and chairs that make waiting for a friend a luxury and not a tiresome thing?

The draperies in these theaters are carefully planned by the art decorator who, of course, bears in mind the construction and period of the theater's architecture and carries out the same scheme in eloquent velvets and furniture especially made. Lighting effects also are given the most minute consideration, to give a general restful tone to the ensemble. Rest rooms and writing rooms are as large as an ordinary home and are beauti-

In architecture the Los Angeles theaters range from Spanish, Moorish, Italian Renaissance to Egyptian structure and decoration. There is a race between the exhibitors to erect the most costly, spacious, and beautiful theater possible and every few months brings into being a new home of the silent drama which may fittingly be termed a "palace." In line with the grandiose policy of "nothing but the best for the Angels," money has not been spared in decoration of the interiors. Can you, down in Hillsboro or over in Twin Falls or up in Saskatchewan, imagine a movie theater with spacious lobbies, wide, marble corridors, draped in exquisite velvets and gold, those marvelously soft Persian rugs into which seem blended all the beauty of the Orient—a theater with intricately scrolled

fully furnished. I understand that one of the new theaters is to have a smoking salon for women. In the lobby of Grauman's Million Dollar Theater is an electric signboard which indicates the unoccupied seats, thus obviating that helpless feeling that you have upon entering a dimly lit theater, having to grope for seats over the laps of paunchy gentlemen, only to discover them occupied. Usherettes—chosen from among the city's loveliest young girls, in many cases disappointed film actresses—are costumed in keeping with the general idea and are by no means the least decorative factor.

At the openings stars of the silver sheet come out to shine in all their panoplied glory of evening dress and jewels and often put on acts of their own. At all times are the theaters crowded, especially during the tourist season, and from eleven o'clock in the morning long lines may be seen forming for a block around the most fashionable of the shadow tabernacles.

In the City of the Angels, the Grauman interests have been most successful in the presentation and the maintenance of the prologue. In his Million Dollar Theater and his exquisite little Rialto, Sid Grauman has brought theater presentation to a fine art. More than four years ago, when the present Grauman scheme was outlined by the late J. D. Grauman and his son, Sid, it was forecast to eventual failure. But just recently was celebrated the fourth anniversary of the dedication of the Million Dollar Theater, an example of theater possibilities being copied now by show houses from coast to coast. Paramount Pictures are closely affiliated with the Grauman interests and through coöperation the two have achieved the acme in presentation. Runs of one week are the usual thing, though the Rialto often boasts engagements of several weeks.

Within a few weeks the new Metropolitan, costing more than three million dollars, will open its doors. It will be the largest cinema temple in the West and will seat forty-four hundred persons. One unusual feature will be a hydraulic orchestra floor, raising and lowering the pit with its full orchestra, the organist and the organ controls moving conversely with the orchestra pit. The stage will be large enough—and there will be adequate equipment—to put on anything from a simple screen play to a grand opera. The Grauman interests also are building a new theater in Hollywood, which will face a large court in the center of which will be a fountain spraying over multicolored lights.

Sid Grauman bases his prologue conception upon psychology. Upon the basic pivot of contrast and comparison he builds the "acts" that accompany a picture.

Sometimes the effect of harmony is obtained by a prologue given in a costly setting that carries out the atmosphere of the picture. Illustrating the attraction of interest through contrast was the Western prologue accompanying William S. Hart's "White Oak." A mining camp was used—but the wily exhibitor did not make the mistake of providing too much excitement. There is so much red blood and Indian dust in the picture itself that a contrast was obtained through—*Grand Opera!* It was what was least expected, yet was presented so in accord with the setting of the story that it created the atmosphere to follow. Had the prologue been one of shooting and riotous excitement, the audience would have reached the heights of response beforehand—and the picture itself would have fallen flat.

For the Christmas music there was sung the "Hallelujah," which was entirely in keeping with the day. Then—as a surprise—came Christmas music from foreign lands, the novelty being a Russian song a thousand years old which had its birth in Kiel's oldest church. This expressed what Mr. Grauman calls "variety in unity." Accompanying Wallace Reid's comedy drama, "Rent Free," were a dozen Oriental entertainers and "The Ballet of Light," given by Denishawn dancers. Another theory of Mr. Grauman's that has worked out happily is that fathered by George M. Cohan, who said, "Always leave 'em laughing when you say good-bye."

From all over the country Mr. Grauman gets his dancers and singers. Often local talent is used.

I know of several singers—among them Mabel Burch, a soprano with a certain future—who have obtained their start at his theaters. The pupils of various Los Angeles dancing schools often contribute programs. Their pay is not large—I understand the children receive but two and one half dollars a day—but it serves them also as experience and gains them the notice of other theatrical producers. Occasionally grand opera singers are imported.

Accompanying the showing of "Saturday Night" at the Rialto was a singer, who gave an aria from "Pagliacci," an organist at the big Wurlitzer playing a light fantasy, and the usual interpretative musical score by the theater's orchestra. The Rialto, of course, does not have such massive prologues as the Million Dollar Theater, contenting itself with an occasional demi-tasse dance act or song. The musical score interpreting the picture is arranged by the orchestra leader many weeks in advance and often requires the use of excerpts from fifty or more compositions.

Continued on page 86

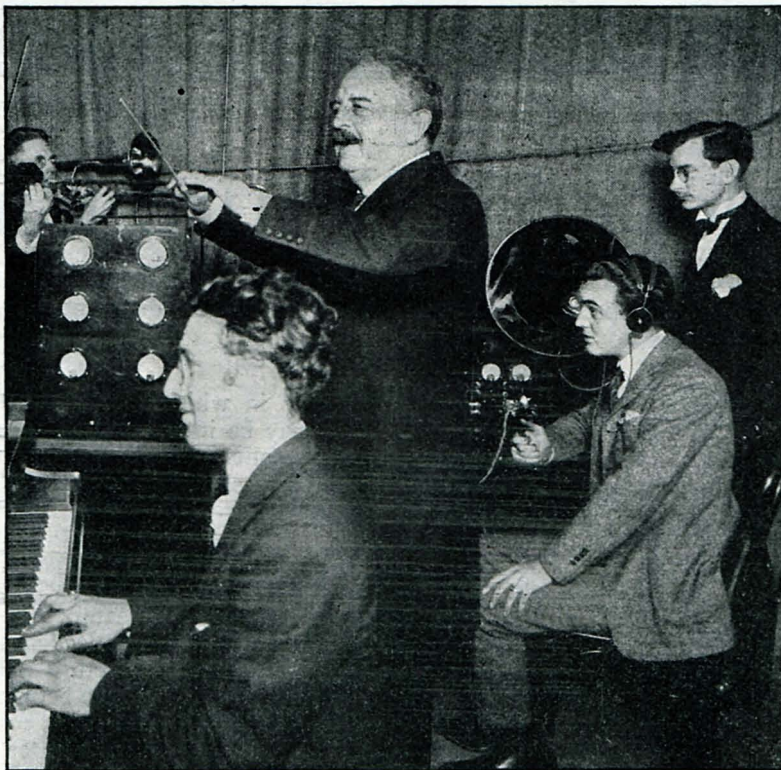


Photo by J. C. Milligan

Victor Herbert conducting an orchestra which by means of the radiophone was heard by audiences in a chain of sixty theaters, extending from Los Angeles as far as Denver and Seattle.



The handsome man with Miss Murray in the picture above and on the opposite page is Robert Frazer, who plays *Carrita*, a toreador.



Below we have Miss Griffith as an extremely modern young woman in a strange setting, and, down in the lower corner—well, wouldn't it be nice to be a movie star and recline comfortably in a deck chair while taking a trip to an island in the West Indies?

A Glimpse of An Island Wife

The languorous Corinne has been making a picture in a setting well suited to her particular charms.

"Lovely" seems to be Corinne Griffith's word. Whether she is wearing hair ribbons and the knee-length dresses of a child, a gorgeous evening gown, or the most unconventional costume, the word always fits her.

What could be more attractive, for instance, than the picture above, showing her as a languorous lady of the South Seas? It is a scene from her latest picture, "Island Wives," in which Corinne as the wife of a trader, has some startling adventures—is rescued from death by a millionaire yachtsman and—
but we mustn't spoil the story.



Here is Nazimova in a pose from the Dance of the Seven Veils, described in detail in the pages following. In the background you can discern the black-clad girls who aid in the dance. In this pose she appears clad only in the silver sheath which is the symbol of nudity.



A New Screen Version of "Salome"

Nazimova is about to burst upon the silver screen in the most individual and bizarre of her screen creations.

Here is a glimpse of what you may expect from Nazimova's version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which is described at length on the second page following by Edwin Schallert. The story is treated, as you see, in somewhat the same futuristic way as was her "Camille." But "Salome" is even further from conventional realism. Costumes and settings were suggested by the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley, that curious figure in the æsthetic movement of the late 80's and early 90's, who illustrated the Wilde play. At the left is Nazimova in one of the mood-interpreting costumes, and below in a characteristic Nazimova pose.

Photos by Rice

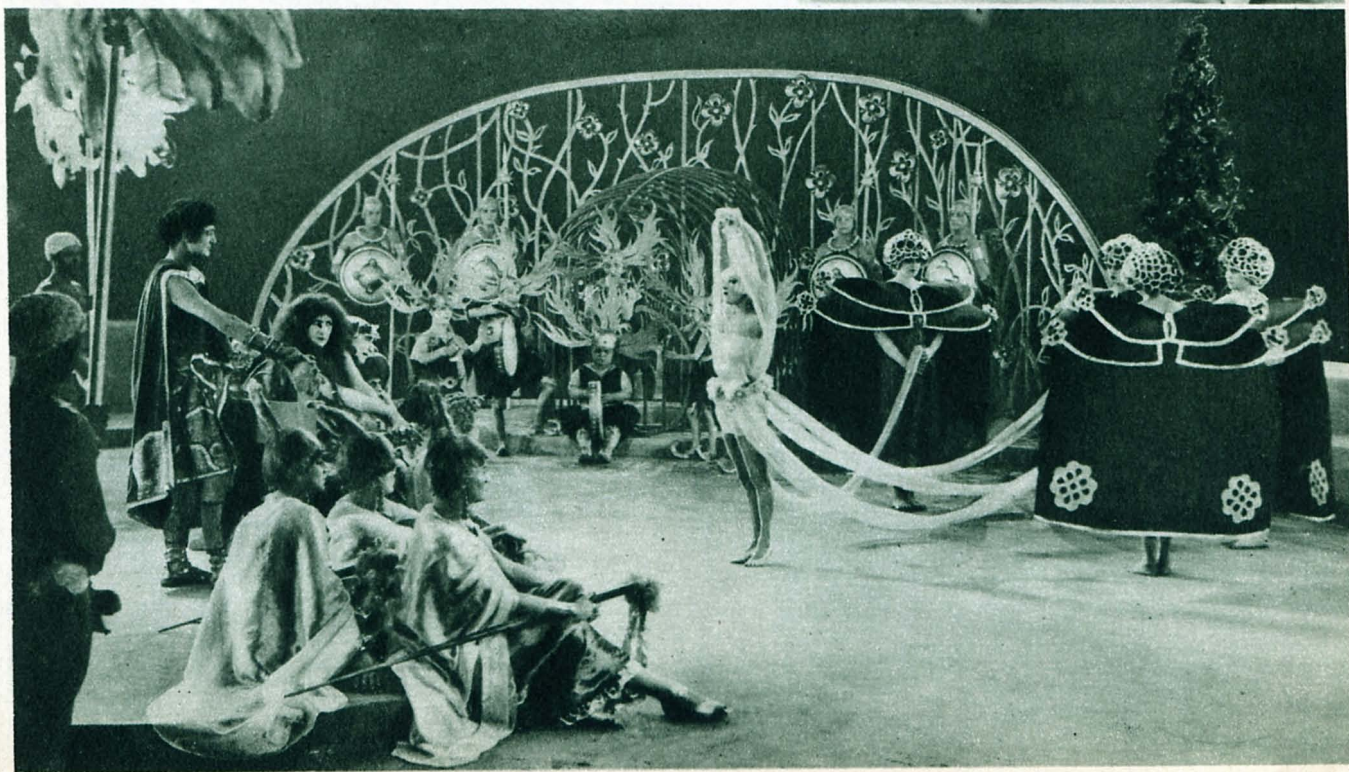


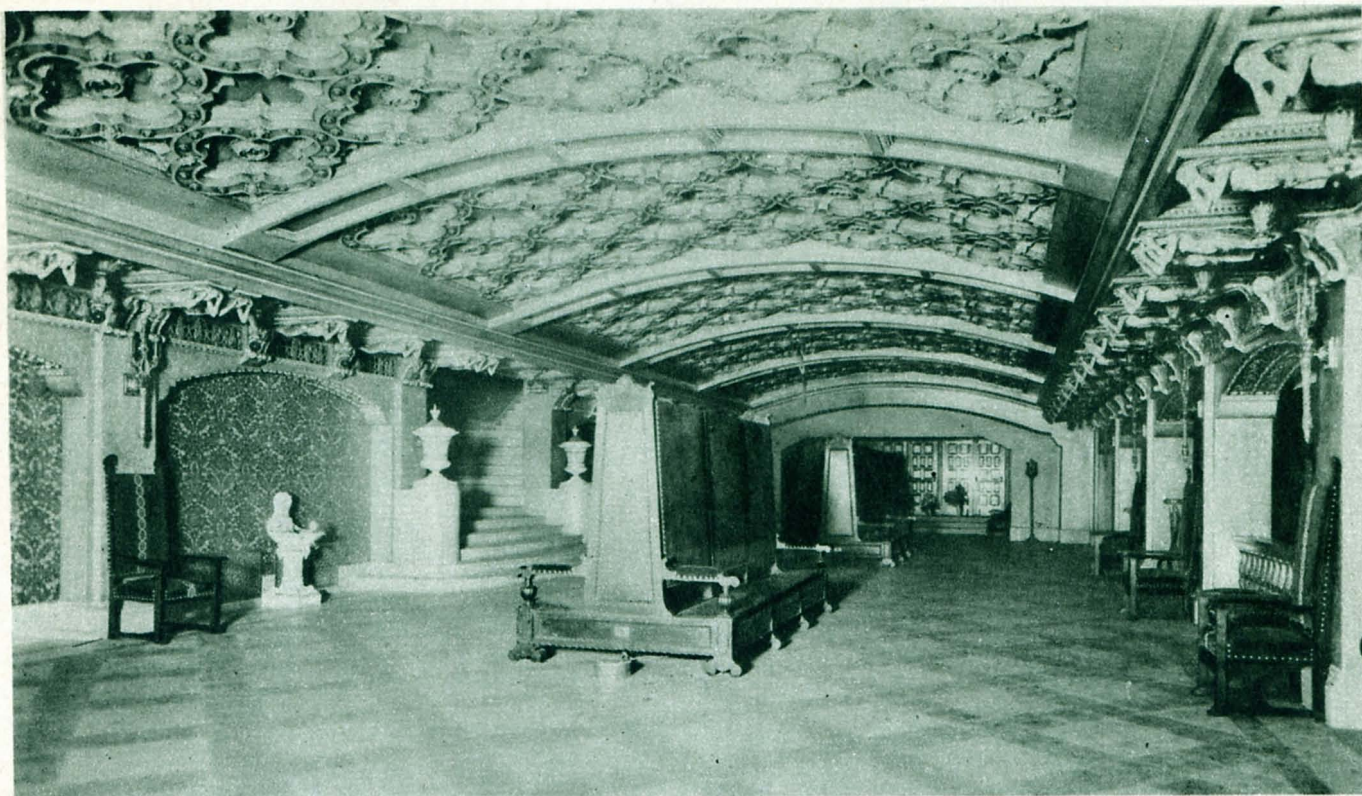


An innocent but spoiled child, a creature of many moods and naive willfulness, who did not know good from evil but wanted only what pleased her, is Nazimova's conception of *Salome*, and that is the way she plays her. Nazimova never plays any rôle according to tradition, but her interpretation of *Salome* promises to be extraordinarily different from previous conceptions. Below is a scene from the picture showing two characters wearing the exaggerated headgear which follows the generally extravagant mood of the production.

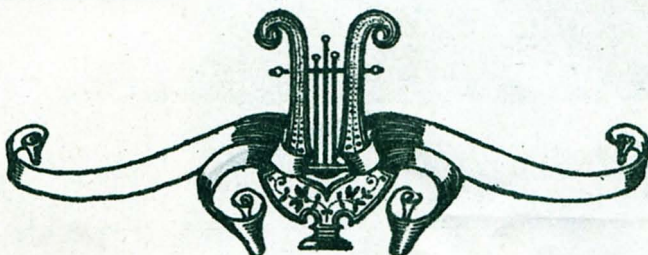
Photos by Rice

Nazimova as *Salome* before *Herod* ready to begin her Dance of the Seven Veils. As she dances the veils will be removed one by one by the four girls in the black costumes.





A few years ago only one or two of the largest cities could boast of having a real picture palace with a full orchestra, artistic programs, a large, airy, and beautifully decorated and appointed auditorium and promenade.



But what a difference to-day! The picture above is not from a New York or Chicago theater, but from one in Terre Haute, Indiana. Below is a group of Denishawn dancers, appearing at Grauman's Los Angeles Theater.

Photo by Stagg

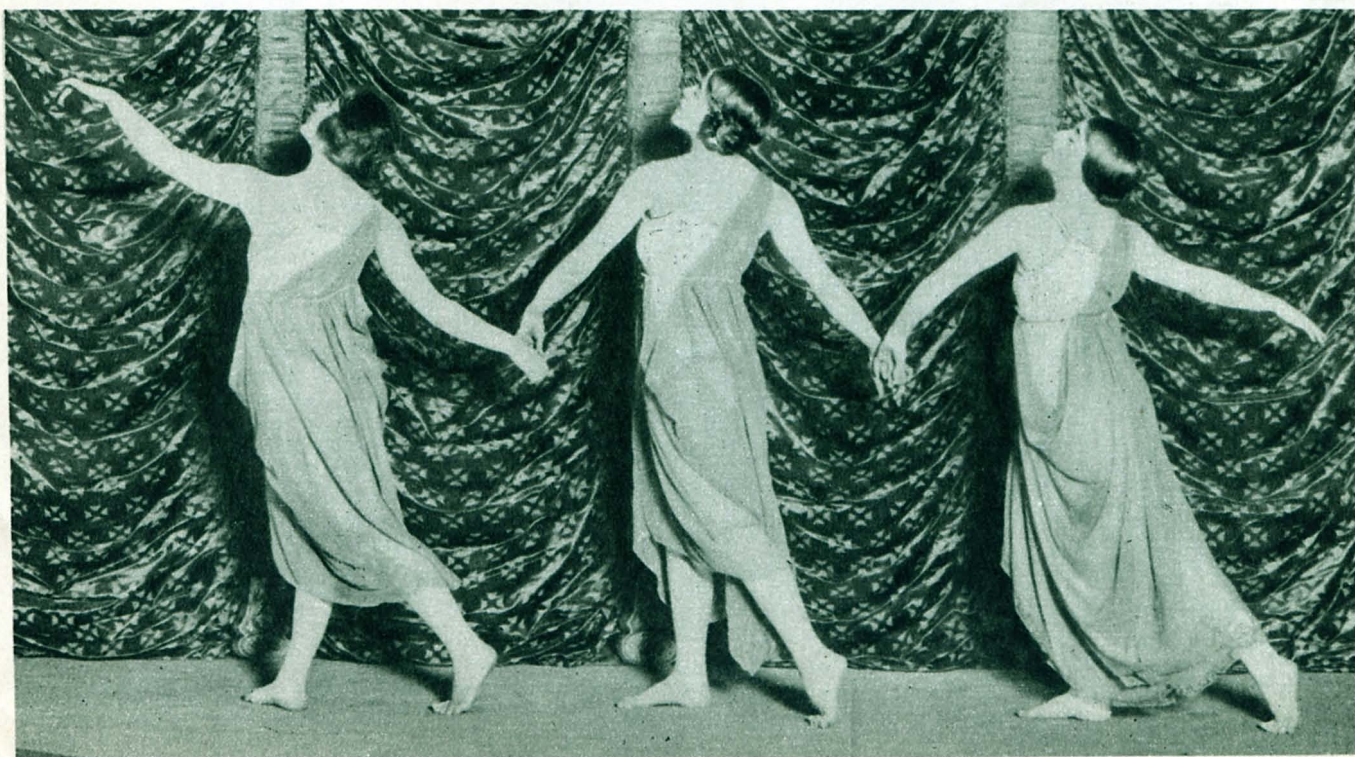




Photo by Albert B. Dupont



Photo by Nicholas Murray



The character of the programs in the finest theaters vary according to the ideas of the managing directors and the size of the buildings. The tiny Criterion Theater, in New York, is especially well adapted for the presentation of delicately intimate prologues, such as the one shown above, the effectiveness of which might be lost in a larger auditorium. The Rivoli and Rialto theaters seldom use such prologues, but are more likely to employ solo dancers such as Vera Myers, shown at the left, and Lillian Powell, on the opposite page.

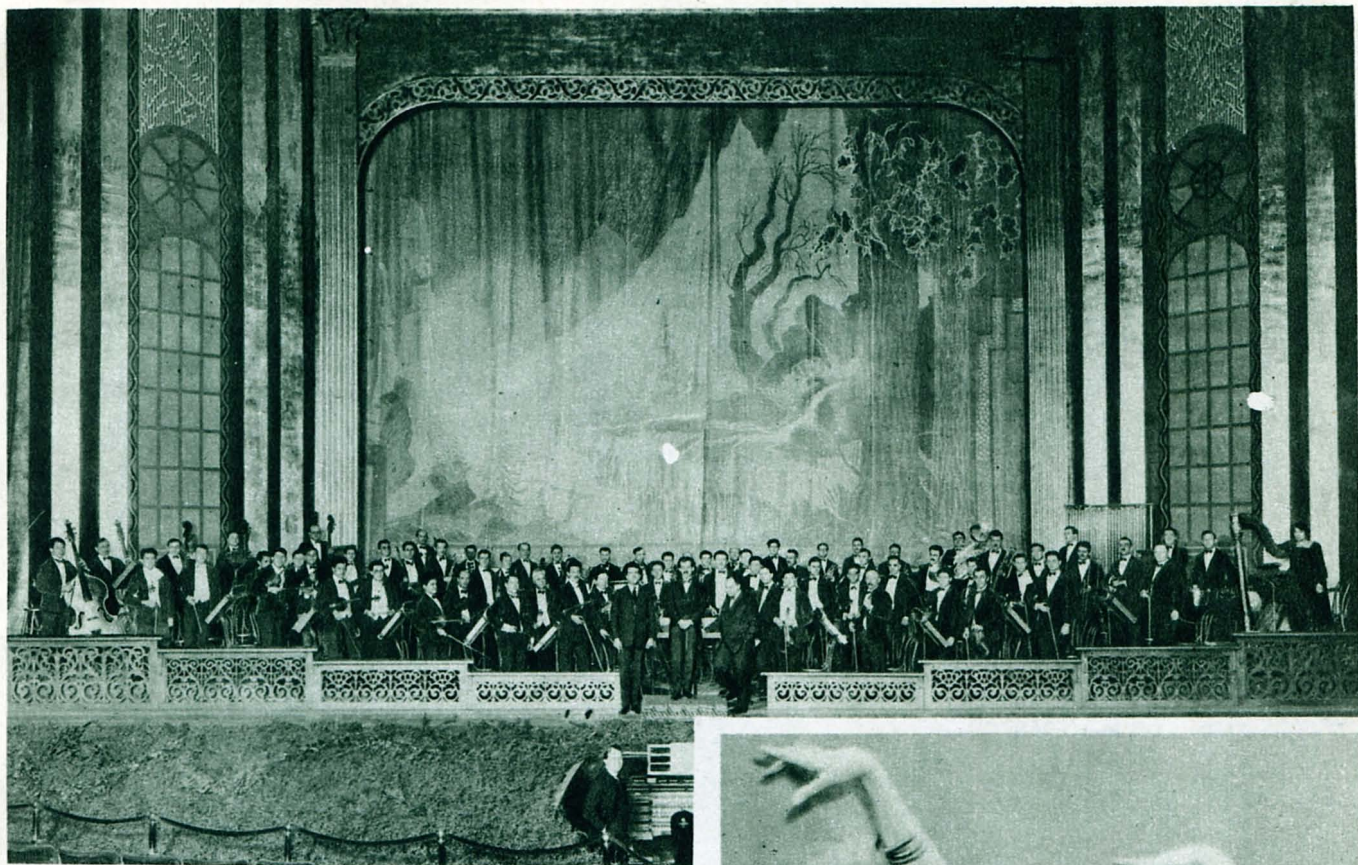


Photo by White



At the huge Capitol Theater, the largest in the world, are presented some of the most effective programs ever assembled. Color, volume, massiveness, brisk movement, and perfect precision are the characteristics of their offerings. The orchestra of seventy pieces—which for special pictures has been increased to ninety—is one of the finest in the country, and one of the most attractive features of the Capitol's splendid programs. Many persons regularly attend this theater for the musical part of the program, regardless of what picture is showing.

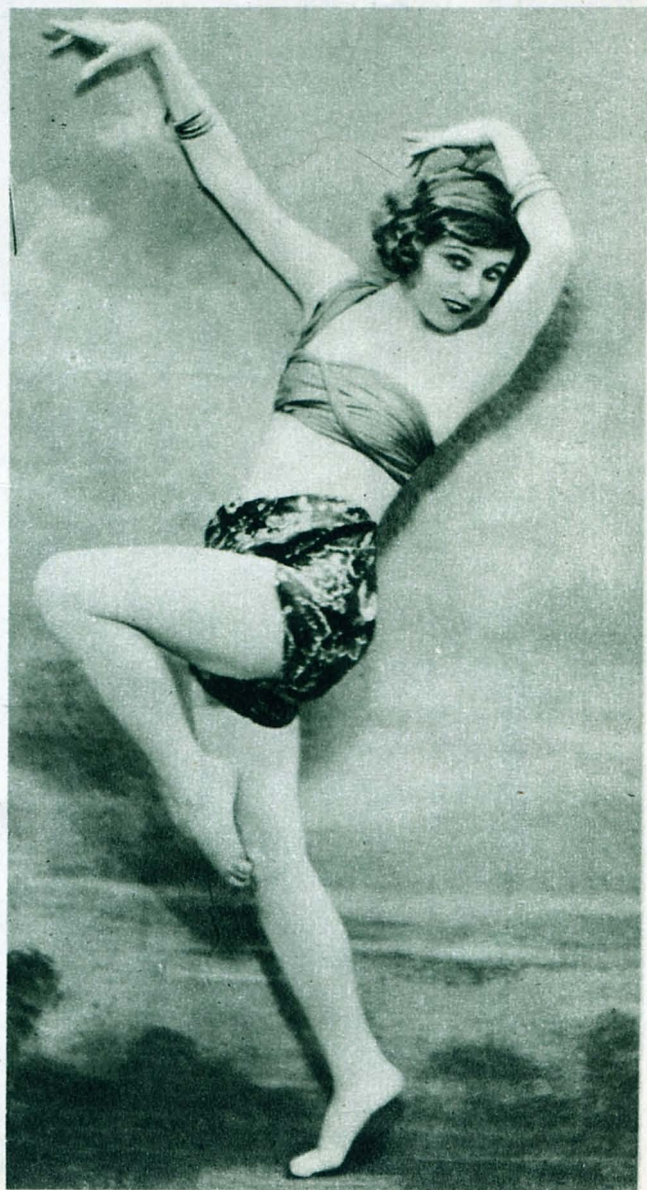
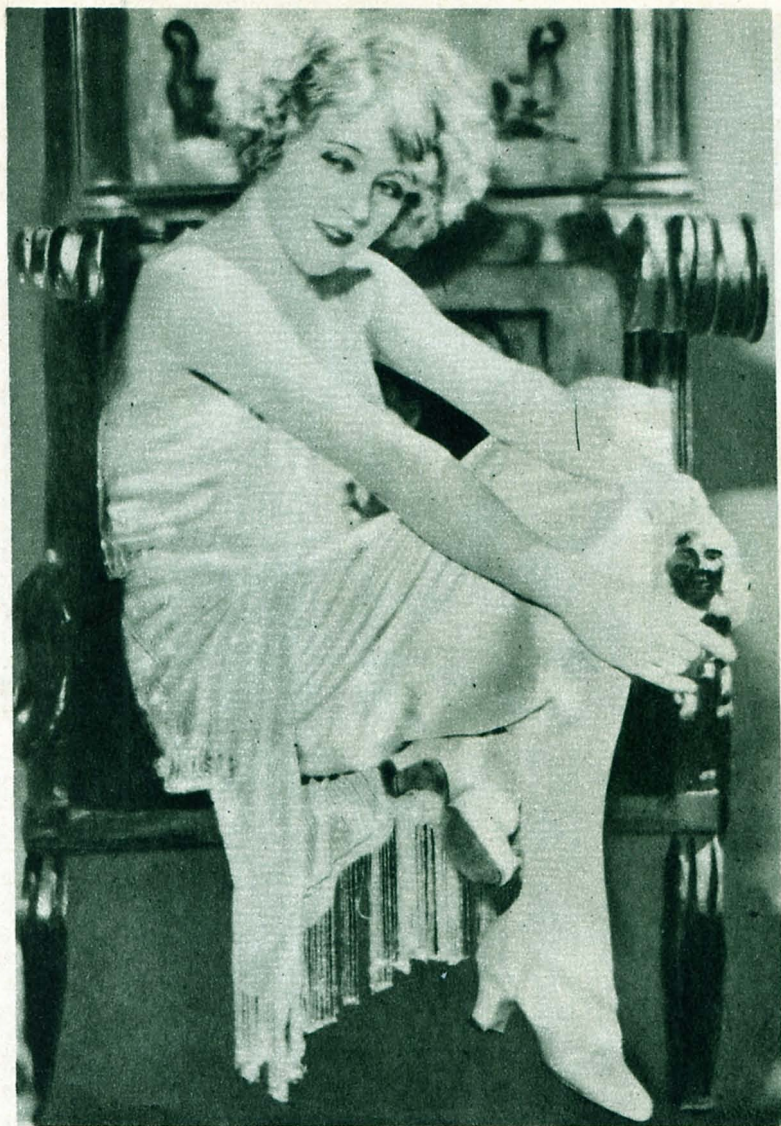
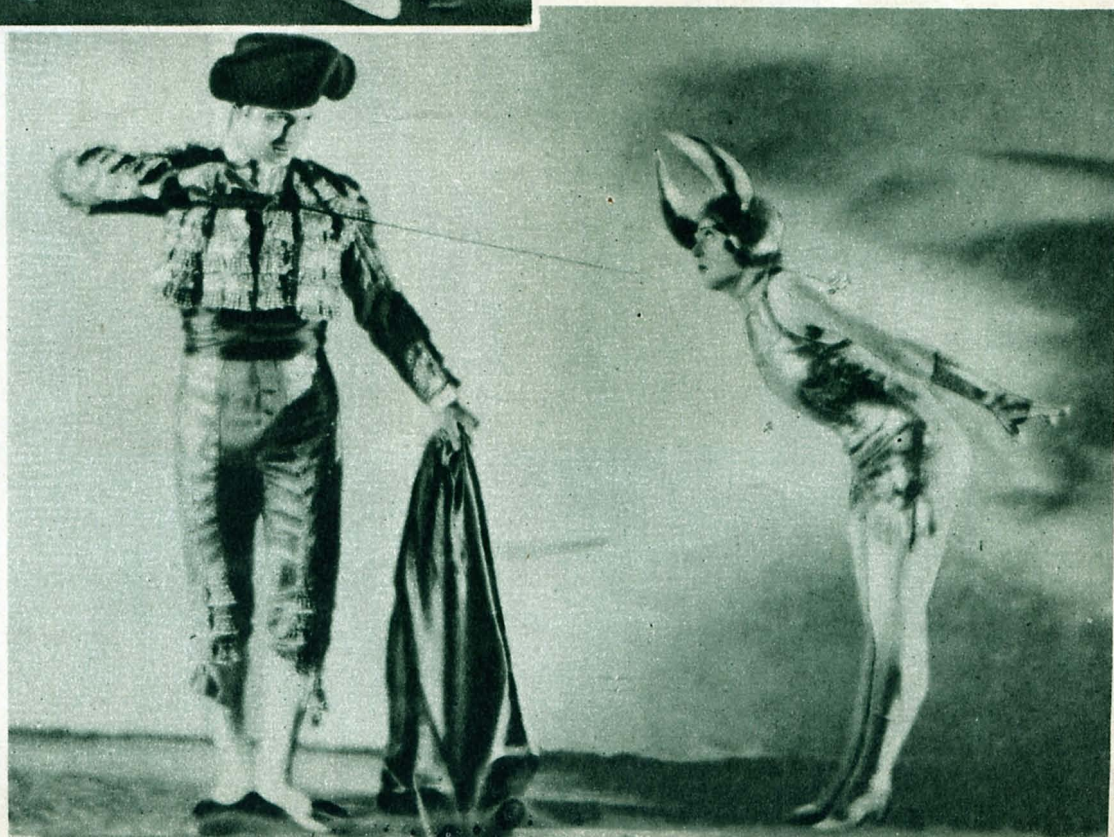


Photo by Ira L. Hill



“Fascination”

Mae Murray listened to the call of Spain—dreamy, romantic Spain, tried on some lace costumes, mantillas and black fans—and succumbed. She made a Spanish picture. It is called “Fascination,” and as *Dolores de Lisa*, the American daughter of a Spaniard, Miss Murray seeks to forget an unhappy love affair in the Old-World atmosphere of her father's country. Although her rôle is not that of a professional dancer, she does a dance—in the costume she is wearing in the picture below—at a private entertainment which is one of the high lights of the picture.



The New Salome

A critical and scholarly impression of Nazimova's latest production of which you have seen glimpses on the two preceding pages—a production the like of which has never before been seen—and perhaps never will be again!

By Edwin Schallert

SILVER and jet—a symphony. . . . Night and its great spaces. . . . The light of a milk-white moon. . . . Turgid torch flames climbing into nothingness; incense smoke languidly ascending. . . . Faces—faces bizarre and grotesque; faces hectic and wan; tired faces, colorless; faces heavy laden with red and black—eyes glimmering dully; lips sealed icily, or red like a pomegranate. . . .

A woman. . . . A woman paler than all; more fevered, burning with a dead fire; desirous; willful—as a child. . . .

A dance—a symphony of black and silver; a dance like the night. . . .

Tragedy—brooding, restless, black, delirious, mad. . . .

Such is *Salomé*, Nazimova's *Salomé*! In all the world of the cinema there has never been a film just like it. In all the world of the cinema there probably never will be again. There is only one *Salomé*, there is only one Nazimova, and it is hard to imagine them wedded more than once.

You know, perhaps, that Nazimova is now carrying out some of her most cherished ideas in pictures. She is doing what, by her knowledge and training, she is best fitted to accomplish, namely, visualizing the plays in which she gained celebrity on the stage, or what is more, those plays which she herself loves ardently.

Salomé represents a new departure in her personal art. Its antecedent, in a way, is Nazimova's *Camille*. It has something of the same futuristic quality. But, whereas in *Camille* the futuristic touch was bounded by the confines of a resemblance to life and its actuality, *Salomé* promises visions and poetry. It is neither a story nor a play, neither life nor its mirror—drama, action, and thought, yes, but chiefly, above all, a mood—a mood given body and substance; a symbol, clothed and bedecked with ornaments and jewels; an organization, as the modern painters call it, of weird emotion that will mean much or little to you personally, depending on how much or

little you are susceptible to a change from sunshine to gloom; the transition from light to darkness, to the memory of a perfume or a melody. It will require the highest sensitiveness, in a word, for its highest appreciation.



Photo by Rice

Nazimova's conception of "*Salomé*" is that she is but "*a little spoiled child.*"

In this respect, it will, I believe, differ not at all from the Oscar Wilde "*Salomé*." If you have read this, you will recall its peculiar emphasis on effect, rather than reality—in other words, its pseudo-impressionism. The opening colloquy on the terrace, for instance, between the young Syrian and the page of Herodias—how meaningless in words, how significant in ideas!

One character talks of *Salomé*, the other—at cross purposes seemingly—of the moon. Yet there is a strange intermingling of their similes and metaphors which suggests that *Salomé* is herself symbolized in the moon. This is borne out later by the fact that virtually every person as he or she comes on the stage makes reference to the moon, indexing his or her own relation to the title character.

Salomé, too, defines herself in her observation—"How good to see the moon! She is like a little piece of money, a little silver flower. She is cold and chaste. I am sure she is a virgin. Yes, she is a virgin. She has never defiled herself. She has never abandoned herself to men like the other goddesses."

This, I know, is the character of *Salomé* as Nazimova interprets her.

Nazimova told me that the *Salomé* she would bring to the screen was to be nothing more than the child—"a little spoiled child," she declared naively. "She knows nothing of evil and nothing of good. She has lived her life in the court of *Herod*, with evil all about her, but she herself is not evil. She has never loved. She is bored with the men about her.

"When she sees *Jokanaan* he fascinates her, but only as a child. He is different. Altogether different from the men of the court, whom she despises—the Greeks with their painted cheeks and frizzed hair, the Egyptians

with long nails and russet cloaks, the Romans with their uncouth jargon—from *Herod* whom she detests because he is always looking at her.

"She does not know why *Jokanaan* fascinates her. She does not understand his words. She knows only how the women about her act and she wants to kiss his lips. When he calls her a daughter of sin—pushes her away, she is hurt, just like a child; but being a petted, spoiled child, she wants her way and so she dances before *Herod* and his court and then demands the head of *Jokanaan* so that she may kiss it.

"You do not see the head. It is hidden in a deep curved shield.

"When I stoop over it, a veil is thrown over my head. When I raise up again, it is like—how shall I say it?—it is like—well—

"You know it is told how certain saints to whom some terrible thing has happened, begin just then to see a great light—well, it is like that with *Salomé*. I show the wonder, the marveling, the great uncertainty of my realization. I am momentarily transformed and then—"

Madame's gesture was amply indicative of what followed—*Herod's* abrupt command, "Kill that woman!" and the inky close of the picture.

Virtually all of "*Salomé*" transpires on a single set—a huge one. It is the great terrace in front of the palace of *Herod*, leading directly down into the banquet hall. As in the play, the time is reduced to a Greek minimum. The tragic events all take place in an evening. The

picture is consequently just about five reels in length.

Had the drama all been confined to the terrace, it would have been less, but Madame chose rather to sketch some of the dialogue in action. Consequently, there is a brief sequence devoted to the epicurean feast of *Herod*, there are several shots of the dank depth of the cistern where *Jokanaan* is imprisoned and there are iridescent glimpses of *Salomé* in imaginative possession of the gifts of pearls, diamonds, and topazes, rubies and emeralds, of the cloak of feathers and the amber sandals, of the gorgeous white peacocks, all of which *Herod* promises her if she will relinquish her demand for the head of *Jokanaan*.

The terrace set is one of the most remarkable in its lavish simplicity that I have ever seen. In its general lines, it is copied after the art work of Aubrey Beardsley, a noted illustrator of the latter nineteenth century, who provided a number of curiously clever semisatirical drawings for Oscar Wilde's "*Salomé*." Beardsley had little use for periods or actualities. He was concerned chiefly with vivid impressions, with outstanding features of the spirit, as well as the flesh. His influence can be traced strongly in the kaleidoscopic costuming of Nazimova which follows the changing moods of the play. It may also be noted in the settings in the flowerlike intricacy of the grillework which adorns the corner near the cistern prison of *Jokanaan*, and in the silver-and-black tracery on the portals of the palace.

The silvery color tone, which is dominant in the set, gives a sheen to the background. This sheen pervades the entire picture. In the instance of the various characters, it is heightened by the use of gold paint. Finger nails and eyelids are touched with this, and the result is a halation ever so slight, but uncannily effective.

The Dance of the Seven Veils—which has always proved a sensational obstacle, has been treated in such a way as probably completely to avoid censorship. Instead of removing one veil after another, as is done on the stage, Nazimova has four girls clad in black robes assist her, and as she dances, they unwind four of the veils. Then they remove two more, leaving her clothed in a silver sheath from bosom to knees. This sheath is the symbol of nudity. Finally, the girls fling over her a large veil—the seventh—swathed in which she completes the dance. All the while, six dwarfs, ugly, misshapen figures, again suggested by the Beardsley drawings, play various instruments, jumping up and down. One dwarf is covered with cymbals, on which he beats with other cymbals as he moves with ungainly steps.

The dance is designed to be weird and amusing at once. The intent throughout the picture, in fact, has been not to take the Oscar Wilde play too seriously, but through presenting it in a somewhat fantastic manner—as it is believed Wilde intended it to be performed—to avoid the barbs of censorship which "*Salomé's*" sensational fame would invite.

Griffith's Musical Secrets

Continued from page 20

from the point of view of the picture producer, primarily, rather than for its real value as music." In other words, Griffith senses, or knows, through long experience, to what type of musical theme and to what manner of handling of these themes his audiences will best respond, just as he has learned through experience how much and what kind of action, plot, emotion, suspense, and the like, his audiences prefer.

After selecting the main themes or motives, Griffith calls in a high-grade technical musician, the sort who prepares orchestrations and operatic scores. The producer goes over the picture with this musician, indicating

in certain places how he wants each theme developed, by singing "ta-ra-ta-ta," at the same time indicating such things as *crescendos* and the like. As soon as the picture approaches completion, that is, when it is first assembled, in much longer form than the finished one, the music is completely worked out and orchestrated. For the last two weeks or more, while they are cutting the picture, they have an orchestra which plays during each of the try-out performances. The orchestra for "*The Orphans*" cost them eight thousand dollars they say. After each performance, for every inch that is cut out of the film, so many bars or notes are cut out of the music. For

the most absolute precision has to be attained in the synchronizing of the picture and its musical accompaniment. During this time some twenty or thirty copyists are at work copying the score for the different units which are to open simultaneously in several large cities. This, they say, is done to save time, as to get the score printed would take longer.

It's very interesting to watch audiences with this musical setting. Everybody gets it—*everybody*. We sometimes notice the crowd, leaving the theater. People will be humming this or that theme. Everybody seems to get a favorite which sticks in the memory, which, after all, is the best tribute to its effectiveness.

Inspired by the success of "*The Three Musketeers*" and other elaborate productions, popular stars are beginning to make the most massive motion pictures they have ever attempted. Towers of medieval castles are beginning to show their spires above the homes of Hollywood, and quaint old villages are springing up on the studio lots. Great treats are in store for motion-picture fans, and Edwin Schallert will tell about these good things to come in an early issue of "Picture-Play."

"Lemme Tellya Sumthin'"

An interview with a handsome young motion-picture actor who gave an embrace when asked for an opinion.

By Caroline Bell

THERE is one point on which motion-picture audiences are pretty evenly divided—and that is whether Richard Headrick, the blond baby who patters about in shiny satin pajamas and reunites mamma and papa in the last reel of the Mayer photo plays ought to be allowed to live or not. And if you line up with the enthusiastically negative side it may interest you to know that I used to be one of you, but having met Richard, am no more. I am converted. In the future I will greet every roguish smile, every almost-too-cute action with joy instead of disgust, for I know now they are natural with Richard, not the affectations of an overtrained stage child.

When I went to see "Itchie," as he calls himself, he was sitting at the switchboard in the outside office of the studio with the telephone operator. He was intent on a piece of paper in his lap and a pencil clutched tightly in his hand. He was all excited because he had just drawn a picture of a mountain with two trees growing on its heights.

"Lemme tellya sumthin'," he said with a cunning baby lisp when we were introduced. "Mr. Mayer is the bes' studio owner in the world—Uncle John is the bes' director, and Uncle Charlie Tondon is the bes' publicity man."

"Not," I decided, still cynical. "If he taught you to make *that* little speech." But I had to admit that the baby seemed to do it spontaneously.

I asked Richard if he liked to swim—he is a champion child swimmer, you know.

"I luv it," he assured me solemnly. "But I don't wike cold waher. Uncle John knows I don't wike it, so in 'The Child Oo Gaves' Me' when I had to jump in a pool of cold wäher, dey told me it wuz warm. Dey started takin' the pitcher soon's I got in. A man wuz standin' on the bank an' he fought I wuz drownin'. He jumped in an' spoiled the pitcher, and Uncle John said, 'Oo poor boob, dat baby can swim better an oo



can.' An' I want to tellya sumthin'. Dey couldn't make the pitcher that day 'cause I wouldn't det back in the col' wäher. Lemme tellya sumthin," he went on, hardly pausing for breath. "Will Wogers invited me to swim with him in his pool, and I liked it fine, and I luv to wide my bike. Dess I will now."

Obviously the interview was beginning to tire him. He went off and rode around the studio a few times on his miniature bicycle. I

was relieved, for I knew then that he hadn't been coached for the occasion. While he was gone I found out from his mother and father that he has gone through a series of exercises ever since he was a tiny baby. He swims in the

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The West Coast Theaters, Inc., operate a chain of sixty show houses, most prominent of which is the Kinema of Los Angeles. They order prologues and pictures in wholesale lots, keeping in mind the local temperaments of the many audiences to whom they cater in the various towns. Within the past twelve months this organization has grown into an important factor in motion-picture presentation. It has a prologue and vaudeville department of its own, with managers whose business it is to book the "acts." Other prologues are built locally around the picture to be shown, and rehearsed to the point of perfection weeks ahead. Now associated with the New York Concert League, the West Coast Theaters have a mighty drawing list of vocal and instrumental talent. Victor Herbert recently played a week's engagement at the Kinema—I understand he is touring the circuit at a weekly honorarium of twenty-five hundred dollars. Sasche Jacobson, The Six Brown Brothers, and others equally well known will follow him. In connection with the showing of "The Lotus Eater," appeared a noted violinist, Jan Rubini, in his own interpretation of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata."

The West Coast Theaters recently inaugurated a "wireless orchestra," the first of its kind out here. By means of the radiophone the Kinema orchestra supplies the music for the

sixty theaters on the West Coast chain, each of which is equipped with receiving apparatus. Between orchestral numbers, the wireless transmits late news to the smaller towns on the circuit. Service of music and news reaches points as far away as Mexico, Denver, and Seattle. Ships out on the Pacific "tune in" and enjoy the same concert being played for patrons of the Kinema Theater. The first musical offering sent out was Victor Herbert leading the Kinema orchestra playing his "Natoma." No invention of recent years promises as much for the improvement of the programs in the smaller cities as this marvelous electrical device.

In opposition to the policy in vogue at the other big downtown theaters, the California has abolished the prologue. It is the contention of the manager, Mr. Fred Miller, that when people want to see pictures, they want *pictures*, and when they want music they attend a concert. His program consists entirely of pictures, with a feature and the usual short subjects. Special attention is given the interpretative dramatic score, which is worked out far in advance by the director of the orchestra, and his fifty musicians.

However, recognizing the demand for music, the theater offers twice daily a half-hour orchestral program. In that way, those who do not care for the music may attend the other performances without having to sit through the music, and those who

wish to hear it may come at the stated hour for the concert and remain for the picture program afterward. A great deal of favorable comment has been aroused by this scheme. "Prologues have no place on a picture theater program," says Mr. Miller, "therefore we are concentrating on 'better pictures' and 'better music,' but each separately." Such composers as Wagner, Von Blon, Verdi, Liszt, Puccini, and Gounod are represented, the program usually ending with a bit of jazz, "to suit all tastes."

It is the present policy of Lowe's State—Los Angeles' newest and most gorgeously decorative theater, with its brilliant mosaic ceiling, colorful frescoes and massive red velvet and gold curtains—to combine pictures with five acts of vaudeville. One of their recent orchestral novelties, arranged by conductor, Don Philippini, was "The Evolution of Dixie," a musical fantasy accompanied by exquisite still-life slides upon the screen. At the Mission—a little Spanish theater of red tile and changeable lights peeping from spraying fountains—such picture spectacles as "The Three Musketeers," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Hail the Woman," and "Foolish Wives" are given runs of from one to two months, with appropriate musical accompaniment. The only attempt at prologue here is an occasional song or dance, all efforts being concentrated upon the showing of the picture and its orchestral interpretation.

A Picture in True Colors at Last

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blurred as was the case in the earlier attempts at color photography. The colors are very beautiful and range from delicate pastel effects to strikingly vivid scenes that seem almost like poster effects. One of these scenes that gains much in effectiveness from the boldness of its colors is the London Fire which plays an important and sensational part in the story.

Lady Diana Manners is worthy of the honor of being the star of this first production in natural colors for she is a famous beauty and not a small part of her charm lies in her exquisite coloring. Other motion-picture stars have appeared in brief scenes in natural colors—Lillian Gish in "Way Down East," and Mae Murray in "Peacock Alley" among others—but those were scenes in which there was very little movement. The camera which photographed "The Glorious Adventure" met all needs of dramatic action.

All of that made it nice for Lady

Diana. She had the advantage of being photographed in the colorful lustrous fabrics that were most becoming to her, and subtleties of shading in the soft tones of her skin and hair were caught that never would have registered if an ordinary motion-picture camera had been used. But the scenario was not so kind to Lady Diana; in fact, if you have an idea that Lady Diana just walked through this story looking beautiful, go to "The Glorious Adventure" and you will have the shock of your life.

The story concerns a great lady of the seventeenth century, who was in desperate financial straits. She took advantage of a law of that time which absolved a woman from her debts on her marriage, and married a criminal in Newgate Gaol thinking that he was to be executed the following morning. But the Fire of London breaks out, the criminal escapes, and he seeks his beautiful bride.

The man who plays the part of the criminal she marries is Victor Mc-

Laglan, a noted former boxer who once fought Jack Johnson and who had many thrilling ring encounters. At one time he held the championship of the Pacific Northwest.

Among the interesting features of the production are the wonderful old paintings and hangings utilized in the settings. The use of rich old tapestry and masterpieces of painting suggest the trend that picture plays in colors will take. Through them people all over the world can become acquainted with the art of various countries. Compared with what can be done in natural colors, the accomplishment of dull-toned films along this line is negligible.

Appreciation and love of color is not contingent on breeding, on intelligence or on education. It belongs to the savage even more than to the man of culture. It is inherent in almost every one, and because of that there is a big future for the natural-colored films of which "The Glorious Adventure" is the first.



The Coming of *Crusoe*

By Edna Foley

The greatest of all shipwrecked heroes is about to make his appearance on the screen.

THE "Movie Fan's Mother Goose" used to contain, among many others, the following parody:

*Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
I wonder how they could do so,
They've fillumed the hero of every tale
Save poor old Robinson Crusoe!*

Now it's quite likely that no one would ever have dreamed of putting poor old *Robinson* on the screen if Universal had not conceived their idea for a new kind of serial, based on history or classic legend. *Robinson Crusoe* never would have done as the hero of a five-reel feature, but his adventures furnished enough material for a fifteen-episode "continued in our next," and you'll soon be seeing them.

Can you guess who they picked to play the part of *Crusoe*? Probably not, unless you've already been told. If the choice of an actor for the part had been obvious

—as obvious, say, as Rodolph Valentino for the rôle of the bullfighter in "Blood and Sand"—it would not have taken Universal officials weeks to decide who should play the part. And they did puzzle over it for a long time.

Do you recognize him in this make-up? Well, possibly. You all grew to know him so well in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" that you'd probably be able to penetrate any disguise Harry Myers might put on.

Yes, Harry Myers is the man. After weeks of examining candidates for the rôle of *Robinson Crusoe* and taking test films of them he was given the part. After he had made a few scenes, the people in the company wondered why they had ever even considered any one else, for he made a *Crusoe* that they are proud to introduce to the thousands of children and grown-ups whose idol in literature is *Robinson Crusoe*.

Continued from page 67

from abroad and is going West soon to play in some Famous Players-Lasky pictures. Norma Talmadge and her husband came to New York, but left right away for Palm Beach; Constance expected to do likewise—but without her husband—but her mother was taken ill and Constance stayed in New York to be with her. Norman Kerry is back from abroad. He attracted such a crowd in the lobby of the Palace Theater the first night he walked up Broadway that it seemed almost as though the Pickford-Fairbanks family was making an appearance. Alice Calhoun has the grippe—

"Fanny," I remonstrated. "You have all the fluency of a train announcer, I know. But stop, please, and tell me the details."

"Doris May is having the time of her life making 'Gay and Devilish' and Bessie Love at last has a part worthy of her in the Burston special production 'Forget Me Not.' Every one is so pleased about Bessie," she slowed up long enough to remark. "She had such awfully bad luck for such a long time until Sessue Hayakawa broke her jinx by giving her a good part in 'The Vermilion Pencil.' Constance Talmadge has finally succeeded in buying the screen rights to 'East Is West' and Norma has 'The First Year,' and they will start working on them soon—that is, as soon as they can bear to tear themselves away and go back to California. But have you heard about Wallace Reid?"

"No," I gasped, breathless from following her remarks.

"He has signed up to drive a car in the automobile races at Indianapolis May thirty-first. Oh, I *hope* that nothing happens to him!"

"Something always happens to Wallie," I protested; "he'd be bored stiff if it didn't."

As usual Fanny lost interest in the conversation as soon as I ventured a remark. She gazed out of the window languidly, nodding to acquaintances as they passed by, until suddenly she clutched me by the arm.

"There's Betty Blythe," she announced with as much awe as though she never had known Betty. "Did you ever see any one look so marvelous in your life? Oh, well," she sighed, "she always does! The other night at the Motion-Picture Directors' Association dinner there was only one discussion that the guests took any real interest in. That was over who was the most beautiful woman there. Betty Blythe, Corinne Griffith, or Mae Murray. I'd hate to try to decide, but I am sure that Betty was the most striking looking."

"If Elsie Ferguson had only been

there, the whole thing would have been much more complicated—because, oh, well, you know it doesn't matter how beautiful any one else is, in her quiet way Elsie Ferguson always looks more distinguished. And that reminds me, she is going to start work again right away. She's going to make 'Outcast,' one of her most successful stage plays, and I'm terribly afraid the censors will tear it to bits.

"James Kirkwood has left New York flat. You know, he wanted to stay here in the East, but there are only a few productions being made here, and he got such a wonderful offer to play with Priscilla Dean in 'Under Two Flags' that he simply couldn't resist taking it even if it did mean going back to California.

"Olga Petrova has been throwing out mysterious hints about returning soon to pictures, but it is too much like crying, 'Wolf, Wolf.' I'm not going to take her seriously now until she actually starts work on a picture. Theda Bara is going to start very soon, and that reminds me—you know Theda Bara never used to go to public functions and never went out on the street unless she was heavily veiled. Well, that is all over now. Maybe her husband has persuaded her that keeping aloof from the public and maintaining a general air of mystery about her person is all flapdoodle. Anyway, she goes to parties now given by organizations in the industry and shakes hands with the exhibitors just like any other real person.

"And speaking of Theda Bara always reminds me of Lillian and Dorothy Gish because they are so different. The Gish girls spend all their time dashing from one part of the country to another appearing at the openings of 'Orphans of the Storm.' The last opening to be announced was London, and they were awfully sorry that they couldn't go all the way there just to see the picture start its career in England.

"They went to Washington a while ago and were entertained at luncheon at the White House. President and Mrs. Harding are such motion-picture fans that they always receive all the stars that come to Washington, but Lillian and Dorothy and Mr. Griffith are the first ones to be invited to luncheon.

"Of course, Mary Pickford will always be known as 'America's Sweetheart,' but I've an idea that gradually so many people will begin to think of Lillian as 'Every One's Little Sister' that the name will become her own. And I think it is a warmer, more personal tribute than that paid to Mary."

She paused to wave airily at Doris Kenyon who was hustling by.

"How Doris ever has time to do everything she does is a mystery to me," she went on. "She is playing on the stage in 'Up the Ladder' and making 'The Curse of Drink' in pictures and writing poetry on the side.

"But have you heard about Snub Pollard!" Fanny was positively aghast. "He's gone and got married, and it isn't to Marie Mosquini. He married Mrs. Elizabeth Bowen, a nonprofessional. Oh, well, a man never appreciates the rose that grows in his own back yard!"

She took a pair of horn-rimmed eyeglasses out of her bag and put them on, leaning over to study the effect in the mirror of her vanity bag.

"What now?" I asked weakly.

"I thought I'd wear them at the next meeting of the Central Park West Literary Society. That's Alma Rubens and I, you know. We meet every week or so at her house and talk about the wealth of literature that has never been touched by the films."

"Touched!" I said vindictively. "You mean trampled on, crushed."

"The meeting usually opens," Fanny went on, ignoring my remarks, "with Alma asking me if I've read something or other of Stevenson's. 'It's a wonderful story,' she'll add with an expressive shrug of her shoulders. And I say, 'No; I haven't,' very meekly, and ask her if she's read it herself, and she admits she hasn't, and then she changes the subject to hats, and we call off the meeting and go shopping. Last time Constance Talmadge was there, and she kept us in an uproar all the time. A man telephoned Alma and Constance answered and imitated her voice so perfectly that he didn't know the difference for a long time.

"Every time Alma and I would start talking about something serious Constance would put a jazz record on the phonograph and do a funny little dance. Oh, how that girl can dance!"

Fanny was obviously so jealous that she didn't even want to talk about Constance any more.

"I know lots of news," she went on. "Dorothy Dalton is coming East for a vacation as soon as she finishes 'The Cat That Walked Alone,' and Ethel Clayton has gone West, and—"

"Fanny," I told her, "your brain works just like a carpet sweeper."

"Oh, does it?" she retorted, taking offense at my innocent criticism. "Well I guess I'll just leave you to pay the check then, and run up to Rubye de Remer's to see what I can take in."

Mutts

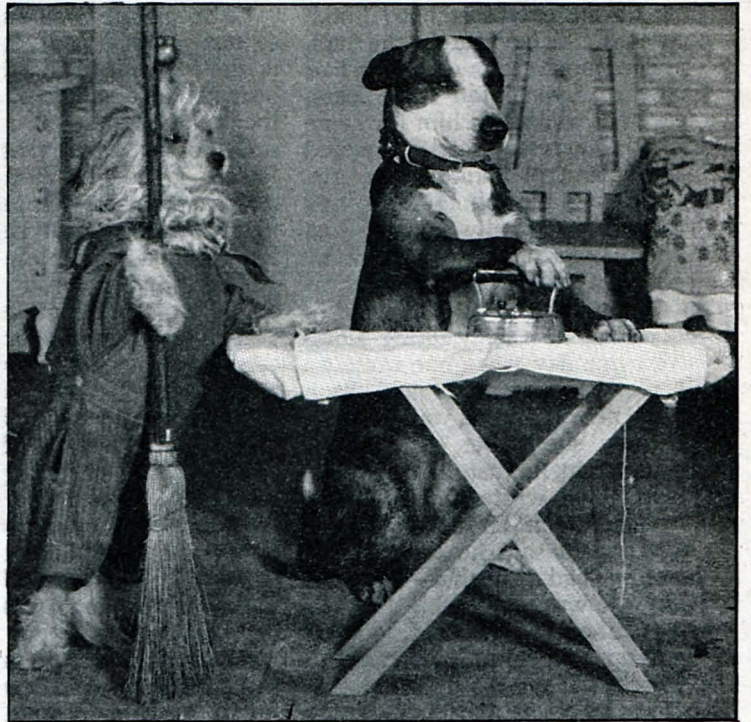
Not an elegant title for a picture, but these actors never put up a howl about it.

By Edna Foley

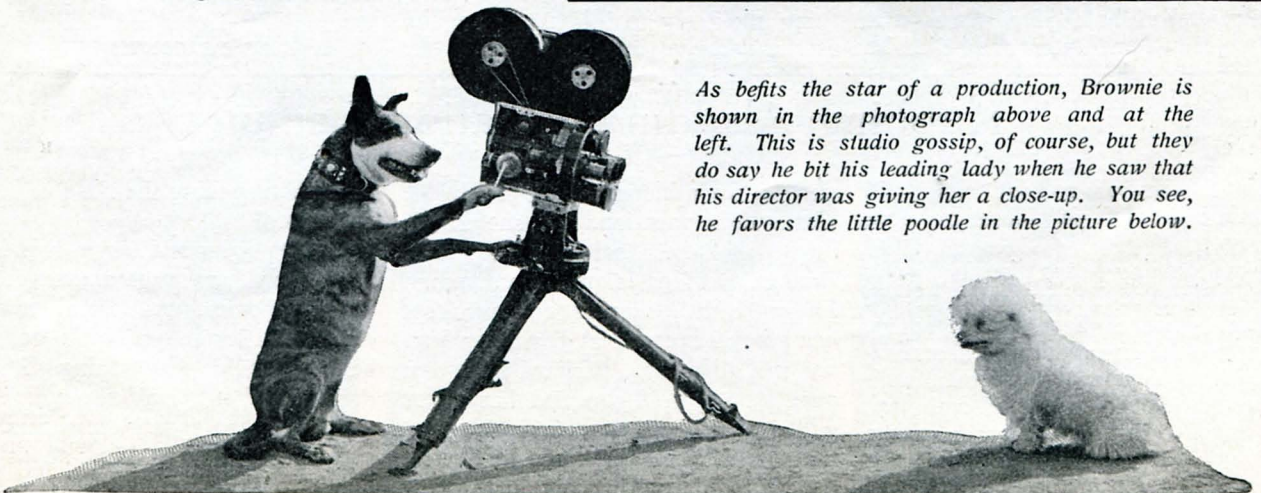
TO get real human interest in a picture, as Will Rogers has often remarked, they have to put in animals. And no more distinguished animal actor is there than Brownie, the Century wonder dog. With his popularity growing by leaps and bounds what could be more natural than for his director to say, "If one dog makes a comedy good, then a lot will make it better"—and forthwith decide to make a picture with a cast composed entirely of dogs. The comedy is "Mutts" and in it Brownie, the star, is supported by nine other talented dog actors and a redoubtable police force of fifty Pekingeses.



Underworld types are a feature of this picture, for the action centers in the wildest joint in dog-land. This intrepid soul just has to stagger out of the café once in a while for a breath of fresh air.



As befits the star of a production, Brownie is shown in the photograph above and at the left. This is studio gossip, of course, but they do say he bit his leading lady when he saw that his director was giving her a close-up. You see, he favors the little poodle in the picture below.



Continued from page 52

yelled the director. But Stew didn't move. 'Come on—one more take on that,' he shouted again, and then, getting impatient, 'Hey, Lyons—we've got to get that again!'

"But Lyons didn't move. A man ran over to him, then another dashed across the open space, and together they lifted him up. He was perfectly limp, and as they lifted him, the blood spurted out of the wound in his breast. Sarah didn't choke back the screams that crowded into her throat any longer, but I was the only one who heard them. The lot was in an uproar, and the director had to fight his way with his fists through the crowd that had gathered around Lyons' body."

CHAPTER XII.

"Then—but who killed him?" I broke in, as Barry Stevens paused. "And why didn't anybody know when it happened?"

"One of the extras stabbed him," he answered. "They caught the man, and he confessed. His daughter had been one of Lyons' fan worshipers, and had been writing to him for some time. His secretary had answered the letters, and had kidded the girl along, thinking the whole thing was funny. She had finally come to Los Angeles to see him—on money of her father's that she had taken without his knowing it—and had tried to see Stew. He'd been walking along the street one day when she came up and spoke to him, and he'd been rather too nice to her, as was his way. Then, when she wrote and begged to see him again, he just didn't bother, and at last she wrote home in desperation, telling a lot of fool stuff about how he'd said he loved her—his secretary had done that—and how unhappy she was.

"Her father, a Spaniard, got all wrought up over the affair, came to Los Angeles, found his daughter sick from lack of food and from living in a wretched hole of a place—and when she got pneumonia and died he

vowed vengeance on Stew, just like a melodrama. He got him, too—it took him six months to get a job as extra in a picture with Stew, and then he had to wait three months before he got one that would give him a chance to get anywhere near Lyons."

"But I thought Stewart Lyons died of ptomaine poisoning," I protested. "That's what every one said."

"Sure you did," he retorted. "That's what everybody thought. It would never have done to let the truth get out, and of course, though some of the people who knew the truth, did tell it, it was so wild and extravagant that people generally thought it was just one more rumor about the movie world, and let it go at that. A few of the craziest rumors you hear are true, but there have been so many more utterly wild ones that weren't true that nobody believes any of them any more."

"But what happened to the picture—and to Sarah Grant?" I asked.

"The picture was shelved, just as so many are. You hear about them in the beginning, and then you never hear about them again, either because they're too awful to release, or for some other such reason. As for Sarah, I thought at first, when we realized what had happened to Lyons, that she'd die right then and there. She looked absolutely stricken. I got her to sit down at her desk, and made her drink some water, and did everything I could for her, but she sat there moaning, 'He's dead—and we were to be married next week.' I was worried sick about her, and didn't know what to do.

"Finally I called up the woman who had designed the dress for her—I knew they were good friends. I took Sarah over there, and she stayed there till she was well; she had a nervous breakdown that kept her in bed for weeks.

"Then I went to see her. She looked ghastly, and I was afraid that unless I could interest her in something she'd try to kill herself again, as she had that other time. But she

didn't seem to care enough even to try that.

"She had to get work of some kind, though, for she still had her brother and her mother to support, and that meant that she'd have to buck the game again, and do it soon. She'd lost her job at the J and S studio, and didn't know where to turn.

"Why not make a new break, then?" I asked her. "Get a job with somebody else, and clear out of here. You'd be happier."

"She agreed that she would, but said she didn't know where to get one. Luck was with her, though; I knew of a company that was going abroad, and wanted somebody to send home publicity stuff. Sarah got the job, through Bill Simpson's influence, and sailed from San Francisco two weeks later.

"After she got to Europe—they went all through the Orient on the way, so she had a fine trip of it—she stayed there. Two or three small companies that wanted a representative in England engaged her, and she worked into bigger things right along. Then she began to write scenarios. She cashed in on every bit of suffering she'd experienced because of Madame and Stewart Lyons. She thought things over when she got away from Los Angeles, you see, and realized what an awful mistake she'd made, and what an escape she'd had. And now—well, she's at the top of the ladder. Her stories sell like hot cakes. She has two straight plays going on on Broadway. You see what she looks like—she's one of the stunningest women in the industry, and one of the cleverest. You wouldn't know her for the girl she was the night she and I got kicked out of Madame's house."

"Or for one of your indiscretions?" I asked him. He laughed as the lights flashed on and a spattering of applause announced the end of the picture.

"One of my favorite indiscretions," he answered, as he held my cloak for me.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Rubbing Aladdin's Vacation Lamp

Continued from page 29

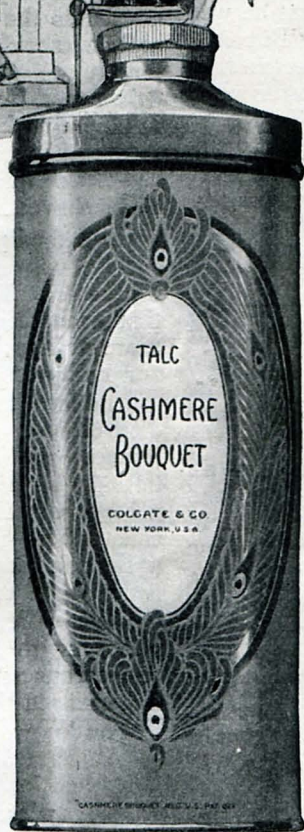
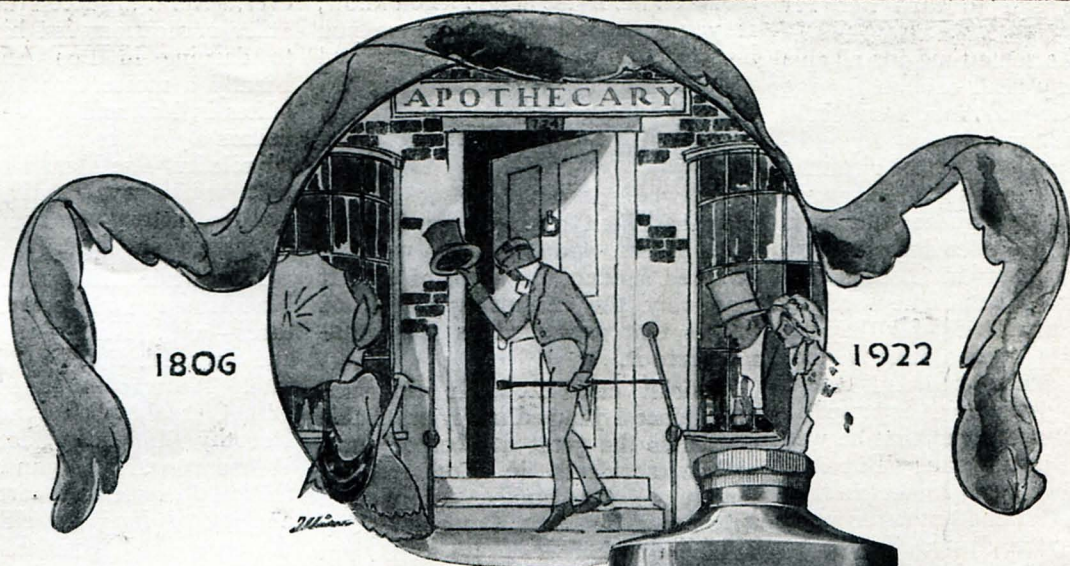
Their dreams of a good time will materialize, even if some of ours will not.

A ride a day keeps the fat away, says Jacqueline Logan, once of the Follies. Since her Follies days, however, she has made the acquaintance of a bicycle and on this, with a sort of beloved vagabond make-up, she is going to tour the roads of the West. And, incidentally, she is going to visit Coronado. There will

also be an athletic strain to Helene Chadwick's vacation, for she is going to join the pearl-diving squad at Avalon, Catalina Island, this summer. Patsy Ruth Miller is going to get her annual exercise at Big Bear Valley, in California. Richard Dix, who once won a golf cup and has never got over it, is going to spend that part of his vacation which he doesn't devote to his mother out in the cow

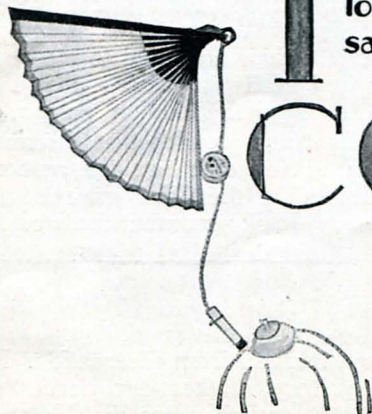
pastures knocking the little white ball for a goal.

Taking it by and large, this is going to be the vacation annum de luxe for the movies. Almost every phase of the outing question is going to be covered. Everything I ever dreamed about, and never indulged myself in, is going to happen to some lucky player. How about you? Don't you kinda envy them? I do.



In Cashmere Bouquet Talc you have a fragrant, refreshing after-the-bath powder to comfort the skin from head to foot. As a finishing touch to the complexion, you will enjoy the same fragrance in a soft, clinging Face Powder.

COLGATE



Continued from page 48

said, and he had to turn her for me.

It took quite some time for all this to sink into my head enough for me to remember it and then I suddenly became aware that we had an audience sitting on the little platform overlooking the inclosure. A group of people, mostly women and girls who, I noticed, were leaving when we first arrived, must have been informed who the "handsome foreign-looking gentleman" was, for they returned and didn't miss a thing we did. You can imagine how proud I felt. Wouldn't they have been surprised if they had known the girl that he was teaching was just a fan! But Mr. Valentino didn't seem to see them—he always pays strict attention to what he happens to be doing.

After riding around the big arena with him several times, we went over to the hurdle where he was going to jump his horse. He did it three times before he was satisfied that it was done right.

The horse was a noted jumper that had appeared in many pictures, but he didn't like to do it over again and pranced and snorted. Then he would come galloping madly and jump. In the brief moment that the horse and rider were poised for an instant over the hurdle—outlined against the sky—I held my breath in thrilled admiration. It reminded me of the picture of *Conquest* in "The Four Horsemen."

Mr. Valentino tried to assure me that that was very bad jumping I had seen as he hasn't kept himself in practice lately—but I didn't think so.

"You must love to get a chance to ride in pictures then, don't you?" I asked him.

"On the contrary, I don't," he answered. "You see, it is almost impossible to get a really good horse for camera work, because they do not like to repeat a performance, and the reflectors annoy them."

"The first time I ever fell from a horse was while I was working before the camera. The director came running up to us, shouting orders and waving his arms and frightened the horse I was on so badly that he reared, and as we were on the side of a steep embankment we both fell over, and it was all I could do to keep the animal from rolling on me. I

was badly bruised, but I got up and mounted the horse again. You know, if you ever fall from a horse you must get right back on him again and not wait till later when you think you would be more composed, for if you do you will find that you have lost your nerve."

We were speeding back toward Los Angeles when another car from a side street without any warning swerved suddenly in front of us. It was only the instant appliance of brakes that prevented us from running into it.

"Idiot!" cried Rodolph with such vehemence I jumped in my seat. He attributes the great number of automobile accidents in Los Angeles largely to the number of women drivers. "Not that I mean to disparage the fair sex," he said, "but women as a general thing lose their heads so quickly in accidents and close shaves."

He had only recently returned from New York when I met him. He thinks that Broadway has changed; that prohibition had deadened things more or less; nor does he care much for Hollywood, either.

I noticed he seems always strangely discontented with things. That restlessness and nervous energy which he said he has always had—even as a boy they called him "Mercury" because of it—and always kept him impatient for something different all the time, seems to have clung to him.

How different he must have felt returning to New York famous and prosperous after the hardships he had experienced there years before!

You know, soon after he had come to America and his main hope—the landscape job—fell through, he found himself without money, his clothes going fast, and only a few friends. Growing more lonesome and often finding himself hungry, one night he drifted into Maxim's café where he had a friend who was orchestra leader there. It was he who suggested that Rodolph Valentino become a dancer.

He did not like the idea of dancing as an occupation, but he had little choice, so he took his friend's advice.

After being the dancing partner of Bonnie Glass and Joan Sawyer he felt the restless urge to change again and worked his way westward—hop-

ing to get away from dancing. However, several unsuccessful attempts at other occupations led him to return to dancing in Los Angeles cafés. Finally a movie director saw possibilities in him, and he was given fifty dollars a week to play the heavy stellar rôle in "The Married Virgin." As luck would have it, difficulties arose and the picture was not released until three years later.

Meanwhile, he appeared in some Mae Murray and Carmel Myers' pictures—with Katherine MacDonald and also with Eugene O'Brien in one film. He was in "Eyes of Youth" with Clara Kimball Young and with Dorothy Phillips in "Once to Every Woman," and he began to attract attention. I remember particularly how a party of fans, myself included in the group, had remarked on Dorothy Phillips' poor taste in that picture play, in not marrying the "dark, handsome one"—Rodolph Valentino—instead of the hero in the story.

He was usually cast to play villains, because of his dark complexion and his somewhat foreign aspect. It was a source of regret to him, too, because he realized that the "heavy" men have usually slight chance of attaining the most profitable and desirable positions in the movies, despite the skill frequently needed to portray these rôles.

But June Mathis, the scenario writer, had seen him in one of his worst rôles in some picture, and had immediately selected him for *Julio* of "The Four Horsemen." After that—well, I guess you know the rest—you'd be a pretty poor movie fan if you didn't.

We reached my destination and when I said good-by and thanked him for his kindness in teaching me to ride, he flashed one of his sudden smiles and in his deep, low, accented voice, said, "It was great pleasure!"

With that I staggered into the house and immediately ran to the window and peeked from behind the curtains, watching until his car drove out of sight. Whereupon I sank into the nearest chair and tried to realize that it had really happened—that I had been out with Rodolph Valentino!

Is it any wonder that I remained "dazed for days" as the author of "Right Off the Grill" gave me away—now I ask you, what fan wouldn't?

Right in the Thick of Things

HOW would you like to be a motion-picture player on the studio lot with Viola Dana, Alice Terry, and other Metro players? How would you like to play in a picture with

Alice Lake? Sounds thrilling, doesn't it? Well, it was, all of that. Ethel Sands did it, and found out more about what it is like to be an extra from actual experience than she had

ever learned from observation. Read the story of her experiences next month, and then see the Metro picture, "Kisses," which she tells you about playing in.

How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when the dead skin-scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

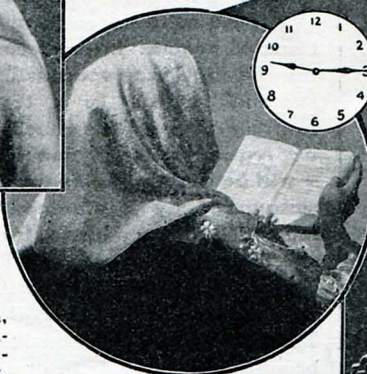
The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience With Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragment mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the

impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and fervor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole



Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the stifled pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I would never have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay to any one who uses the special coupon at the bottom of the page. If I would write my story for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Do not send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents

postage) when the jar of Complexion Clay is in your hands. Complexion Clay will be sent to you freshly compounded, direct from the Domino House. The coupon is numbered with a special department, and the Domino House will know that you have read my story and are to receive a full-size \$3.50 jar for only \$1.95, according to their offer to me.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon today. Domino House, Dept. 236, 269 South 9th Street, Phila., Pa.

**Domino House, Dept. 236,
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

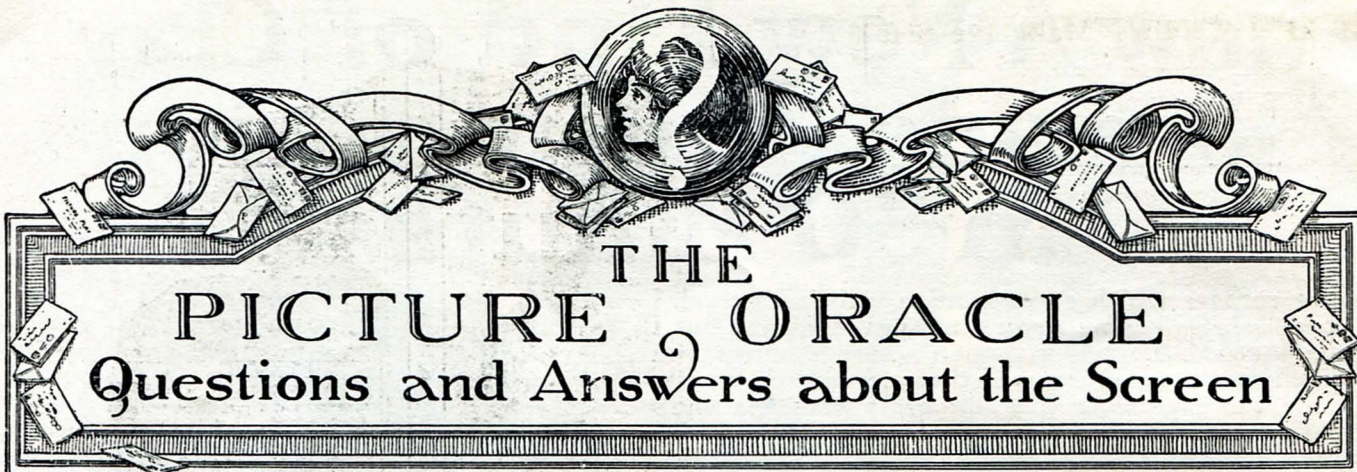
You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay, sufficient for 3 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only \$1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name

Address

City..... State

If apt to be out when postman calls, send remittance with this coupon.



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

JANE.—The romance of the Wallace Reids was printed in the January, 1921, issue of PICTURE-PLAY, and that of the Thomas Meighans in the July, 1921, issue. If you wish copies of these magazines send me twenty-five cents in stamps for each copy and I will have them mailed to you. No trouble at all.

RUTH O. D.—No, Helen Klumph is not an "actor." She is one of PICTURE-PLAY's staff of writers. Agnes and Alison Smith are two different persons. Both of these young women had their early training on New York newspapers, and they are close personal friends. At present Agnes Smith is in Los Angeles. Address any of the magazine writers, care of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

DODO.—I'm afraid my influence with the stars isn't as powerful as you seem to think. However, I can mention your wishes anyhow. Joseph Schildkraut is twenty-two years old, weighs one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, is five feet eleven, and has black hair. His eyes are large, brown, and brilliant, and, I am told, cause extraordinary heart frustration of the girls who "gaze into them." Which, I suppose, makes you more interested than ever.

LEADER OF THE K. K. K.—So glad you explained the K's. I instantly suspected the Ku Klux Klan, and was relieved to find they stood for nothing more dangerous than the Kant Kiss Klub. Art Acord was born in 1890, Charles Bryant in 1887, and Muriel Ostriche in 1897. You have missed a lot if you never saw Wallace Reid or Antonio Moreno; I don't see how anything could make up for that.

NANCY FROM SOMEWHERE.—I cannot take your part in your controversy over whether Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith, Antonio Moreno, Norma Talmadge, or Katherine MacDonald has had worse vehicles, but perhaps some of my readers will.

PEG.—Welcome back! I was beginning to think you had forgotten me. Little Ben Alexander appeared in the First National picture, "The Family Honor," and in the Pathé production, "The Heart Line," which were released in 1920 and 1921 respectively. Bryant Washburn has the leading rôle in the Goldwyn production, "Hungry Hearts," with Helen Ferguson playing opposite him. Niles Welch has been devoting himself to Elaine Hammerstein in her recent pictures. Harry Benham was born in Valparaiso, Richard Bennett in Bennetts Switch, and Julianna Johnstone in Indianapolis, Indiana. Your

State also ushered John Bowers into the world. Wally Reid has been married about eight years.

HARRIET.—Douglas Fairbanks' next picture will be "The Spirit of Chivalry." So many fans—girls—have been asking for Gareth Hughes' address lately. I wonder if this can have anything to do with Gareth's recent statement that he's looking for a wife, I hear indignant cries. Of course, it's mean of me to be so suspicious, but—

M. F.—Jack Mower was playing in Westerns until Cecil De Mille decided he was just the man for the rôle of the chauffeur in "Saturday Night." But Jack

MILDRED DAVIS AND RICHARD BARTHELMESS FOREVER.—Mildred is nineteen years old and is five feet tall. Harold Lloyd was born in 1893; he is five feet nine. Pronunciations are my Waterloo—that is, writing names so that people will know how they should be pronounced. The way you say you pronounce Mabel Talliaferro's name is correct—Tally-a-fer-o, short a, accent on the third syllable, long o. Yes, Harry Myers played with Charles Ray in "R. S. V. P." Marjorie Daw was born in 1902; Doris Pawn in 1896.

MISS BRIGHT EYES.—Pauline Frederick recently married Doctor C. A. Rutherford, of Seattle, Washington. They have been friends for years—in fact, were childhood sweethearts. Miss Frederick has been married twice before, to Frank Andrews and Willard Mack. Cullen Landis has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to a nonprofessional, and has two children.

AMBITIOUS.—You could not have been reading The Oracle very faithfully. Otherwise you would know that I cannot advise anybody about getting into the movies. However, for the benefit of all those fans who are seriously interested in screen acting and do not know exactly how to go about the matter, we have published a ninety-six page booklet called "Your Chance as a Screen Actor." After reading this you can tell whether or not you are fitted for the work, and if you are, what steps to take in order to get a chance. I really think it the most helpful booklet that has yet been published on this subject. You can secure a copy by sending twenty-five cents to the Book Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

HISTORIAN.—Some of the pioneers of the motion-picture business who are still very prominent are D. W. Griffith, director, Mary Pickford and the Gish sisters—Lillian and Dorothy—actresses, and Anita Loos, scenarist; King Baggott was a popular actor who took up directing a short time ago; Jeanie Macpherson was an actress before she became a scenario writer for Cecil De Mille, and Cullen Landis was a cameraman before he began acting. Any more? The first important feature pictures were released about ten years ago.

L. R. B. V.—Haven't you ever seen Anita Stewart? Certainly she is as unlike Anna Q. Nilsson as two people could be. Anita has brown hair, touched with gold, and dark-brown eyes. Ann and Allan Forrest are not related. Allan recently married Lottie Pickford.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

only dressed up temporarily, because his latest picture, "Tharon of Lost Valley," starring Dorothy Dalton, is the wildest kind of a wild Western.

KATTY-PUSS.—Goodness, do they allow you to have stars' pictures on your desk at school? I had no idea that teachers had become so converted. Or perhaps you enjoy special privileges at the school you attend. Really, I don't see how you can do any work with Rodolph's eyes fixed on you all day long. You probably don't. I enjoyed your letter, but you didn't ask any questions, so I suppose you will correct that oversight immediately.

How Clothes Make the Star

Continued from page 69

A million dollars' worth of business is transacted yearly in the great white house where Madame Frances works. She loves best the making of gowns for stage and picture players, but she also is responsible for the frocks worn at many big society debuts and weddings.

She is most proud of the work she has done for Norma Talmadge and Alice Joyce, for she has dressed both of them since their early work in pictures, and both have made international reputations for being beautifully gowned. Recently she made some striking creations for Corinne Griffith which that exquisite young star wears in "Island Wives."

"The secret of making most people look their best is a simple matter of waistlines and necklines," Frances told me. "As a general rule, I try to attract attention away from their bad points, and make the most of their good ones. Most stout people don't dress simply enough, and they're apt to have their waistline too high. But you can't generalize about how people should dress. There's a new theory for every new personality."

It is because she believes that every one has some distinction that can be brought out in their clothes that Madame Frances is a power behind the stars. And I believe that indirectly she is teaching girls everywhere the greatest lesson in being well groomed—the effectiveness of simplicity. And I am sure, since delving into the stories of what she has done that if a fairy godmother or a lamp genie were to appear before a girl who aspired to sudden success in motion pictures and tell her that she might have one wish granted, she ought to say, "I want to be properly dressed."

She Began at Seventy-five

Continued from page 70

The family all bundled into a machine and hurried over to Granny's house. "My, yes," she answered their startled inquiries, "I've been an actress for quite a spell now. I didn't want you children to know until I'd made good."

And now a dazed brood of children and grandchildren are finding Granny a splendid person to cultivate—though, to be sure, her children have all been lovely to her, she says. (What grandmother doesn't?) But I fancy her soul thrills anew to this unusual adulation, this being the center of the spotlight again as in that bygone youth.



The Price You Pay

For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

That film resists the tooth brush. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

Attack it daily

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long research,

has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
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Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron have taken radical means of convincing Marshall Neilan that there is nothing in recent reports of their engagement.

The News Reel

Continued from page 63

Colleen is supposed to weigh ninety-eight pounds. During the last half of the picture, her weight is to be one hundred and twenty pounds.

Normally, Colleen tips the scales at one hundred and ten pounds and so this is the plan of action. For two weeks before production, Colleen must eat nothing but pickles. In other words, she must follow the regimen of Irvin Cobb. The first scenes of the picture will be taken with Colleen as a mere shadow of her usual self. Then production will be stopped and Colleen will be sent to a milk farm to gain twenty-two pounds.

Can it be done? Rupert Hughes says it must be done, and Colleen says it will be done.

As yet, Cecil De Mille hasn't begun work on "Manslaughter." De Mille has reported at the studio, but he is far from being in perfect health. Leatrice Joy, who played in "Saturday Night," as you know, will play the leading rôle with Thomas Meighan sharing honors with her.

Maurice Tourneur will go to England to produce Hall Caine's story "The Christian." The scenes will be filmed in London and on the Isle of Man.

"Lemme Tellya Sumthin'"

Continued from page 85

winter time as well as the summer and carries himself as straight as a well-trained soldier. Every afternoon he takes a nap. His work is never allowed to interfere with his regular meals and plenty of sleep, and he is not allowed to stay in the studio around older people when it is not necessary in connection with his work. He plays in his own backyard with the other children who live in the neighborhood.

Nothing the baby says is said in a fresh way. He is utterly unspoiled, which is a miracle considering the attention he is given. He patters about after Anita Stewart just as any other child might, asking, "Miss 'Tewart, will oo give me a pitcher of oo?" After a time when Itchie wearied

of his bike, and Miss Stewart was gone he returned to me.

"Lemme tellya sumthin'," he started in again, and recounted a tale of how a violin in a window had struck his fancy, how he had told his father about it and finally got it. He takes lessons now, but his parents think he is rather young for musical training, so he just practices when he wants to.

Itchie got on his bicycle and rode to the door with me when I left.

"Do you like acting?" I asked him, wondering how he would react to a regular stock-pattern interview question.

"I want to give oo a bear hug," he answered. "Please come again anudder day."

Poor May McAvoy!

Continued from page 43

"That is why I always am glad when I have a character part to play. I do not care for clothes, and I do not think I wear them well."

"What do you care most for in the world?" we asked.

"Dogs," replied Miss McAvoy, without an instant's hesitation. And right here Larry Trimble joined the party to beg Miss McAvoy to star in his next picture which he is going to make with "Strongheart," that wonderful German police dog. But Miss McAvoy seemed dubious.

"I think dogs are so much more interesting than people that I don't believe any one has a chance doing a picture with a clever dog like Strongheart. It would be lots of fun but bad business, I'm afraid."

Miss McAvoy is a Paramount star, but she is going to have a vacation or a leave of absence or something of the sort, and she had contemplated making a picture during the vacation. That is why all of the directors were around interrupting the interview, and we didn't blame them. If we were a producer we should certainly pick out May McAvoy or Lillian Gish unless the part demanded an Elsie Ferguson or a Pola Negri. Because we so unreservedly approve of Miss McAvoy and her screen methods it seemed strange her ideas of how to spend one's days and nights should be so different from our own. She believes in the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise maxim, and she loves to live in the country. She doesn't like New York, while the only reason we ever leave it is so we may have the pleasure of coming back to it.

Miss McAvoy said that when she first went in pictures she did nothing but sister parts. She was sister to Madge Kennedy in "The Perfect Lady," and she bore the same relationship to Marguerite Clark in "Mrs. Wiggs" and to Florence Reed in "The Woman Under Oath." Then began a cycle of wives. She was the "other wife" in J. Stuart Blackton's "My Husband's Other Wife," the "woman" with Herbert Rawlinson in "Man and His Woman," and just a wife in "The Truth About Husbands."

Her first really big part came in "Sentimental Tommy." And immediately after this she was elevated to stardom. Every one looked forward, eagerly, to her first picture, and when it came, oh, what a flop! It was called "A Private Scandal."

"I made that picture in nineteen days," said Miss McAvoy, and she forestalled the retort discourteous, by saying, "I know it looked it."



"And I thought above all things, my skin was clean!"

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A magnified view of the human skin before and after a thorough movement of the pores would cause any dainty woman to write this specialist posthaste. If you saw just one of the fifty or more demonstrations I witnessed, you would realize the folly of any effort towards smooth skin texture and colorful complexion without first attending to this thorough cleansing underneath. It all happens in an hour. The newly-found skin laxative acts swiftly. The scientific term for it is Terradermalax. Its action is almost immediate; evacuation of every tiny opening in the skin structure is complete. Indescribable Impurities are expelled—all matters—soft or hard—is passed by the pores. Skin is left relieved, relaxed, and glowing pink. The resultant natural color lasts for days.

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fectly harmless. The fine particles which work down into delicate facial pores are carried away with the rest.

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Stores cannot handle Terradermalax because the active ingredient is of limited life. The laboratory supplies enough for two months, shipped the day compounded, the label dated. The laboratory fee is only \$2.50, paid on delivery. Or, if you expect to be out when postman calls, you may send \$2.50 with order. Either way, you may have this small fee back if not delighted and astonished with results. Use the handy form printed here:

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"Your Face Is Your Fortune"

One Little Jane

Continued from page 53

must say I never cease getting a
thrill out of reading that sign, 'Ches-
ter Bennett-Jane Novak Produc-
tions!'

"But even yet I haven't learned to
dash into a private office of a studio
manager or director, walking over
half a dozen people who are waiting.
I just await my turn as humbly as
ever. Why, sometimes when the of-
fice boy or the stenographer is out
at lunch, I even pretend I'm the ste-
nographer. I get a lot of fun out of
having people try to order me around
and ask me all sorts of questions."

"Shall you have your little girl act
with you in pictures?" I inquired.

"In just one picture, no more," an-
swered Mamma Jane very decidedly.
"I'm doing it only that my friends
may see her. I want her to go to
school, and to have all the things the
other children have."

Maybe you've noticed that Jane is
never a mere rag-doll heroine. No
matter how big the man-star's part
opposite whom she is playing, she al-
ways manages a real characterization.

"I shall do six big outdoor pictures,
and then I want to do some other
things—emotional rôles," she ex-
plained.

Miss Novak says that it struck her
as funny when they first asked her
to cry in a picture. Instead of cry-
ing, she laughed. Though only twen-
ty-two years old now, she has had a
good deal of experience, and more
than her share of sorrow. She mar-
ried when only sixteen, her baby was
born just a year later, her marriage
did not prove a happy one, and there
have been other family sorrows be-
sides. Not that she talks of these
things. Wild horses cannot draw
anything about them from her. But
from here and there, one pieces to-
gether the story of her troubles.

"The idea of play tears," she ex-
plained, "of merely pretending to be
sad when one has gone through some
of life's real experiences, suddenly
made me laugh, that day that Bill
Hart first told me I must cry in a
scene. Everybody looked at me so
oddly! I couldn't cry, that was all.
It took me the rest of the day to learn
to weep for the camera. But once
I had wept, the made-to-order grief
came easily to me. Ever since then
crying has been one of my special-
ties. Every picture I play in seems
to require it.

"But don't let any actor tell you
the tears he sheds in playing a part
are from his soul, even if they're real
tears. He's spoofing you!"

To the Ladies—Ramon the Romantic

Continued from page 25

fessional dancer of me, so I gladly journeyed to New York with her troupe. We had a year on the road, but I was anxious to get back to the West Coast, and, though I almost expected to go through the same hardships I had endured before, even then the call was too strong to resist. There was that inner desire to suffer, I believe.

"I did come back and I did struggle as before and again I almost lost hope. Finally one day, I was given an extra part. Then I thought my days of hardship were over. But they weren't. It was months before I was cast as an extra again, and in the meantime I nearly starved. But in a very few days I was given a bit, and that made me so happy I cried all that night and as a consequence could not apply for more work until two days later, when my eyes were again normal. Silly?" and before I could make any reply "but you know I had been pent up for so long, I had concentrated on the hope of getting a chance, just one chance and the realization of that desire proved too much. Soon after that I was cast in 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.' In that I played the lead. There is some difficulty about releasing it. It may never be shown to the public—but such a beautiful screen poem it is, so unusual."

Just about that time the Community Theater, which has been Hollywood's pet playhouse, put on that pantomimic Spanish play "The Royal Fandango." The casts of the Community productions are usually well studded with the names of famous portrayers of the silent drama. This particular program featured those in the colony especially trained in terpsichorean art. Margaret Loomis, Starke Patterson, King Vidor's sister, Katherine, et cetera. The leading male rôle was assigned to Ramon Samanegos. If there is one thing

in the world Ramon can do, it is dance, and dance he did. The audience as it always is, was filled with those of the profession. Among the many directors was Rex Ingram. Mr. Ingram was looking for a *Rupert*, and Ramon was the type he desired. The following day Ramon was sent for. Mr. Ingram gave him a chance, and, if you want to know the director's candid opinion of just what young Samanegos can do, here it is as he told it to me:

"The boy is a real artist, I tell you. He has done every scene beautifully, and I want you to know if I am fortunate enough to be given 'Ben Hur' to direct, Mr. Samanegos will be cast in the title rôle."

"Ben Hur," the most coveted of all! The one play each screen actor, no matter how great or small, has dreamed of some day immortalizing on the screen. Ramon Samanegos indeed must have real ability to inspire Director Ingram's confidence to such a degree as that.

Just by way of identification I will tell you that he is twenty-one years old; a little over medium height; lithe and slender, as most dancers are. Deep-brown eyes, well-chiseled features, and a nicely shaped head, are his. But his personality so far outshines his appearance you will find if he screens as he is, that you will be impressed by his features only when really studying them—his personality is what will hold you.

There is a quiet seriousness about him. Yet the dashing costume, the black boots, the well-trained beard, and mustache, the military cap and the monocle make of him a perfect *Rupert*.

He has a well-modulated voice which I should imagine he could use to good advantage on the speaking stage. But his screen assets are his genuine smile; his innate gentlemanliness; and his decided newness of type.

Making "The Masquerader"

Continued from page 27

an interesting contrast in Mr. Post's ability as a delineator of character. He made much of this on the stage. A monocle is the key to nearly everything *Chilcote* does. He is fastidious to a degree and full of effete mannerisms. He disintegrates rapidly, once the story is under way. *Loder*, on the other hand, is a healthy specimen of British bourgeois, presumably keen of intellect and sharp and practiced in observation. He makes a big

hit politically and socially in the other man's place.

Post seems, even when you are talking to him informally, to incarnate essential characteristics of the two men. He has the habit, I believe, of never retiring from character until after the play is over, and, of course, in filming "The Masquerader," he probably maintained the mood of his interpretation for the entire eight or ten weeks the picture was in the making.



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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 58

all the thieves of several continents, but which never left its owner even in the third reel. This involves all sorts of action from a dozen different nationalities and jumps the plot about from Paris to the war zone and back again with disconcerting breathlessness. It also gives Betty Compson a chance to play an apache, a Pierrette, a premiere dancer, and a Red Cross nurse. This, by the way, was one of the last group of films directed by William D. Taylor.

"The Cradle."

The original play from which this film was taken is one of those works of art which are at the same time so sincere and so illogical that they make me despair of ever getting the other fellow's point of view. In it Eugene Brieux takes his stand against divorce on the theory that an unhappy married pair are eternally bound together if they have a child. I have seen many of these "for-the-sake-of-the-children" plots, and they all seem to ignore one important phase of the problem, namely, that if there is any atmosphere which can be relied upon to embitter and poison a child's life, it is a home where the parents loathe one another.

To me this seems so self-evident as to be unanswerable; yet all the earnest and thoughtful people who take the other side must have answered it to their own complete satisfaction. But certainly this play—or its film version made by Olga Printzlau offers no solution. It is played with dignity and distinction by Ethel Clayton as the wife and Charles Meredith as the husband. Little Mary Jane Irving is the tie that binds.

"Other Women's Clothes."

Our old friend "Bertha the Beautiful Cloak Model" bobs up again from a most unexpected quarter. Mabel Ballin is the little apprentice of a haughty modiste who is adopted by a clean-shaven young millionaire. So shy is he, that when he decides to settle most of his fortune upon her, he tells her that a rich old lady has left her the money. There is also a low villain who spills, as it were, the beans. Aside from the excellent photography and a series of fetching modern costumes the play isn't so different from the original story of "Bertha"—or was it "Nellie?" Either way, cloak models or sewing-machine girls, they don't seem to change much with the changing years and viewpoints.

Moving Picture of a Young Man at the Movies

He calls for his girl at six o'clock.
 He waits for her till seven.
 He takes her to the Rinaldo.
 He sees a jam in front like on election night.
 He walks her to the Frivoli.
 He stands in a crowd like at a raid on a cabaret.
 He rushes her to the Grand.
 He waits outside in line for twenty-two minutes.
 He waits sixteen more in the lobby.
 He listens to improving conversation about the management.
 He hears a little music through the doors when an usher comes out for air.
 He steps on his girl's feet in the grand rush.
 He stands in back of the last row of the orchestra.
 He hears the usher say, "Two singles!"
 He is a couple—he keeps on standing.
 He finally gets two seats in back of two six footers.
 He keeps jerking his head from side to side till
 He hears some one yell, "Keep still, do you think you're in the picture?"
 He asks the bug next to him to stop whistling in his ear.
 He lets the bug keep on whistling the music in his ear.
 He stands up to let some one in and just misses seeing the hero swing one to the villain's jaw.
 He stands up to let some one out and just misses seeing the heroine fall off a roof.
 He tries to take his girl's hand.
 He hears some one laugh like a foghorn.
 He drops her hand as if it were a hot potato.
 He takes his girl home.
 He hears her say, "I had a grand time."
 He says, "So did I if you did."

The Movie Fan

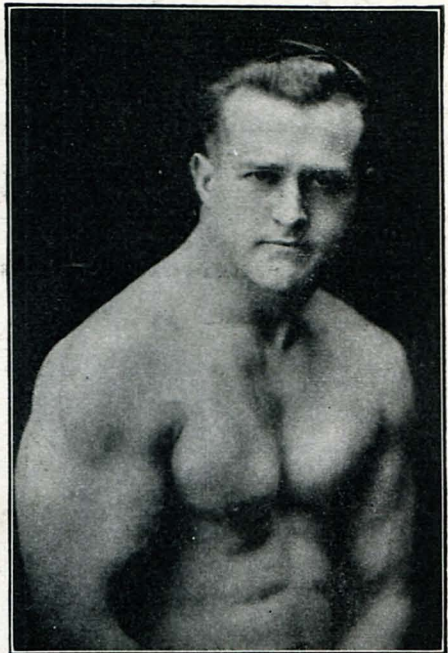
I've seen the Western heroes,
 Watched them tie
 At least four steeds per lariat—
 They're sry!
 And I've watched the Western villains
 (Darn 'em!) die.
 I know the mining camp and
 Gamblers sly,
 The stage coach and the mountains
 Towering high,
 Rough-riding heroines who
 Do or die,
 The sheriff and the half-breed—
 I defy
 You to find one Western point on which
 I'm shy,
 Though the farthest West I've been is
 Troy, N. Y.

New Dictionary of Movie Terms

STAR.—An actor or actress, and often a plumber, butcher, baker, or candlestick maker, favored by the producers either because their press agents create a demand for them, or because the producers owe them money. Any one who poses in pictures down to extras. A mystery.

SCENARIO.—What is left of an idea after the continuity man grapples with it.

AN EXTRA.—Any one who takes part in a mob scene. One who thinks they are better fitted to stardom than the leading man or woman. Sometimes they are right.



How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?

Are you proud or ashamed of your appearance? Do you often long to hide your skinny arms and legs, your flat chest or your narrow shoulders? Perhaps you are one of those with a stout abdomen, which not only hinders you in your every effort, but is most displeasing in the eyes of others. Are you satisfied to go through another summer just as you are today? Or do you have that longing for big, broad shoulders, massive, muscular arms, well-shaped legs and a deep powerful chest? These are the possessions we long for as we step out on the beach. For at this time you are judged by your physical appearance. It is now up to you as to whether others will admire you or scorn you.

Why All This Muscle?

With massive muscles come mighty strength, powerful personality, tireless energy. You will also possess internal organs which function properly thus causing your entire being to fairly thrill with life and vitality at all times.

A Real Strong Man

You can be one. Now is the time to start. You can completely change your physical appearance before the summer is over. You can fill out your chest, broaden your shoulders and develop arms to be justly proud of. And with it you will attain the vim and pep that only a real live blooded athlete knows. Those who now look at you and smile will envy you for your physical charms. They will look up to you and respect you. Get busy then, for time flies. Summer will soon be here. What impression are you going to make? Decide right now that this dominant physique will be yours.

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Address

City State

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The Hydra-headed Author

Continued from page 61

motion picture, according to Miss Hurst's announced belief, suffered grievously by the changes that had been made. Personally, I agree with her in that.

Hardly any one who has read novels and then seen them translated to the screen is without a grievance. Undoubtedly a great many stories have been unplotted during their locomotion from fiction to film. And here we have proof that the many brains of the hydra-headed author are not better than a single brain. Or have we rather proof that some hydra-headed authors haven't any brains, despite how great an accumulation of heads they may have?

It is in an effort to please you—the mysterious, unapproachable, demanding public—that most mistakes are made; but there are usually very good reasons why you are more often dissatisfied with picture stories than pleased with them—and there is no doubt that bad and mediocre films outnumber absolute successes.

The principal reason, in my opinion—and my opinion has been formed in mourning murdered stories—has to do with about five sixths of the hydra-headed authors. In beginning this article I said that five sixths of the authors have never written a word of *plot* in their lives, and this is true; for the writer is perhaps the only one who has any notion of scientific story construction—not *picture* construction, but *story* construction, which is building a plot so that it will grip you, hold you, sustain your interest, and give you your money's worth. There are, of course, a few directors who have come from creative fields and who do know something about building a story, but as a rule the other five know nothing about it.

The directors for the most part, like the stars, are unusually good actors; which means that they are adept in portraying *what some one else has created*, but which does not mean that they can create. Still they blusteringly tear plots to pieces just as

though they knew what they were doing.

This is one reason, and probably the most common reason, why you are not always satisfied. There are, of course, instances when a director has built up a picture by little human, heart-throbby touches which ignite your combustible emotions. They have nothing to do with plot, but they do hold you. As an instance, do you recall Wallace Beery as the German officer in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," hoggishly gnawing an apple while the firing squad committed downright murder before his eyes? It was horrible, but the very horror of it was delicate art, for it made you seethe with emotion. It is by conceiving such touches that the directorial head of the composite author can help a story.

Now, knowing the secret of the hydra-headed author, what do you think of him? What is your opinion of this queer combination of the Siamese twins, Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde, and the many-headed serpent that Hercules killed? How many times have you felt the impulse to treat him as Hercules did?

And how many times, when you have come out of a theater, have you turned to your admiring escort and said with contemptuous disgust: "I could write a better story than that myself!"

And no doubt very often you could.

Suppose you did. Go further and image the glorious possibility that you sold your story to a picture producer for a large sum of money. It would be turned over to the hydra-headed author, who would read it, give it treatments of technique, remove portions of it, alter other portions, and inoculate it with some new ideas. At length you would go triumphantly and unsuspecting to the theater to see your picture. And, as you came out of the theater it would not be surprising if you were to turn to your no-longer-admiring escort and say, with contemptuous disgust:

"I could write a better story than that myself!"

What About the Subtitles?

Good subtitles are like tasteful clothes; the better they are the less the casual observer notices them. It is only faulty subtitles that are noticed.

The writing of subtitles is an art, and one of which the general public knows little or nothing. Gerald C. Duffy, title writer for Mary Pickford productions, and many others,

tears the veil from this mysterious process and lets you in on the trials, and tribulations and ultimate victories of a title writer in an article in our next number. His story is rich in comedy, and is genuinely informative, too. If you have ever written titles, if you ever want to, or even if you never even heard of subtitles before, you will be interested in this story.

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 59

life. MacDonald's parents were farm people in Canada. He ran away from home and was on the stage for six weeks in Winnipeg before he had courage to write home what he was doing.

Doris May was always a child of imagination, and always loved drama. She used to put herself to sleep when a very little girl, wondering who her real parents were and why she had been stolen away from them, and when she grew older she and the other girls in the convent used to imagine themselves movie queens, with picture stars as husbands. It may please Carlyle Blackwell to know that he was honored by having Doris May take his name.

MacDonald began his film career as a Keystone policeman. Miss May began hers by doubling for Mary Pickford in "The Little American" in water scenes.

"I didn't know whether I could remember how to swim or not, because I hadn't done it for two years," said Miss May in recounting the experience, "but I asked a man in the company if a person ever forgot how, and he said he guessed not. That's all the assurance I had that I wouldn't sink. Of course, they all thought I could swim, but they watched me carefully. It was a pretty shivery bit of business, diving off that raft into the cold water in the dark at San Pedro."

After that Miss May played small parts for a while, but not for long, as she was soon engaged by Thomas H. Ince to appear opposite Douglas MacLean, an engagement which made her very popular throughout the country.

These rôles, however, gave her little chance to show that she could really act. In fact, it wasn't until Tourneur made the shrewd guess that she was really a talented girl dramatically, that she had a chance to show what she could do.

And it is said that both MacDonald, who has been playing leading rôles ever since he came back from the war, and his wife, do the best work of their careers in "Foolish Matrons."

They don't play together now in pictures; she is starring in R-C comedies, and he plays leads in various big productions. But they both take a keen interest in each other's work.

Good luck sign for both! And may the four-leaf-clover stuff continue in their young lives!

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THE MANGAN COMPANY Dept. L GREYSTONE, R. I.

The Old Hokum Bucket

Continued from page 33

rendering music that blends into the picture as the accompaniment blends into a Strauss song.

Moreover, I believe the line which would wait outside the portals of such a paradiso would, indeed, be twice as long as that which stands to-night outside the gaudy show house playing "Lips That Lure" or "Her Burning Shame."

Twice as long!

Because while the whims of the multitude are satiate with burning shames and luring lips, there is, in all the land, not one cinema theater in the field solely of artistic productions.

Competition would be nil.

But if there is no Little Theater movement—called that for want of a better name—in motion pictures, still is it true that the public demands better pictures.

Even hokum grows more delicate with each passing year.

Consider the revolver dramas of twenty summers past when the crux of the evening's entertainment lay in the big scene in the lumber mill in which the Curses-on-you-Jack-Dalton villain had the hero bound hard and fast to a Long-Bell log that was slowly slipping down the chute to the whirring buzz-saw.

Compare the worst motion picture of 1921 to the old familiar drama-turgy of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." Is "Anatol"—including *Satan Synne*—and Colonel Selig's trick leopard, not better entertainment than "The Queen of the White Slaves?" Is "The Rage of Paris" not superior to any play in which some one tied some one else to the railroad tracks just as the limited whistled in the distance?

Film Clippings

By A. Split Reel.

Announcing the Films.

"The Bookcase." Food for thought!

"The Perfect Woman." Nothing quite like it!

"The Abandoned Baby." The first of a series!

"The Elevator Boy." Will lift you up!

"The Jailbird." Just released!

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"The Blackjack." Will make you forget yourself!

"One Million Dollars." Something worth while!

"The Cyclone." A whirl of excitement!

"The Uppercut." A smashing hit!

"The Kangaroo." A powerful tail!

"Noisy Neighbors." Will keep you awake!

"I only regret that I have but one face to give to every close-up," said the famous fillum star.

The way to a girl's heart these days is to take her to see a picture show three nights a week. All the fellow has to do then is to see how Doug Fairbanks, Bert Lytell, and John Barrymore make love, emulate them, and what girl on earth could refuse a fellow with such an advantage over the rest of her beaux in town?

Many a little boy is sitting this nice afternoon under cellar steps, reading a blood-and-thunder nickel novel while his mamma is out agitat-

ing with the other ladies for "cleaner motion pictures for our children."

Do you remember When D. W. Griffith first Started making Pictures

And you could See Wallace Reid And Blanche Sweet And Mae Marsh And both the Gish girls In the same fillum For five cents?

A movie kiss is nothing, split fifty-fifty, and about twice that long.

AN EPITAPH IN A HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.

Here lie the ashes Of Abie Bloom. He lit his pipe In the cutting room.

The meanest man in the world is the fellow who forces his wife to leave the movie show with him on the first lap of the last reel of the feature picture because the story doesn't interest him, but in which she has taken to heart some of the burdens of the suffering heroine.

He's gone, that queer old man who'd never ridden on a train.

We doubt if he'll be written up in newspapers again.

But his successor now is due: the grandsire with a beard of snow, Who tells the smiling public that he's never seen a picture show!

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

MISS GALVIE STONE.—Your favorite, Forrest Stanley, hasn't been idle since "Forbidden Fruit." After that picture, he appeared in "Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson; "The House That Jazz Built," with Wanda Hawley; "Enchantment," with Marion Davies, and he plays with Miss Davies in her latest picture, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." So you can't complain of his being neglected; I guess you just didn't happen to see these pictures in Galveston.

FRANEY.—Gareth Hughes is not married, but says he'd like to be. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn X. Winans. Your question about Eugene O'Brien has been answered.

NORMAN W. B.—No, the rumored "depression in the movies" does not refer to a wave of gloomy plays. It just means lack of business.

MARGIE.—You see you haven't had to wait long for your answers. I hope you'll be properly grateful. The handsome hero who made Betty Compson see the error of her ways in "Ladies Must Live" is Robert Ellis, who in private life is the husband of May Allison. Sometimes Robert directs pictures—that's the only reason you haven't seen him more often on the screen. He plays with Marie Prevost in her latest picture, "The Dangerous Little Demon," and with Priscilla Dean in "Wild Honey." Neither May McAvoy, Constance nor Faire Binney is married. As for Gareth Hughes, see the answer to Harriet in this issue.

SELMA FROM THE SOUTH.—William S. Hart has no brother in pictures, and Katherine MacDonald is not Wallace MacDonald's sister. It seems funny, that hardly any of the screen players having the same name are related.

ELIZABETH M.—If you write to Pola Negri personally I think she will send you a photograph. Her address is printed at the end of The Oracle. Miss Negri is expected to visit this country soon, but whether or not she will make pictures here hasn't been announced yet. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois. She is about twenty-six. Sorry I can't give you the casts for "Passion" and "Deception," but none of the players were credited except Pola Negri and Emil Jannings as *Du Barry* and *Louis the XV.* in "Passion," and Henny Porten as *Anne Boleyn* and Emil Jannings as *King Henry the VIII.* in "Deception."

GRACE N.—Mabel Normand is not married and never has been. She has dark-brown eyes. Her latest picture is "Suzanne," in which Mabel abandons her Irish characterizations for the rôle of a Spanish girl.

J. E. H.—George Fawcett, Anders Randolph, Marguerite Courtot, Crauford Kent, Bradley Barker, Ricca Allen, and Helen Rowland are some of the players in "Silas Marner." At present writing the picture has not been generally released, although it has had special showings in New York and other places, I believe.

P. Q.—The part of Nanny Webster in the Paramount version of "The Little Minister" was played by Mary Wilkinsons, who is sixty years old.

MARY S.—Herbert Heyes was *Louis Du Bois* in "Shattered Dreams" with Miss Dupont, and *George Duray* in "The Dangerous Moment" with Carmel Myers. He must be the man you mean.

W. G. D.—"Excuse My Dust" was released a year before "The Love Special" and "Too Much Speed." Wallace Reid's latest picture is "The Dictator," adapted from the stage play. William and Cecil De Mille are brothers, and both are directors for Famous Players-Lasky.

A GENUINE FAN.—Blanche Sweet is not married and, so far as we know, never has been. Miss Sweet has not made any pictures in some time, because she has been seriously ill. She has recovered now and will probably begin work as soon as she is strong enough. "That Girl Montana" was the last picture she made.

BOBBED HAIR.—Yes, I go to the movies on Sunday, and I don't feel guilty about it either. The picture you describe sounds like "The Love Flower," a Griffith production in which Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess played. Corinne Griffith's latest picture is "Island Wives," a story of the South Seas. Rockcliffe Fellowes is in it, too. Mary Astor is playing with Eugene O'Brien in his latest picture, temporarily called "John Smith." Mary got her chance through a beauty contest, and a two-reel picture, "The Beggar Maid," marked her first screen appearance.

MISS PORTLAND 1925.—Nothing sleepy about you, is there? Lillian Russell is a decided blonde and Edna Goodrich is just as decided a brunette. So you can crow "I told you so," to your friend. Isn't it a grand feeling to find yourself on the right side of an argument?

MARJORY.—There are five Davidsons on the screen, C. Lawford, Dore, John, Max, and William Beatman. John was born in New York, Max in Berlin, Germany, and William Beatman in Dobbs Ferry, New York. Barbara Bedford was born in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. She is about nineteen. Barbara was a Fox star for a short time, but now she free-lances.

BLONDY.—Richard Headrick was born in Los Angeles, California, April 29, 1917. Yes, he is a clever youngster. Mildred Davis is nineteen.

A MOVIE LOVER.—Robert Ellis was Peter, the lucky man who married Elaine Hammerstein in "Handcuffs or Kisses." Earle Williams is married to Florence Walz.

JUST JO-ANN.—How nice of you to offer to help the boy who wants to make his hair shiny. I shall pass on your formula to him. He will be very grateful. Mona Kingsley will make her first screen appearance in "The Dust Flower," with James Rennie. Heretofore Mona has devoted herself to the stage. Yes, the picture is adapted from the story by Basil King. Surely, write again. I shall look for your next letter.

OREGON CITY.—You don't have to ask questions to "get recognition," as you say, because The Oracle always appreciates such as yours. You seem to be a great admirer of Fanny Stockbridge. Perhaps you will get a chance to see her more often in the future. Producers seem to be gradually getting from the "cute" type of heroine, and in time it will probably be the plain girl who can act, and not the beauty who can't. That will get the chances. You would like to see that day, wouldn't you?

FLORRIE.—Mae Murray's latest picture is "Fascination," a Spanish story in which Mae wears some fetching costumes. Her next will be "Broadway Rose."

LILLIAN P.—The September, 1921, issue of PICTURE-PLAY had two pages of pic-

tures from "Peter Ibbetson" in the rotogravure section. If you want a copy of this issue send me twenty-five cents in stamps and I will have the magazine mailed to you.

PLUSCUMPERFECTO.—Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895. He has dark hair and eyes. So has Harrison Ford. Kenneth is appearing in a picture opposite Alice Lake called "I Am the Law," made by an independent producer. Helene Chadwick was born November 25, 1897, Richard Dix in 1894, and Eugene O'Brien in 1884. Any time you want to know anything, just write; you don't have to take six months to make up your mind, as you did this time.

I. S.—Eric von Stroheim was born in Austria, not Germany. He is going to make another picture for Universal. The title hadn't been announced at this writing, but it probably won't be as elaborate or expensive as "Foolish Wives." Motion-picture companies can't afford to make many million-dollar productions. Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokyo, Japan, and was educated there and at the University of Chicago. Write to him personally for a photograph, inclosing a quarter.

WILLIE.—Edith Roberts is not married. New York City is her birthplace. Edith is one of our most petite actresses, being only five feet one. She weighs one hundred and five pounds, and is about nineteen or twenty. Louis Calhern played the rôle of the Pupil in "The Blot," and Claire Windsor was the Professor's Daughter. Jack Mulhall is five feet eleven. Yes, he's married—for the third time. Evelyn X. Winans is the present Mrs. Mulhall.

SIXTEEN.—Richard Barthelmess was born in 1895; Eugene O'Brien is not married. Yes, "Tol'able David" was a great picture. Richard will have to work hard to live up to that standard, won't he?

M. M. C.—Cullen Landis is very much married—he has two children.

MARGARET A.—Betty Blythe's latest picture is "Fair Lady," the Rex Beach production adapted from the story, "The Net." This is Miss Blythe's first picture since "The Queen of Sheba." Betty was born in 1893, in Los Angeles, California. She is five feet seven, weighs one hundred and forty pounds, and has dark hair and blue eyes. She is married to Paul Scardon, a director. Yes, Miss Blythe really sings—that's not a press-agent yarn. It was her ambition to become an opera singer, but she had to give up her studies because—well, one must eat, you know. But the flame still burns, and Betty hopes some day to become just as famous through her voice as she has through her beauty and motion-picture work.

EMMA.—Yes, Antonio Moreno's name in English would be Tony Brown, but such a prosaic name would not fit the romantic Spaniard as does his native rendering of it, do you think so? "A Guilty Conscience" is his latest star release and he is playing opposite Colleen Moore in "The Bitterness of Sweetness." Tony is not married or divorced.

JACK TAR.—No, no, Jack, you can't get me to make any prophecies about stardom for Clyde Fillmore or any one else. In the first place, it's not my job, and in the second place I regard my peace of mind too tenderly to have it torn to pieces, which would certainly happen if I passed even a personal opinion. Clyde will play opposite Florence Vidor in "The Real Adventure," which will be directed by King Vidor.



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J. B. Z.—Constance Talmadge's latest release is "Polly of the Follies," and Norma's is "Smilin' Through." She has also made "The Duchess of Langeais," another costume play. Have you ever seen Norma in the costumes of years ago? She is more lovely than ever.

QUIZ.—Mabel Ballin's latest production is "Other Women's Clothes." This is the picture formerly called "The Luxury Tax." She is married to Hugo Ballin, who directs all her pictures. They have their own company, and are one of the few units still working in New York. Mabel is five feet three, and has light-brown hair and brown eyes. Wyndham Standing was her leading man in "The Journey's End," and Norman Trevor was Mr. Rochester in "Jane Eyre."

ROBERTA.—Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel. I don't know why so many people think they're blue—they certainly don't look blue on the screen. You must always write to the players personally for their photographs. It is usual to inclose a quarter. Gladys Smith was Mary Pickford's name.

M. W.—David Powell has been making pictures for Famous Players in Europe. That's where "Love's Boomerang" was filmed. David is now in this country, and will play with Gloria Swanson in her next picture, "The Gilded Cage."

BILL FARNUM FOREVER.—You didn't have to tell me it was your first letter—I always know. In their maiden efforts people usually ask a long list of questions they have been storing up for years. Your idol, William Farnum, is not dead. He did take rather a long vacation, but he's been back at work for some time now. "A Stage Romance" is his latest release, and he is going to make "Shackles of Gold," an adaptation of "Samson." William is five feet ten and a half, weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876.

CURIOSITY.—You seem partial to the Western heroes. Art Acord was born in 1890. He is one inch over six feet, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, has light hair and blue eyes. He is divorced from Edith Sterling.

HAROLD L.—Robert Warwick is at present writing appearing in the stage play "Drifting," in New York. He has not made any pictures in some time. Lewis Stone plays the rôle of the husband in "The Child Thou Gavest Me." Monte Blue is not under contract to any one company, but works by the picture. That's why you see him in the productions of different companies.

MRS. MAE W.—Grace Davison and Montagu Love had the leading rôles in "A Convert of Revenge," Grace Darling and Rod La Rocque played opposite each other in "The Discarded Woman," and Marguerite Clark and Harrison Ford were in "Girls." The leads in "The Easiest Way" were played by Clara Kimball Young and Joseph Kilgour. "The Easiest Way" is going to be refilmed by Selznick.

ALICE B.—Here is the complete cast for "Over the Hill." Better clip it out and save it, because it is too long to print often. *Ma Benton*, Mary Carr; *Pa Benton*, William Welsh; *Isaac*, as a boy, Sheridan Tansey, and twenty years later, Noel Tearle; *Thomas*, as a boy, Stephen Carr, and twenty years later, John Dwyer; *John*, as a boy, Jerry Devine, and twenty years later, Johnny Walker; *Charles*, as a boy, James Sheldon, and twenty years later, Wallace Ray; *Rebecca*, as a child, Rose-

mary Carr, and twenty years later, Phyllis Diller; *Susan*, as a child, May Beth Carr, and twenty years later, Louella Carr; *Isabella Strong*, John's sweetheart, Vivienne Osborne! *Agulutia*, Isaac's wife, Dorothy Allen; *Lucy*, Charles' wife, Edna Murphy. All the Carrs mentioned here are Mary Carr's own children, so it is quite natural for her to play the mother of a large family.

SOLOMON.—Write to the players personally for their autographs. I feel sure that you will get them—eventually. If you ask for photographs, better inclose a quarter with each request, and you will have a better chance of getting them. The addresses are *always* printed at the end of The Oracle, every month.

A FAN OF TODAY.—Poland is the country distinguished as the birthplace of Pola Negri. Alice Terry is five feet three and a half, and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. Guglielmi is Rodolph Valentino's real name. He's not Rudolph anymore, but Rodolph, which is a cross between the Italian, Rodolf, and English, Rudolph. "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik" were made in California.

NELL G. S.—Of course, I am not mad at you for writing. Why do you suppose we run this department? It is for people like you—who want to know things about the players that are not given anywhere else in the magazine. And, of course, we can't write answers if we don't get questions, can we? Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. That isn't a wig that Constance Talmadge wears. Didn't you know that her own hair is bobbed? She's had it cut a long time now. I was talking to her the other day, and she was all excited about making her next picture, "East is West," from the stage play in which Fay Bainter starred on the stage in New York. Yes, she looks exactly the same as she does on the screen—you'd recognize her anywhere.

MAUDE.—Thomas Meighan's latest pictures are "The Proxy Daddy," "If You Believe It. It's So," and "The Leading Citizen." He has also been cast for the male lead in "Manslaughter," the next Cecil De Mille production. Leatrice Joy will play opposite him. The leading players in "The Man of the Forest" were Carl Gantvoort, Claire Adams, Robert McKim, Jean Hersholt, Harry Lorraine, and Eugenia Gilbert.

CORA.—Why am I taken for everything but an Oracle? Now you ask me if your measurements are all right for a beauty chorus. How many times must I say that I only answer questions about players and motion pictures, and cannot give any advice about getting into motion pictures or on the stage? Once again I recommend our booklet, "Your Chance As A Screen Actor."

GORDON C.—What a thrill it must be for a fan actually to shake hands with his screen idol. I bet you were in the clouds the day you met Bert Lytell. So many of the stars have been making personal appearances lately—my mail is full of letters in which fans go into rhapsodies over their particular favorite, whom they were lucky enough to see or speak to for a minute, or shake hands with. Gladys Hulette was a star in pictures a few years ago, but retired from the screen. Her appearance in "Tol'able David" with Richard Barthelmess was her first in years. But I expect that she will keep right on with motion pictures now.

MARY.—Cecil De Mille was born in Asheville, Massachusetts, in 1881.

GREEN GODDESS.—May McAvoy was born in New York in 1901. She was starring in Realart pictures, but since that company has been discontinued May will be used in all-star Paramount pictures. "A Virginia Courtship," "Morals," and "Through a Glass Window" are some of her latest pictures. Bryant Washburn has the leading male rôle in the Goldwyn production, "Hungry Hearts." The Market Booklet is published especially for motion-picture writers, and contains the names and addresses of producers in the market for screen stories and the type of stories that they want. It wouldn't be any use to you unless you wrote photoplays. Of course you didn't bore me—I love to read letters.

INQUISITIVE.—I get lots of letters from Missouri—that's natural, isn't it? Leon P. Gendron was *Larry McLeod* in "Scrambled Wives." Bebe Daniels is not married. She is kept busy denying her engagement to Jack Dempsey and various other men. Betty Francisco was *Patricia Brent* in "The Furnace."

BOBBY.—Yes, James Harrison played *Robert, Leila's* cousin, in "Lessons in Love." Thomas Meighan's name is pronounced Me-an, accent on first syllable, long e, short a. Barbara Le Marr is in her twenties. She played in "The Three Musketeers," and has an important rôle in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

CATHERINE H.—Mae Marsh is not related to the Gish sisters, but Mae has a sister, Marguerite, who acts in pictures.

ADRIENNE.—Agnes Ayres has no children of her own, but she has a little niece living with her to whom she is devoted. Rodolph Valentino has no children. Yes, he was married in this country—to Jean Acker, a screen actress. His hair is black and his eyes dark brown. Valentino will probably only make a few pictures a year, as he will most likely be starred in elaborate productions, such as "Blood and Sand," the one he is working on now.

A PATERSONIAN.—I do not discuss the religion of the players. The man who played the villain in "Way Down East" and "Molly O" is Lowell Sherman. He pursues his wicked career in "Grand Larceny," in which he wins Claire Windsor away from her husband, played by Elliott Dexter. At present he is appearing in a stage play in New York called "Lawful Larceny."

VELMA.—Of course I don't laugh at people who write to me! Wait till those friends of yours see your answer—I bet they will be sorry they didn't write themselves and find out the things they are probably dying to know. I have written Rodolph Valentino's history so many times lately that I'm reciting it in my sleep. You probably have read all about him in the last issues. His eyes are very dark brown. Claire Adams' address is printed in this issue at the end of The Oracle.

ADELIN W.—Carol Dempster is nineteen. She is under contract to D. W. Griffith, but was loaned to play opposite John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes." This is her first picture since "Dream Street." She will probably play in another Griffith production soon, though.

ERMYNTRUDE.—Here is the cast for "The Sage Hen." *The Sage Hen*, Gladys Brockwell; *Her son*, as a baby, Richard Headrick, as a man, Wallace MacDonald; *Stella Sanson*, Lillian Rich; *John Rudd*, Alfred Allen; *Mrs. Rudd*, Helen Case; *Craney*, James Mason; *Grote*, Arthur Morrison.

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No amount of love will ever atone for the crime you will commit if you make some pure, trusting young girl your wife when you are UNFIT to assume the duties and responsibilities of a husband and a father. Her whole future life, her body and soul, will be in YOUR keeping; no one will be able to help her if YOU prove faithless to her trust in you. Don't put the matter aside, you can't get away from it; you can't make any girl happy, if you are weak, impotent, sickly, grouch with dyspepsia or biliousness, poisoned by constipation, or suffering from any other devastating ailment. Stop and think, right now, for HER sake, if not for your own. What CAN her marriage to you bring her but lifelong regret and sorrow, if you are only an apology for a man, with your muscles flabby, your blood like water and your brain woozy as a result of your condition.

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She trusts, admires and loves what she THINKS you are—a real MAN, mentally, morally and physically, whom she can respect as well as love. She believes you to be a man who can look any other man in the eye and hold your own with him; who is able to protect her under any circumstances; who can make his way in the world and give her the comforts she has a right to expect from her husband; and finally, who will ultimately make her the mother of healthy, happy children, a blessing to you both. Think of the kind of children you will make her the mother of if you are one of the great UNFIT. Think of the weak, ailing, rickety, defective boys and girls such men bring into the world—pitiable little creatures, with no chance in life, living reproaches to the father who begot them. Don't close your eyes to these things. They are Facts; facts thoroughly understood by every breeder of dogs, cattle and horses; facts recognized by the legislators of several states, who would make it a LEGAL, as well as MORAL, crime to marry when unfit.

Make Yourself Fit For Marriage

Put your past behind you. What if you have led a gay life and sowed a big crop of wild oats? Start NOW to root them out. What if you have burned the candle at both ends and feel now like a human wreck, with your strength of body and mind dissipated and your vitality ebbing away? All the more reason why you should begin NOW, TODAY to stop that steady loss, build up your strength again, regain your lost vitality and make a manly, red-blooded man of yourself. It's the ONLY thing to do—the only way to have any more happiness in life—the only way to keep from slipping down into the scrap heap of the hopelessly down-and-out—and you can do it, if you go about it the right way.

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| ..Colds | ..Blackheads | ..Gastritis |
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| ..Asthma | ..Short Wind | ..Weakness |
| ..Hay Fever | ..Flat Feet | ..Poor Circulation |
| ..Obesity | ..Stomach | ..Dependancy |
| ..Headache | ..Disorders | ..Round |
| ..Thinness | ..Constipation | ..Shoulders |
| ..Rupture | ..Biliousness | ..Lung |
| ..Lumbago | ..Torpid Liver | ..Troubles |
| ..Neuritis | ..Indigestion | ..Stomach |
| ..Neuralgia | ..Nervousness | ..Shoulders |
| ..Flat Chest | ..Poor Memory | ..Muscular Development |
| ..Deformity | ..Rheumatism | ..Great |
| (Describe) | ..Female | ..Strength |
| ..Successful Marriage | ..Disorders | ..Anemia |
| ..Increased Height | ..Vital Depletion | ..Vitality |
| ..Pimples | ..Impotency | ..Restored |
| ..Skin Disorders | ..Falling Hair | |
| | ..Weak Eyes | |
| | ..Bad Blood | |

Name
Age Occupation
Street
City State

CARDSY.—It's not fair of you to take all the glowing adjectives for Anita Stewart, though I admit that it's difficult to be conservative about her. But what do you suppose the other fans are going to do when they want to describe their favorites? What we need is some new words—there aren't enough superlatives to go round since motion-picture stars burst on the horizon. Can't you invent a few? Anita finished her contract with Louis B. Mayer, and at present writing has not made her future plans public. And what do you think? She has bobbed her hair! Of course, it is very becoming. Jimmy Morrison was born in Mattoon, Illinois, in 1888. He is five feet eight, weighs one

hundred and thirty-five pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Jimmy is a free-lance—that is, he isn't under contract to any one company, but works by the picture.

ELIZABETH.—In the April, 1920, issue of PICTURE-PLAY was a story called "The Movie Family Tree," which traces the motion-picture industry from its beginning. If you want a copy of this issue send me twenty-five cents in stamps and I will have the magazine mailed to you.

NEW ORLEANS ADMIRER.—Leatrice Joy recently married John Gilbert, the Fox star. Did you know Leatrice personally? She was born in your city.



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MARY PICKFORD ALWAYS.—"Little Lord Fauntleroy" was Mary Pickford's last picture. She has purchased "Tess of the Storm Country" from Famous Players-Lasky, for whom she starred in it some years ago, and will make an entirely new production of it. Mary has not, at present writing, started making her next picture, but it will probably be "Tess."

REX M.—There have been lots of questions about Viola Dana answered in The Oracle lately. I don't see how you could have missed all of them. Viola was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1898, and is the sister of Shirley Mason. She is the widow of John Collins, who died during the influenza epidemic a few years ago, and has not remarried. I do not give personal addresses.

RITA O.—You won't be disappointed when you see Claire Windsor, even if your friends have raved about her. She really is beautiful. Claire was born in Cawker City, Kansas, April 14, 1897. She is five feet six and a half, weighs one hundred and forty pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. You'd never think it, but Claire is the mother of a four-year-old boy. Elliott Dexter was the male lead in "Behold My Wife."

FLETCHER.—That's right—I want you to feel that you know me and can ask questions just as if we were talking. Salt Lake City, Utah, is Betty Compson's birthplace, and she was a violinist before entering pictures. "Over the Border" is her latest picture. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Beth Sully was Douglas Fairbanks' first wife. William S. Hart and Charles Chaplin haven't stopped acting—they are making fewer productions, which accounts for the longer waits between releases. "Pay Day" is the title of Charlie's latest, which is a two-reeler, and "Travelin' On" is Bill Hart's.

MARGERY W.—You can ask more questions in one letter than six other fans. How do you think of them all? Jacqueline Logan has the rôle of *Girda* in "Fool's Paradise," but it is not a big part. Faire Binney is the sister of Constance Binney. Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are in California finishing "The Prisoner of Zenda." They are always on the coast except when traveling. Now, Margery, you know perfectly well that I can't send you any pictures of players.

P. A. M.—The girl who played with George Beban in "One Man in a Million" is Helen Jerome Eddy. She makes herself look plain on purpose, for the sake of the picture, you know. Miss Eddy can be very attractive.

VIRGINIA M.—You flatter me. I didn't know I had a "literary style." Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynne, but Eugene O'Brien is one of our star bachelors.


LILLIAN.—Jackie Coogan is about seven years old. "Trouble" is his latest picture. Jackie is going to make "Oliver Twist" soon. He also contemplates the usual European trip of motion-picture stars, but whether he will make "Oliver Twist" abroad or not hasn't been decided yet. Wesley Barry is about twelve or thirteen.

OLIVE V. S.—PICTURE-PLAY printed the pictures of two groups of the eight most beautiful actresses of the screen. The first group, chosen by a staff member, consisted of Betty Blythe, Harriet Hammond, Corinne Griffith, Katherine MacDonald, Anita Stewart, Florence Vidor, Betty Compson, and Mary Pickford, and

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was printed in the July, 1921, issue of the magazine. The second group selected by the readers of PICTURE-PLAY who did not agree with Mr. Howe's choice, included Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Justine Johnstone, Mary Miles Minter, Anna Q. Nilsson, Claire Windsor, Mildred Harris, and Rubye de Remer, and was printed in the October, 1921, issue.

MARGIE VAL.—You expect an awful lot of me, don't you? I shall do my best with your questionnaire, but I'll have to answer it on the installment plan, because we couldn't give a whole page to one person, you know. Yes, Rodolph Valentino, like practically all the other prominent players on the Coast, has a car. He may have changed it by the time you read this, but the present Valentino conveyance is an imported roadster. All your other questions about him have been answered. Rod la Rocque appears in "The Challenge" with Dolores Cassinelli. So you want the names of some "sad" pictures? Most of the sorrowful ones I have seen weren't intended to be that way, but send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I'll give you a list that will keep you in ecstasies for weeks.



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Mrs. S. W.—You must mean "Isobel," in which Jane Novak and House Peters played. Conway Tearle played opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Virtuous Vamp," and Joseph Dowling had the title rôle in "The Kentucky Colonel." Sorry your other letter wasn't answered, but I don't remember seeing it.

SMILES.—No, I won't tell you my age. Some people consider it a romantic one, but I—well, my birthdays do not find me as zestful as they once did. Doris May's real name is Helen Garrett. She is starring in comedies for R-C pictures. Some of her latest releases are "Eden and Return," "Boy Crazy," and "Gay and Devilish." Doris is going in for zippy titles, isn't she?

H. B. FAN.—What's the news from Mexico? Do you have the latest releases down there? In "The Old Nest" Mary Alden plays the mother, Mrs. Anthon; Dwight Crittenden is Doctor Horace Anthon, and Cullen Landis, Helene Chadwick, and Louise Lovely are three of the children. Phoebe Hunt, Jack Holt, Gloria Hope, and John Harron are in the cast of "The Grim Comedian." Leatrice Joy, Lon Chaney, John Bowers, and Cullen Landis have the leading rôles in "The Night Rose."

Dor B.—"The Light of Western Stars," the Zane Grey novel, was filmed in 1918 with Dustin Farnum as Gene Stewart and Winifred Kingston as Majesty Hammond. Like all the other stars, Rodolph Valentino answers as many of his letters personally as he can. So just write, and hope that you'll be one of the lucky ones to get a personal reply.

FRANKIE.—It is nice of you to take time off from minding your baby to write all those nice things about PICTURE-PLAY. We appreciate it. You'll be glad to hear that Pearl White is going back to her true love—serials. I bet the first one will be a humdinger, don't you? The name hasn't been announced yet, but Pearl has signed up with Pathé, and will have a vacation in Europe before renewing her daredevil career. Gladys Walton was born in 1904, Virginia Valli in 1895. Helen Ferguson in 1901, Bebe Daniels in the same year, Dorothy Dalton in 1894, and Corinne Griffith in 1898. Of course, I think Wallace Reid is handsome—can there be any doubt about it? Vivian Martin is still devoting all her talents to the stage play, "Just Married," but she will probably make pictures again. May McAvoy is not married—yet, but there are rumors of a romance.

A FAIRBANKS' ADMIRER.—Following are some of Douglas Fairbanks' pictures: "The Americano," "Wild and Woolly," "Reaching for the Moon," "A Modern Musketeer," "Headin' South," "Mr. Fix-It," "Bound in Morocco," "Say, Young Fellow," "He Comes Up Smiling," "Down to Earth," "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "When the Clouds Roll By," and "The Three Musketeers." So far as I know Doug has never had any other name but Fairbanks.

GREY EYES.—Viola Dana must have meant she would write to you when she got back to California. You could hardly expect her to write letters to fans between personal appearances and mad dashes from town to town, could you? I am sure that she will write to you, if she said so, but you must be patient. Always remember that you are only one of a great number of fan admirers of certain stars, and that they are very busy people, and you won't be tempted to make such unreasonable demands on their time.

Dorothy Dalton's Beauty Chat

Miss Dorothy Dalton, the actress famous the world over for her beautiful complexion, says: "Any girl or woman can have a beautiful, rosy-white complexion and clear, smooth, unwrinkled skin like mine if they will follow my advice and use Derwillo in combination with Lisika cold cream. Both are simple but very effective toilet preparations. I use Derwillo for the instant beauty it imparts and Lisika cold cream to cleanse the skin, and make it soft and smooth."

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ECITA.—Alice Joyce has temporarily retired from the screen, but she is still under contract to Vitagraph, and will probably begin making pictures as soon as her baby daughter is old enough to be left with a nurse. This is Miss Joyce's second child. She had a little girl by her former marriage to Tom Moore. Miss Joyce is now Mrs. James Regan. "Her Lord and Master," "The Scarab Ring," and "The Inner Chamber," are some of her latest releases. Alice is five feet seven, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Mae Murray is five feet four, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, and has blond hair and blue eyes. She is a star in her own company now, and her pictures are directed by her husband, Robert Z. Leonard.

HENRY WALTHALL ADMIRER.—Mr. Walthall hasn't been appearing on the screen very regularly of late, but he is going to be starred in a series of pictures, so you will have a chance to see him frequently. His first picture will be "The Able-Minded Lady." Yes, Estelle Taylor is the vamp in the second Fox version of "A Fool There Was." Irene Rich, Mahlon Hamilton, Marjorie Daw, and Lewis Stone are the other important members of the cast.

TESSIE.—"The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" is being filmed by Universal. Harry Myers, who had the title rôle in "A Connecticut Yankee," is *Crusoe*, and Gertrude Olmstead is in the cast. Yes, Eddie Polo was scheduled to appear in this production, but he left the Universal and is now making pictures of his own. "Captain Kidd" is the name of his first independent offering.

A. B. C.—Robert Gordon appears in "The Rosary." Robert has been signed to star in a series of Ivor McFadden productions, the first of which will be "Steps of Light." Yes, there was a rumor that he was going to star for R-C Pictures, but it was just another one of those reports without foundation, I guess. Robert is married to Alma Francis. Yes, I like him, and think he is a fine actor. Mary Pickford will be directed in "Tess of the Storm Country" by John S. Robertson, who has been specially loaned to Miss Pickford by Famous Players-Lasky.

WONDERING.—You can stop wondering what has become of Nita Naldi right now and start anticipating the pleasure you are going to have when you see her in "Blood and Sand." Yep, Nita has been chosen to vamp Rodolph—it is not necessary to print his last name—in the Spanish story, which will be released in the fall. Bebe Daniels was supposed to have the rôle first, but the company, or Bebe, or somebody changed their minds. Incidentally, Lila Lee will play the part of the wife for which May McAvoy was at first selected. Lila is a better Spanish type than May, don't you think so? "Happiness," a George Fitzmaurice production, will mark Miss McAvoy's next screen appearance.

T. C.—Katherine MacDonald's next picture will be "The Woman Conquers," and it boasts a regular all-star cast. Mitchell Lewis, Bryant Washburn, and June Elvidge are the other luminaries in the production. "Tracked to Earth" is a recent Frank Mayo release.

ALICE.—"The Magnificent Ambersons" will be Jean Paige's next starring vehicle. Jean is married to Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph company. Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy have the leading rôles in the latest Cecil De Mille production, "Manslaughter," from the story by Alice Duer Miller. Tommy plays the district attorney who sends Leatrice to

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prison because she runs over and kills a man, and after all that Leatrice falls in love with him! "If You Believe It, It's So," "The Bachelor Daddy," and "Our Leading Citizen" are some of Tommy's latest pictures. "Reckless Youth" is Elaine Hammerstein's latest picture.

MAYBELLE.—Your fears are not justified this time. Harry Carey will not desert the screen, temporarily or otherwise. After keeping everybody guessing since the expiration of his Universal contract, Harry has finally signed a contract to star for R-C Pictures. He is married to Olive Fuller Golden, and they have a baby girl, who, of course, is the most wonderful child on earth.

FRANK J.—Maurice Tourneur's latest production is "Lorna Doone," in which Madge Bellamy, Frank Keenan, and John Bowers have important rôles. When this picture is completed, Mr. Tourneur will go abroad to film "The Christian." The cast has not yet been selected, but it will probably be an American one. "Bull" Montana is a star now, so you can't say that only the handsomest players get a chance. He will make two-reel comedies, the first of which will be "A Ladies' Man."

B. C. R.—Reginald Denny has not died or retired. He is having a strenuous time appearing in a series of short features based on "The Leather Pusher" stories of H. C. Witwer. "The Jungle Goddess" is the name of a serial being produced by Colonel Selig, and is full of lions, tigers, and thrilling escapes. Sydney Chaplin is the brother of the genius Charlie, or Charles rather. He doesn't seem to like to be called Charlie, but have you ever tried calling him Charles? Nope, we can't either.



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A SQUIRREL HILL FAN.—Mary Hay is at present writing appearing on the stage in New York in the musical show, "Marjolaine." She is very cute in it and is making a big hit. The Oracle liked her immensely.

TESSIE.—Every fan seems to think that his or her favorite is really the only star worth any attention. They get sort of bristly when another fan goes into ecstasies about a different player, just as you did about Wallace Reid and Thomas Meighan. I suppose you want all the details of Tommy's life. Goodness knows they have been printed often enough, but you probably didn't read The Oracle carefully. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1884, and had a rather extensive stage career in this country and in England before entering pictures. He has been on the screen about four or five years, and played leading man to various screen beauties before being made a star by Famous Players-Lasky for his work in "The Miracle Man" and the Cecil De Mille specials. Tommy has been married only once, and he still is, to Frances Ring. He is six feet tall, weighs a hundred and seventy pounds, and has the black hair and blue eyes of an Irishman.

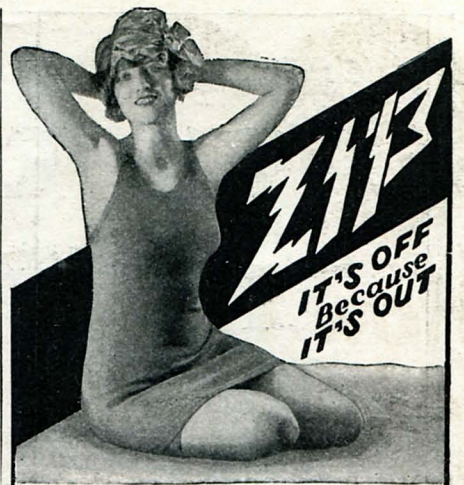
SONNY'S MOTHER.—Florence Lawrence's picture has been released. It is called "The Unfoldment." You will soon have a chance to see Enid Bennett as often as your quarters hold out, for she is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his new picture, "The Spirit of Chivalry." William Desmond is still making pictures. "Fighting Mad" was a recent release. You guessed correctly—Charles Hutchinson is married, to a nonprofessional. Yes, it's true that Lottie Pickford married Alan Forrest. Ann Little was Alan's first wife. Crane Wilbur is married to Florence Williams.

VANITY FAIR.—Didn't you know that Theda Bara stopped making pictures when she went on the stage? But she's coming back. Theda will star in pictures directed by her husband, Charles Brabin. And, what's more, they will be vampire pictures in which Theda will continue to rob women of their husbands and millions of all their money. But these new pictures won't be as extreme as the old ones—that is, the vampire's methods will be more subtle, more in line with the modern vamp. Julian Eltinge was born in 1883, and is five feet eight and a half.

PEGGY ME DARLIN'.—So you can't make up your mind as to who is your favorite actress. The uncertainty must be terrible. One's favorite screen star is such an important matter—one cannot be too careful in one's selection, can one? Miss Dupont's real name was Patty Hannon, then Eric von Stroheim christened her Marguerite Armstrong, but the Universal officials didn't like that, apparently, so they decided to call her plain Miss Dupont. She is five feet seven, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. "Two Kinds of Women" has been released.

KIRTY.—The rôle of Lila Lee's chum in "Rent Free" was played by Gertrude Short. Yes, I hope you see your favorite stars when you go to California, but it's a big place, and lots of other people besides screen players live in Los Angeles and Hollywood. So don't expect to walk around and see picture stars at the rate of twelve to a block.

EDNA S.—Nigel Barrie was born in Calcutta, India. He is six feet one, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.



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HAZEL.—Jack Mower played the rôle of Lance Christie, the cousin of the opposing political candidate in "Short Skirts," in which Gladys Walton starred. He appeared in the Cecil De Mille production, "Saturday Night," and in "The Crimson Challenge," with Dorothy Dalton. Jack was born in 1890, is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and has brown hair and gray eyes. He was married, but is divorced.

ESTHER.—Sorry I couldn't get your answer in the preceding issue, but you didn't give me enough time. It takes more than two weeks to print and distribute a magazine. Constance Talmadge's birthday is

April 10th, and she was born in 1900. She is five-feet five, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and has golden-brown hair, bobbed, and dark-brown eyes. "East Is West" will be her next picture. Her address is printed in this issue, at the end of The Oracle.

MARION S.—Yes, Irene Castle is making pictures again, under the name of Irene Castle Treman. Her husband's name is Treman, and Irene sees no reason why she shouldn't use it. "French Heels" was her first picture since her return, and it has been released some time. "The Rise of Roscoe Paine" is her latest. Sorry I can't print your address, but if I hear of

any fans who want to start a correspondence will communicate with you personally.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Pauline Frederick, Doris May, Tsuru Aoki, Bessie Love, and Sessue Hayakawa at the R-C Studios, Hollywood, California.

Robert Ellis, David Butler, Priscilla Dean, Miss Dupont, Eric von Stroheim, Marie Prevost, Gladys Walton, Art Acord, and House Peters at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Colleen Moore, Richard Dix, Rush Hughes, Helene Chadwick, Cullen Landis, Lon Chaney, and Helen Ferguson at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Also Bryant Washburn.

Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, Rex Ingram, Alice Terry, Ramon Samonegas, Barbara La Marr at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

William Boyd, Rodolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Cecil and William De Mille, Wallace Reid, Constance Binney, Kathryn Williams, Jack Mulhall, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Leatrice Joy, Lila Lee, Theodore Kosloff, Jacqueline Logan, Dorothy Dalton, Agnes Ayres, Jack Mower, May McAvoy, Kalla Pasha, Wanda Hawley, and Nita Naldi at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Vincent Coleman at the Green Room Club, New York City.

Hope Hampton and Miriam Cooper at the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, Nazimova, Guy Bates Post, Dorothy Phillips, Jane Novak, Jackie Coogan, Claire Adams, at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Carol Dempster and Mae Marsh, care of D. W. Griffith, Inc., Longacre Building, Times Square, New York City.

William Duncan, Edith Johnson, Earle Williams, Alice Calhoun, Larry Semon, and Jean Paige at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Mae Murray and Robert Frazer at Tiffany Productions, Loew Theater Building, New York City.

Harold Lloyd, Snub Pollard, Mildred Davis, and Ruth Roland at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, D. W. Griffith, Monte Blue, Joseph Schildkraut, and Creighton Hale at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

William Farnum at the Fox Film Corporation, West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Florence Vidor, Douglas MacLean, Madge Bellamy, Tyrone Power, Marguerite de la Motte, Frank Keenan, John Bowers, and Maurice Tourneur at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Louise Huff, and Pauline Garon at Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 365 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Herbert Heyes at the Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood, California.

Marion Davies, Alma Rubens, Forrest Stanley, Pedro de Cordoba, Ruth Shepley, Charles Gerard, and Seena Owen at International Studios, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

George Arliss at United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Corinne Griffith and Rockcliffe Fellowes at the Vitagraph Company, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

John Barrymore and Percy Marmont at the Lambs Club, New York City.

Doris Kenyon and Wesley Barry care of Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Lester Cuneo, care of Western Pictures Exploitation Company, 635 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California.

Antonio Moreno and Thomas Meighan at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Madge Evans at Worth-While Pictures Corporation, 1531 Broadway, New York City.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, and Enid Bennett at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, California.

Alice Lake, Rosemary Theby, Gaston Glass, Kenneth Harlan, Noah Beery, care of Edwin Carewe Productions, Los Angeles, California.

May Collins and Anita Stewart at the Louis B. Mayer Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Estelle Taylor, Tom Mix, Shirley Mason, Buck Jones, Tom Douglas, and Maurice (Lefty) Flynn at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Pola Negri and Elsie Ferguson at Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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A Discovery that Suddenly Made My Skin Beautiful

PERHAPS it was the glow of the lamp-shaded candle on our table. Perhaps it was the quaintness of our surroundings in the little restaurant. Will became suddenly eloquent.

"How exquisite you look with the candle-light playing on your face!" he whispered. "Do you know," he added earnestly, "you remind me of a rare old cameo—so delicate and pearly that you seem almost transparent."

I smiled—and dropped my eyes so that Will could not see, in their brightness, how exultant I was, how elated.

But how could he know that only three months ago I despaired of ever having a good complexion. How could he know that every treatment I had tried, failed.

Three Types of Skin —The Secret

Then one day I made an amazing discovery, and the result is that today my complexion is all—yes, all—that Will said it was.

Here's how it happened. I was reading a magazine, and I noticed an announcement by a famous specialist that there are three distinct types of skin—oily, dry and normal;

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Name

Address

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Oily Skin Has a greasy, shiny appearance—a tendency towards enlarged pores and blackheads. Looks coarse; powder does not stay on. Needs special preparations for proper cleansing and to remove excess oil and refreshen the tone and texture of the skin.

Dry Skin Flakes off like fine dandruff because it lacks oil. Skin wrinkles and is affected by the wind and by the use of ordinary soap. Very sensitive—requires soothing cleansers and special creams to supply extra nourishment and make it smooth and soft.

Normal Skin Clear, firm, delicately colored. Soft and smooth. Looks almost transparent in artificial light. Wrong treatments cause normal skin to become either too dry or too oily. Proper care retains beauty.

and that the preparations that benefit a Dry Skin are absolutely harmful to an Oily Skin.

But where was I to go to find anyone who could tell me just what to use? The problem was solved for me, quite unexpectedly. I was passing the toilet counter in one of the large department stores, and I heard a woman talking about the care of the different types of skin. She was offering certain Combination Preparations made especially for each type. *Just what I was looking for!*

Eagerly I asked the young woman what to use for my skin. "You have been using the wrong preparations, my dear," she said. She explained why oily skins, that have a

tendency toward enlarged pores and blackheads, need particular skin preparations made especially for its care. And she explained why the woman with a dry skin would require just the opposite kind of preparations. It was all so clear that I easily understood why my dry skin had always become coarse and flaky when I used powder. Needless to say, I bought one of the Luxtone Combinations especially designed for dry skin. And that was what led to Will's remark in the little restaurant. It was true. All because I am using preparations designed specially for my type of skin.

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